

May - 25 Cents

# SMART SET

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*





*Mary Eaton, Famous Stage and Screen Beauty*

*Maybelline Co., Chicago, Ill.*

*Gentlemen:*

*Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.*

*Sincerely,*

*Mary Eaton.*



*Solid Form*

*Liquid Form (Waterproof)*

**M**AYBELLINE makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you.

Maybelline may now be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Both forms are absolutely harmless, being used regularly by beautiful women in all parts of the world. Either form may be had in Black or Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "Maybelline" and your satisfaction is assured.

**MAYBELLINE CO.,**  
4750-80 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

# Maybelline

*Eyelash Beautifier*

# If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet



NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many of the vital facts of life, but she is not *sure* of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the real truth, the *modern* truth, the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness have unwisely committed themselves to the use of bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always

contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-tissue.

## New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is *absolutely non-poisonous*. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic, Zonite, which has been well-called "the gentle giant." It is a fact that Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

Zonite, on the contrary, is just as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. In fact, dental

authorities are freely using and recommending Zonite for oral hygiene as a gargle or spray for the mouth and throat. As an antiseptic and germicide it is thoroughly reliable. A bottle of Zonite in the medicine chest can never lead to accidental poisoning. It is safe on the shelf, safe in the dark, safe in the hands of a child.

Is it any wonder, then, that the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness? Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

## You can buy Zonite at any drug store in the country

Zonite has quickly swept over the country; word of its power has passed from mouth to mouth. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Zonite is a powerful deodorant and leaves no odor of its own after the first few minutes. Full directions with every bottle. Also send for special free booklet prepared by the Women's Division. It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. It is daintily illustrated and mailed in "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

**Zonite a medicine chest in itself**  
For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and *absolutely safe* to use.

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In bottles, 25c,  
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at drug stores



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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Feminine Hygiene <input type="checkbox"/> Use of Antiseptics in the Home	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____ State _____	
PLEASE PRINT NAME	

VOL. 78  
NO. 3

# SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

MAY  
1926

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*Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable.*

## Our \$1,000 Story

Suppose you were a little girl—and suddenly found yourself an orphan with your father's words ringing in your ears, "Sure a man's a man, if he's got something to live for!"

And in your own little mind you worried your way through life until it got almost too big for you—and then, standing on the brink of a precipice, you fought it out and decided to plunge.

Life! How glorious, how thrilling it was with new sensations peeping at you everywhere and you daring to chance them all!

### Read

## "Something to Live For"

Our \$1,000 Prize Story

in the

June SMART SET

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RETRIEVE

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# Afraid of My Own Voice But I Learned to Dominate - Others Almost Overnight

SUDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I had been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a

good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

## In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

## What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge  
How to propose and respond to toasts  
How to address Board Meetings  
How to tell entertaining stories  
How to make a political speech  
How to make after-dinner speeches  
How to converse interestingly  
How to write letters  
How to sell more goods  
How to train your memory  
How to enlarge your vocabulary  
How to develop self-confidence  
How to acquire a winning personality  
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition  
How to become a clear, accurate thinker  
How to develop your power of concentration  
How to be the master of any situation.

## Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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We make this sensational price and offer easy monthly payments in order to attract to our monthly payment plan many new customers who can afford to pay cash and want the biggest bargain obtainable.

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C.O.D.  
to  
Pay!



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DEPT. S805  
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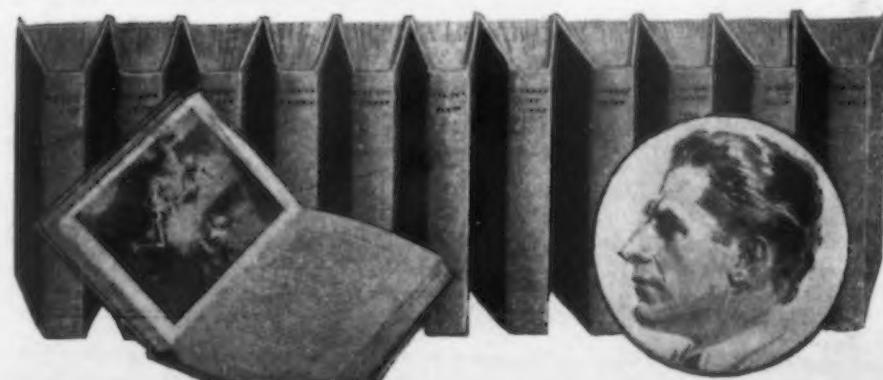
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Red Hair  
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HAVE you followed the discussions and contest letters in SMART SET during the last year?

We've traveled around the world together, talked over marriage, our big problems, petting, and the reasons for our petty quarrels; we've even talked about the magazine!

This month I'm asking for letters telling me what you want in the magazine. (The regular announcement appears on page 80). And I wish you would tell me what you would like to talk about next.

The papers are full of the activities of the coming generation. A bobbed-haired girl of nineteen is preaching regularly in Iowa and upholding the goodness of the young people. Meanwhile, a young theatrical producer is trying to explain his embarrassment when the papers attacked what they called a "Nude Girl Orgy," and a "Wine Bath Party," in which they said a girl got in a tub of wine on the stage before a gathering which included many celebrities.

What is the biggest problem of young folks right now? Is it "To pet or not to pet"? Or is it something newer, which hasn't reached me yet? If so, let's have it and we'll get a 100 per cent discussion under way.

Hip flasks are becoming passé, I am told. "The thing" now is to have your own tiny still and make your own "stuff"

if you would be in the swim! I am inclined to think that is an exaggeration and said so, whereupon I was urged to "come up some time to join the party."

But that's only one extreme, just as natural as the terribly cold days which come in winter. The great majority are not swayed to the extremes.

The \$1000 Prize Story will be published in the June issue. Don't miss it. It is a magnificent picture of life with its moments of bitter passion and its compensations. And, best of all, the author is a girl who has never written before!

Don't miss the story that starts on page 20 of this issue? What would *YOU* do if death stared you in the face? How would you act? That is a question which faces us all sooner or later. It will hold you and make you wonder.

AND after you have gone through the issue carefully, write to me. Tell me what vital problem you want our readers to discuss. Is it parties, or loneliness, or tramps, or love-affairs?

We shall be glad to gather opinions on everything our folks want to know.

How do you like our movie sections? Don't you find them interesting? We've got something there about all the new motion pictures you will want to see.

—THE EDITOR

*The Editor Wants to Know What Problems You Want Discussed*

# Turn Your Knack or Skill Into Money-At Home!

A NEW organization has been formed to help women find profitable and practical outlets for the sale of whatever they may be able to supply, be it goods or service. If you can bake, sew, grow things, teach, drive an auto, do clerical work, or anything else, the National Guild of Home Workers will show you how to make money—at home, in your spare time. You are not obliged to learn any new occupation, but are shown how to make money out of what you already know.

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8. Making Money Out of Fancy Work
9. Making Money With Poultry and Eggs
10. Making Money Out of the Vegetable Garden
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13. Making Money With Bees and Honey
14. Making Money With Dairy Products
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16. Making Money Taking Care of Children
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18. Making Money Tutoring Students
19. Making Money Keeping Boarders and Roomers
20. Making Money with a Home Laundry
21. Making Money as a Home Decorator
22. Making Money Out of Home Made Novelties
23. Making Money Out of Home Made Toys
24. Making Money Out of Basketry
25. Making Money With a Home Beauty Parlor
26. Making Money as a Local Representative
27. Making Money With Home Clerical Work
28. Making Money With an Automobile

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If you want to make extra money at home send for one or more of these National Guild Plans. See for yourself how easy it will be for YOU—no matter how timid or self-conscious you may be—to turn your skill into PROFIT—in your own home. See how easily you can earn enough money to buy the many things you would like to have.

The National Guild of Home Workers is a blessing to thousands of women who KNOW how to do some one thing well, but who have not known HOW TO START and how to continue making money. Select the Plan or plans you want, fill in the coupon and mail today. Send no money now. When the plans arrive, give the mail-man \$2.00 for each. If you are not delighted after 5 days' examination, your money will be refunded at once. Begin now to earn the money you have always wanted. Mail the coupon NOW. You take no risk under the money-back guarantee.

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# Getting a Kick out of Life

AN EDITORIAL

THE last few years have seen young people stepping out as they have never done before. Life, always a tempting thing, has emerged from the *forbidden* darkness and strutted at the head of the parade.

Always impetuous, youth has delved deeper and deeper into its mysteries until there is little left of the ancient hypocrisy of time-honored convention.

We have lost a great deal of sweetness and modesty in exchange for rouge and bobbed hair. We have traded deceit for frankness in dress—but I wonder if we haven't traded frankness for very clumsy deceit in the rouge and brazen effrontery which the real character hides behind?

WE cannot be reactionary. We must go forward. We might just as well get a kick out of life as we pass by. But I hope the daring frankness of the new generation will go a step farther and get rid of the unnecessary camouflage of manliness on the part of the girls and, in many cases, of girlishness on the part of the wide-pants' element among the boys.

Let's try getting a kick out of life by being natural. Going to extremes in

dress, in deportment, in manner, in entertainment, in talk, and the like, is not getting a kick out of life. You may for awhile fool yourself into believing that it is.

Can you imagine anything romantic or beautiful about the *Amazons*—those women who kept their tribe free of men and made warriors of themselves?

CAN you find anything to admire in a man who doesn't stand on his own feet and take the shocks of life as they come? Don't we all admire the man who protects the ones he loves from the rougher things in life?

Hidden behind the strength of the rock-bound hills is romance. The melting snow uncovers new green life as it disappears. The earth, refreshed by the warm, steaming dampness, rears new monuments to nature.

Under the protection of the trees, lovers find their inspiration—moonbeams—birds—leaves—the breath of honeysuckle. Each in its natural element is beautifully alluring. Here is no camouflage—yet each of nature's myriad manifestations is getting a kick out of life in its own way.

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True Stories from Real Life

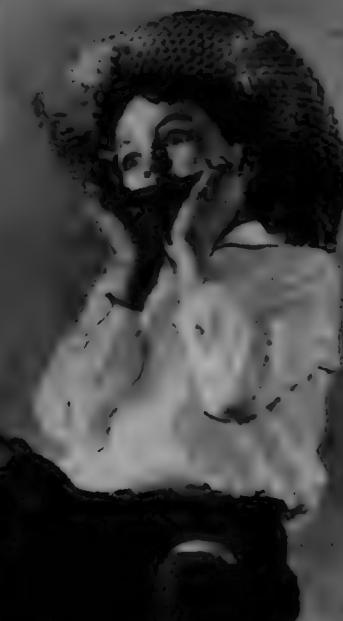
## Mouth-Organ Music

By HARRY LEE

*MOUTH-ORGAN music was sweet,  
as we lay  
In the cool old mow on the scented hay;  
Those long, long, rainy afternoons,  
Brother of mine, when your tinny tunes,  
Muffled by hands not overly clean,  
Rang out over meadows—  
And tree-tops green!*

*Over the meadows, then, we could see  
The dim stream winding, that meant to be  
A part of the ocean! So we, one day,  
Over the hills and far away,  
Would go by the pleasant road that led  
To the Wonderful Places—  
Of which we read!*

*The dreams we dreamed in the old haymow,  
Brother of mine, are over now!  
So let us dream: we are boys again,  
Small boys dreaming of being men;  
Boys on a rain-dim afternoon,  
One with a mouth-organ—  
Playing a tune!*





# Are You Blame-Proof?

LONG ago, when I was reading meters for a gas company in a middle western city, I came to a block in which all the houses were numbered in the seven hundreds except one.

That was numbered 612.

"Is the number of this house right?" I asked the lady who came to the door.

"Yes, it is," she said. "Our number is correct. All the other houses in the block are numbered wrong."

The fact that the majority of the people are against you does not necessarily prove that you are wrong.

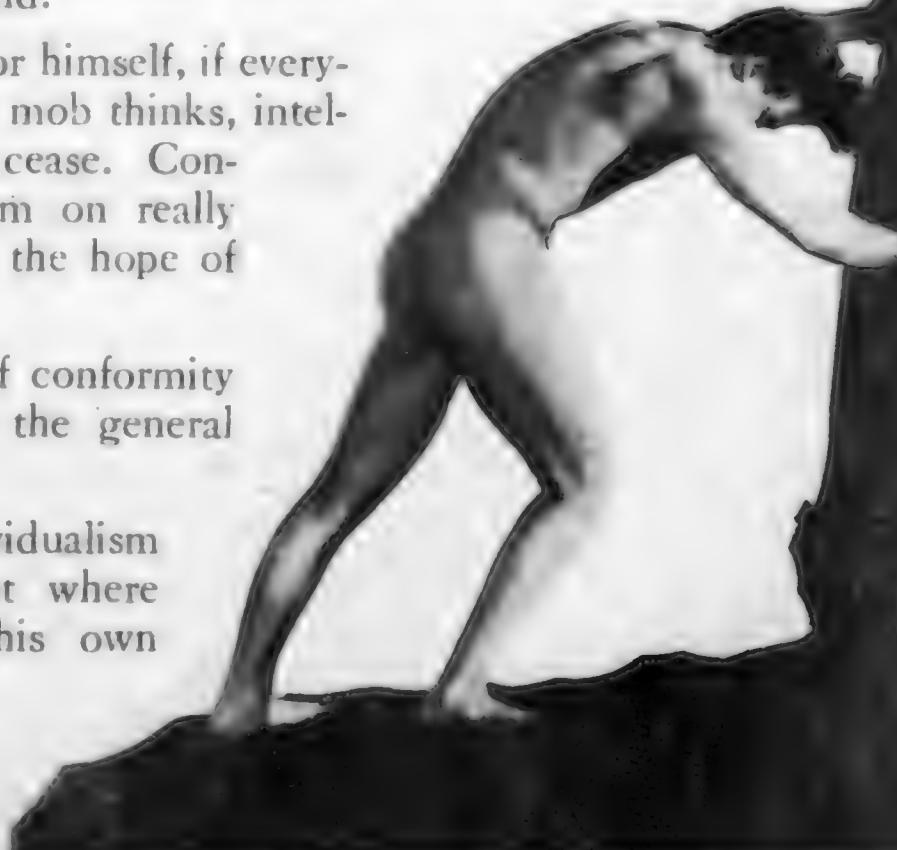
But when they are unanimous in their opposition, it is well to look for flaws in your stand.

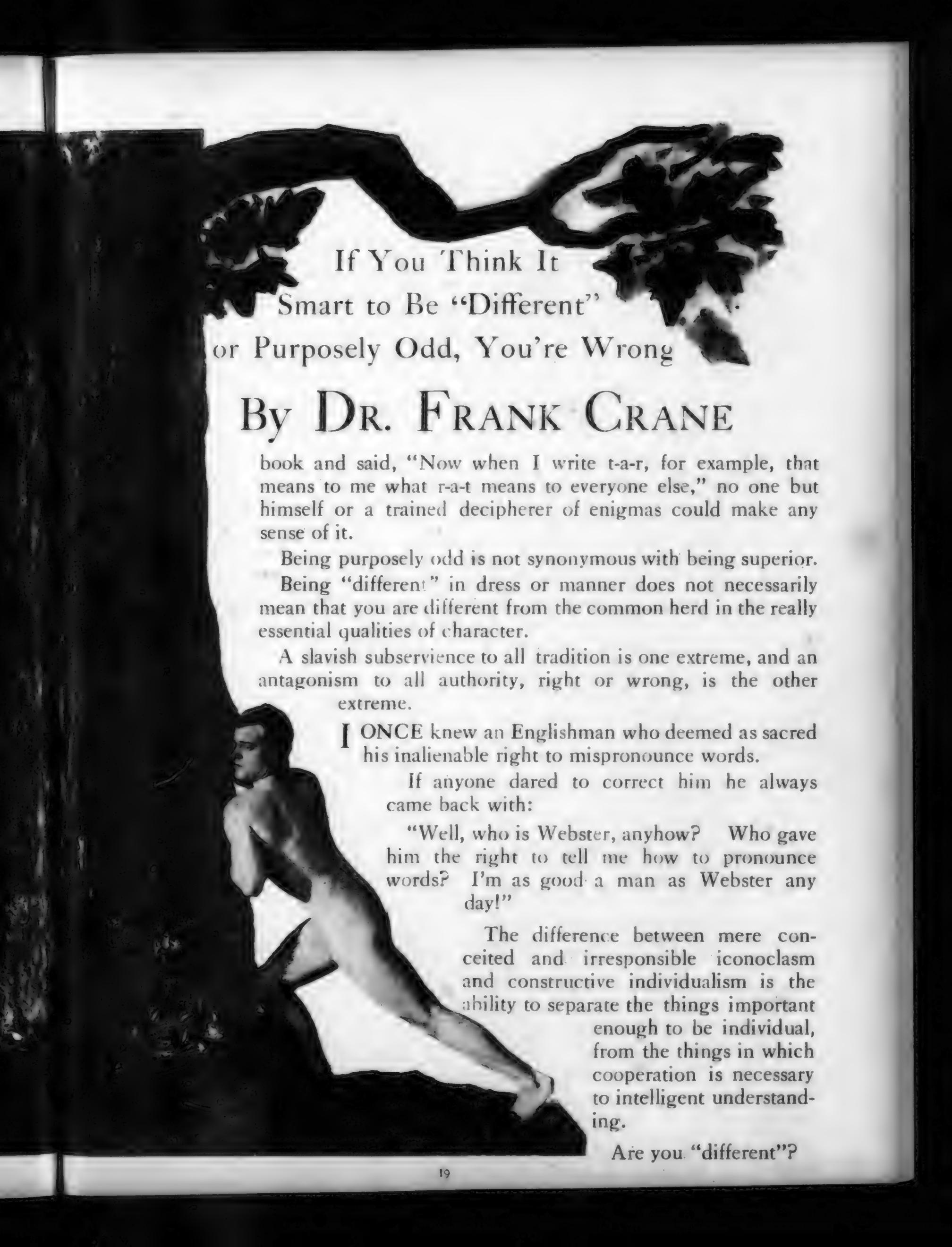
If no one thinks for himself, if everyone follows what the mob thinks, intellectual progress will cease. Constructive individualism on really important matters is the hope of advancement.

But there is need of conformity in minor things for the general welfare.

For instance, individualism carried to the point where each person used his own spelling for words would result in chaos.

If a man wrote a





## If You Think It Smart to Be "Different" or Purposely Odd, You're Wrong

### By DR. FRANK CRANE

book and said, "Now when I write t-a-t, for example, that means to me what r-a-t means to everyone else," no one but himself or a trained decipherer of enigmas could make any sense of it.

Being purposely odd is not synonymous with being superior.

Being "different" in dress or manner does not necessarily mean that you are different from the common herd in the really essential qualities of character.

A slavish subservience to all tradition is one extreme, and an antagonism to all authority, right or wrong, is the other extreme.

I ONCE knew an Englishman who deemed as sacred his inalienable right to mispronounce words.

If anyone dared to correct him he always came back with:

"Well, who is Webster, anyhow? Who gave him the right to tell me how to pronounce words? I'm as good a man as Webster any day!"

The difference between mere conceited and irresponsible iconoclasm and constructive individualism is the ability to separate the things important enough to be individual, from the things in which cooperation is necessary to intelligent understanding.

Are you "different"?

# "Six Months to Put



*Something had happened to me, but I didn't know what—until I had Beatrice in my arms.*

*Death Stared Him  
Squarely in the Face  
as Inexorably as if  
He Stood Before a  
Firing Squad*

OF ALL the things that I was called upon to do as a child, the hardest was to stay awake in church. In the middle of the sermon, when our minister's voice came droning down to me like the monotonous hum of a monster bee, I just couldn't keep the sleep out of my eyes. Then Pop would nudge me and maybe scowl. And sometimes I had to nudge Pop!

Then one day when Mother sent me down-town on an errand, I heard the bell in the old town-hall begin to toll. Everyone began to scamper by me and push me out of the way, and suddenly around the corner came a dozen boys and men pulling a fire-engine, all bright and shiny.

Every Sunday after that when I just couldn't keep awake in church, I would sit, and hope, and hope that the fire-hell would ring.

And one Sunday it rang!

My eyes popped open as large as saucers, and I sat bolt upright looking at Pop, pleading, begging. But after the first little rustle of excitement, and a few of the men who belonged to the volunteer fire department had slipped out of their seats, the minister went on.

Up behind the minister the platform window was open, and through its casement jutted the spring blossoms of an old apple tree. In its branches an angry little sparrow scolded its mate. The spring sun streamed through on the pulpit's red carpet, and I knew that along the banks of the streams were budding pussy-willows.

Springtime! And a fire! While I had to sit straight as a ramrod, being a Christian and wishing I was a heathen Chinee!

Suddenly I felt something touch my dangling feet. Then again. I bent my head ever so little and saw a pair of black eyes looking up at me. Then a hand appeared and a beckoning finger. It was little Ted Ramsey, a new boy in my Sunday School class. I glanced at Pop. His eyes were closed.

Easily and silently I slipped off the seat and down beside Ted. Then began a frantic crawling to the rear. People tittered; one woman grabbed at the seat of my fast moving, white pants, but I managed to eel away.

It seemed to take us hours to reach the last row of pews. A moment's inspection of soiled suits and we were out the door like the pop of a snap-dragon and down the street toward the center of town. Ted turned his beet-red face toward me and grinned. I grinned back, puffing like a wind-broken horse. We quickened

# My HOUSE in Order!"

our speed as the man-drawn hook and ladder went shooting down Center Street.

Oh, boy! What a fire! The biggest factory in town burned right down to the ground with Ted and me cheering, and the three volunteer fire companies fighting it like mad.

We got in everybody's way, were nearly run over by an automobile, blistered our faces a brick red getting too close to the fire, and ruined our white Sunday clothes.

Of course, after Pop found us it wasn't so much fun! But I saw him coming and got a pretty fair head-start. I hid under a bed, but he finally found me, and I had to eat from the kitchen table for several days.

Ted and I told stories about it that would have done credit to Bill Hawkes, the town liar! We were the envy of every kid in school, so who wouldn't have exaggerated a little? We shared the honors evenly, each adding what we could to the other's glory. It was the thing that started our friendship, a friendship that grew and grew as the years went on.

It was while Ted and I were in high school that a big rubber company built a factory in Sharon and doubled the size of the town in no time.

A half-dozen banks sprang up, new industries came in; the town built a park with a statue

of old Henry Landon, the founder, in the center, and the town improvement society fought for paved streets.

During the summers Ted and I got jobs with the engineers who paved the streets, and one of them, a dreamy-eyed man of about thirty-five, filled us full of stories about engineering projects in the African veldt, irrigation projects in the West, and railroading feats in the Andes of South America. Maybe our minds didn't whirl in mad circles at the very thought!

Why, I used to lie awake at night seeing Ted and me sitting in a thatched-roof hut built of bamboo reeds, mopping our brows with large white handkerchiefs the way they do now-a-days on the stage.



*"Oh, boy! Look what Santa Claus has sent me!" Ted said.*

And sometimes we would be out in the jungle with a lion stalking us, and just when the lion was all ready to spring on Ted, I would draw up my rifle and shoot it through the head. Then Ted and I would come back home a few years later, and all our old friends would gather round us, while Ted would tell them stories of our feats all over the world. And, somehow or other, I always seemed to be the hero of each tale.

**I**T TOOK me hours to go to sleep those nights, my nerves would become so taut and tense.

Ted and I went down to the State University together, still planning big things for the future, vague dreams of gigantic bridges and tumbling waters.

Every summer we worked in the rubber company to get extra money for college, laying aside a little to take us to one of those far-away places we constantly dreamed about.

Then almost overnight the war broke out in Europe. At first it seemed so far away, so distant that we scarcely paid any attention. But when the horrors began to sink in, it sickened and frightened me. Not physical fear, but fear of anything so big and frightful that could kill human beings by the hundreds of thousands and so easily wipe out all the beauty of



*And behind me stood Ted—"the best friend you will ever have!" Beatrice had said.*

nature and the decency of men. That's what hurt.

Ted and I were in our last few months in college when the United States declared war. The athletic field suddenly became a training field for cadet officers; the gymnasium echoed and roared with the cries of top sergeants and corporals.

WHEN we went home for our Easter vacation, the whole town was in a patriotic frenzy. One afternoon we decided to go down to a one-horse carnival that had opened on the lots outside of town. A spring rain had softened the ground, and the hundreds of feet had churned it to a jelly-like mass of mud. In the center of the lot, a wheezy old carousal spun complainingly round and round. Down the soggy alley-ways between the rows of gyp games, fortune-telling booths, shooting galleries, and hot dog stands, milled the crowd of suckers, stopping to gape at the steady cry of a barker, pointing and nudging at the hard, painted faces of the women behind the booths.

Suddenly a trumpet blared forth, discordant and brassy. A snare-drum rolled, ending with a crash.

Like a herd of cattle, the people turned, shoulder to shoulder, and moved toward the trumpeteer.

Beside him a hot air balloon rolled and tugged on its moorings. An attendant threw fuel into the roaring fire, expanding the bag with hot air until it fairly sang in the spring breeze. From a tent on one side came a little man dressed in dirty pink tights and spangled shirt. After carefully inspecting the rigging of the balloon and the trapeze that was fastened to the bottom, he took the trapeze between his hands and nodded to the men who handled the bag. They sprang to release her from her moorings. The bag shook itself for a moment, the breeze caught it and it went skittering out across the fields with the little man swinging feet down from the trapeze. Up a hundred feet he loosened one hand and waved a jaunty, careless good-by. Two hundred, three, five, a thousand feet and he swung himself up on the trapeze. For a moment he rested there, then his hands moved quickly through the air and he suddenly fell earthward at a terrific speed, his parachute trailing out behind him. The crowd held its breath until the wind caught the parachute and he came floating slowly down to earth.

Ted turned to me with his eyes shining. "That's the stuff, Al!" he said. "That's what I'm going to get in you and I—in the air service!" There was awe in his voice, and he trembled with feeling. "It's just like the cavalry was in the Civil War, dash and adventure and thrills!"

I was all excited now, too. From the start I had thought of the infantry, because I didn't like the idea of the horses in artillery or cavalry; I'd had enough of those down in Pop's barn!

"Do you suppose we could get in the same squadron?" I asked.

"Why, *sure* we could! Didn't Ben Carter and Dud Lyons and Bill Werrenrath all get in the same outfit in the Canadian service?"

THE next day Ted and I drove twenty-six miles to the largest city near Sharon and took our examinations for entrance in the air service.

"And remember," I told the officer who took our oath of allegiance, "we want to go together, with the same outfit all the way through!"

He laughed and said, "Won't you go if you can't?"

That stumped me for a moment. He laughed again and wrote something on each of our papers and said the government would notify us when and where to report for duty.

Wish you could have seen Ted and me walking down the street when we left that place. Pop would never have worried about my becoming stoop-shouldered that day! Shoulders back until they ached, and our chins so high our collars cut the back of our necks.

"No! I saw the cadets at West Point one time, and this is the way they walked—" Ted would say. "Shoulders back, chin up, stomach in, one, two, one, two! Like that!"

"All right, have it your own way! But when the devil do we eat?" I replied, and we both went off into gales of laughter.

That night we made a call on every girl we knew. And at each place one of us would lead off with, "Well, I guess we're in it now."

"In what?"

"Signed up for cadet officers training school in the air service today—Ted and I!"

"No!"—a long one, that tapered off into a whisper.

"Yes, sir! Expect to be called any day. Got to settle up a few things first. Prob'ly be pushing up daisies in a few months!" Unconcerned, yet with a terrible inner tremor in the pit of our stomachs.

We decided that we wouldn't go back to college. What was the use? No more than get back there and we'd probably have to report for duty. Anyway, there was some talk of giving a degree to fellows who were called for active service before Commencement, and we figured we could slip in under the rope on that.

*The June SMART SET will have the First Prize Story of the big contest that has just closed.*

Ted took a trip for a few days to see some relatives while we were waiting. "Might be my last chance," he said laughingly. "You know once you fall a couple of thousand feet in an aeroplane, you're in much the same fix old Humpty Dumpty was in when he fell off the wall!" Good old Ted! They might scare him to death, but they'd never know it!

It was while Ted was gone that I "fell" and struck harder than I ever did in an aeroplane—and it wasn't a June night, either, but the first day of May. I climbed in Pop's car and drove out to the country club. Gee, what a night! All silvery and soft, and the leaves rustling together like a far-away song of spring! I stopped at the top of Bald Ridge on the way over to the club and looked down into the valley filled with low hanging fog, like little lakes, with the treetops jutting through, making tiny islands in fairyland.

Somehow I hated the thought of war that night. I wanted to go on living forever, everything seemed so gorgeous.

When I arrived at the club, I stood off at one side looking as bored as I knew how. [Turn to page 127]



*"You've got six months, Al—six months to put your house in order!"*

# *The Final Show-*

*—between a Man who thought  
Money was Power, and a Woman  
whose very Soul was the Prize*



*But the picture  
she made on that  
first dress rehearsal!  
Sid got the  
same eyeful as  
little Ionie and  
the others.*

**I**'M THE third girl from the end—the one in the crimson bathing suit—when the first curtain goes up each night on Sid Harris' Fun Makers.

On the programs, I'm Ionie Sinclair. Actually, I'm the only and favorite daughter of Mrs. Jud Timmons, of Cactus Junction, Arizona.

I've been behind the footlights for about well, never mind. But I'm "over thirty". We'll let it go at that.

I'm not strong for arguments. And bucking the line from the negative side gives me no thrill. But I become feverish every time I read a wheeze by some reformer—who had to save for three years to get enough together to get to Manhattan on a three-day excursion that Broadway is all bad, and the stage and its people are worse.

There's about as much truth in their patter as in one of Gulliver's travelogues.

You can take it straight from the shoulder that the stage and that means performers from the aces to the two-spots—isn't any worse than other lines. We win and lose, fight and cringe, love and hate, come clean and cheat, just the same as you do. And there are as many straight shooters among the coryphees, houri and nymphs as there are among the stay-at-homes in the third rail burgs. Only they don't brag so much about their deportment cards.

This tale didn't begin "once upon a time," but on the ides of July, 19—, as Shakespeare would say. The locale was New York. And the little heat waves which made you see queer and feel groggy furnished an explanation of why people keep heading for the North Pole.

But the misbehavior of the thermometer meant nothing in the existence of Sid Harris. He was due to open with a new edition of the Fun Makers in late August. And rehearsals had to go on, even if he was obliged to call in the Red Cross to keep us right side up.

I was twenty minutes late when I reached the Hatbox Theatre, where the ensemble was being put through the new music and jazz steps. I entrusted my coat and hat to Mike, the doorman, and tried to sneak on stage without "Big Joe", the stage director, seeing me. No luck. His eye, cold as an eel's, caught me standing up, and he gave me a look that froze the tips of my ears.

I answered the jerk of his head, expecting a call, maybe a fine. My hunch was wrong. "Listen, Ionie," he said, piloting me out of earshot of a line of prancing hoofers, "you're elected to do the boss a favor."

"Nix," he growled, as I started to make a nifty come-back. "Get this straight. Sid's taken on a new girl, daughter of a fellow he went to school with, or something. She's from the tall weeds out in some mail-order belt. Green as paint, and don't know a stage-brace from a border-light. But she's got voice, and a face and figure that will be a riot when she gets over her scare and learns what being a chorus girl's all about.

# Down

"Her's name Mildred Shannon. Your job is to take care of her, keep her away from the annoying sex, and teach her the *abc's* of the business. The boss is going to hold you accountable for her future good behavior, and that don't mean maybe."

Honestly, this Mildred was a knockout. The only thing about her which suggested hick was her clothes, which had been made from a ten cent store pattern by some small town sewing machine artist. For she had a mass of golden bronze hair that no dye could match, the pink and white skin that laughs at make-up, and a pair of big, dark eyes that gave me a friendly once-over when we were introduced that made me her friend for life. But it was the set of her mouth, the little, stubborn twists at the corners, that held me; made me realize Mildred wasn't all baby doll.

It wasn't until after rehearsal, when we were exchanging histories over the java and ice cream in a side-arm restaurant, that I got wise to her intelligence. She could use words the leading lady never heard of.

We did another trick at rehearsing in the afternoon, then went to my favorite boarding-house, within hailing distance of Columbus Circle, where I surrendered my four-by-six back, on an airshaft, for a big room facing the street which Milly—she told me to call her that—and I were to share.

IT WAS when she unpacked her wardrobe from a trunk, one her parents must have used on their wedding trip, that I got a tip that I should lose no time beginning my labors as counselor and guide. Those clothes might have gone strong in her burg, but they just wouldn't do on one of Sid Harris' "world famous beauties," except for home consumption.

"They're not so bad, girlie," I lied neatly, "but have you got any more cash than you'll need to see you through until full pay starts?"

"I think so. Why?"

"Listen, Milly. Seventy-five per cent of this town is camouflage. You get by on the front you throw. Half the girls who earn their keep massaging typewriters



*Your cue is to pass him up—all his kind, for that matter."*

flash more style than the Queen of Siam. You're with the biggest show in the business, and you've got to look New York. If you haven't got enough extra to make the grade, we'll draw on the place where I park my pennies for a rainy day instead of buying an umbrella."

The next morning we hit Thirty-fourth Street before the clerks were wide awake. And for fifteen dollars—I got her the smartest kind of a summer rig, made in a Seventh Avenue factory that had stolen the design from an import in the window of Salsman's Fifth Avenue toggery. Another three berries went for a hat.

And, honestly, when Milly was arrayed in her new finery, she could have romped through Park Avenue and had the Vanderburghs stepping to the curb to let her pass.

The next few days were the most active in the careers of both of us since leaving the old home fireside to live among the steam-heated flats. The biggest things Milly had seen before bringing her letter of introduction to the town which invented subways was the annual strawberry festival of the Gopher Centre Literary and Debating Society and Mark's one-elephant circus. So, for about twenty-four hours, the size of our fair metropolis had her sort of stunned. And she actually waited at the

street corners until the traffic cops gave the signals to cross!

But, about high noon of the second day, she became innoculated with the *New Yorkitis* germ, advanced her gear shift, and began traveling in high. And with her change of front she decided to see the entire works in short order; try to learn all the ropes in a few easy lessons. All the time we had was between rehearsals. But in those periods I tried to keep the pace she set, tip her to all the high spots, and explain how the machinery went round. However, it wasn't long before the speed at which she kept going had me feeling about as useless as a time expired transter.

"LISTEN, kid," I said one night after we'd done a marathon through the white light section, "you've got to ease up and back-pedal a bit. I'm all out of training for this heavy road work."

"But there's so much to see—"

"I know, sister," and I eased limply into our one easy chair. "But New York has been right here since 1613, or thereabout, and it will continue on the same spot long after an antidote has been found for the thing that makes the tired business man tired. Nobody ever has seen it all. The oldest inhabitant would be worse off than Robinson Crusoe if you dropped him in the far stretches of Long or Staten Islands. Let's ease up till I get my second wind."

My little playmate did not commit herself. But the next day Sid lent moral support to my argument by ordering triple rehearsals until the show opened. After that, except for time out for sleep, we left the theatre only long enough to grab some sustenance at nearby short-order restaurants.

However, Milly was game for punishment, working hard to learn all she could so that her first appearance behind the footlights would not be a flop. Her voice was only one of those sweet little prairie sopranos, but she caught the words and music on the jump. Likewise, with me coaching her on the side, she learned the steps pronto. She made mistakes—plenty of them. But, instead of crying, she just set her obstinate little mouth and kept on trying until she'd mastered the things that tripped her.

However, it wasn't these efforts which got her a place with the front row girls, but the picture she made when she came on at the first dress rehearsal, wearing one of those "don't sneeze" costumes.

Sid got the same eyeful as little home and the others. And, as soon as Big Joe had called it a day, he handed her the line of praise he drops only when he means it. The next afternoon she signed on the dotted line to appear with the Fun Makers for the next two years. And the boost Sid made in her salary figure made Milly feel sorry



for both of the bank presidents of her native town.

Then we plunged into the final week of preparation, morning, noon and night, everybody working in third speed. And we didn't require any rocking to sleep when we reached home each morning just three laps ahead of the milkman.

The opening performance was a "wow." All of New York that could be squeezed into Harris' theatre with a shoe-horn were there. The diamonds flashed from the boxes, and orchestra chairs would have discharged the national debt twice over. And, from behind the footlights, it looked as if every man in the big town who owned a dress-suit was out front. As an audience, the box score was perfect. And the applause kept up like a thunder storm in St. Louis.

When, after the final drop of the big curtain, Sid came from the wings with his customary poker-face momentarily twisted into a grin, we knew we'd scored a bull's-eye which would keep us from traveling until after the next spring's grass was sufficiently high to cut.

The following day we just beat the dinner bell by inches in getting out of bed. But we passed up everything, except to drape ourselves in kimonos, to grab the morning papers and

### The Contest Letters

On pages 52 and 53 you'll find in the prize letters on "How I Lost My Wife" some real startling facts.



*Mike told us that she met him at the stage door, and had a car waiting.*

read what the critics had to offer. Their notices were gorgeous. Not a knock. And in two of them were boosts for Milly. "A Dresden doll with titian hair: another youthful and blooming blossom in Sid Harris' always tantalizing bouquet of beauties," one of them said.

Honestly, the kid broke down and cried when she saw her name in print for the first time. Tickled pink, myself, I gave her a bear hug and jollied her back into smiling. Afterward, however, over the cocoa and toast, I began to feel regret. That notice was bound to bring her to the notice of the stage door hangers-on, even if they hadn't noted her the night before. And they were the pests I had hoped to keep her clear of till she was at least partly accustomed to the new game.

Right then and there I determined to stick to her tighter than a sleeping-car window. Also, as soon as we had time to talk rationally, to warn her against these boys, who were long on money and short on matrimonial intentions, and with more wide open spaces above the ears than exist in the Far West.

Of course, as always was the case after one of Harris' openings, a whole litter of dinners were arranged for the second night, following the final curtain. And

there wasn't a girl in the company who didn't get two or more invitations to take part in the festivities.

After saying "maybe" to half a dozen telephone calls from boys with wealthy but honest parents, I finally accepted a suggestion from Jack Carrington to join his party. "And, Ionie, be sure to bring along that little queen with the red hair," was his parting injunction. I favored Jack for Milly's sake, for his crowd, for the most part, was too accustomed to a speedy pace to try to stage any yokel thrills. And, the White Owl, where we were to foregather, was the high spot in dance clubs.

When I told Milly of the date I'd made and that Carrington and his Rolls would be at the stage door to pick us up, she became almost double loco, pulling me around in a wild dervish whirl and singing. At last she was going to get a close-up of the kind of place and people she'd dreamed about ever since she'd been able to read the best sellers. I suppose I should have warned her then that Broadway's

night life was about one-half T. N. T., and nothing for amateurs to play with carelessly. But I decided to let her have one big crash beneath the bright-lights first. Then I'd explain about some of the things beneath the tinsel;

the necessity of remembering the emergency brake if the pace became too swift.

In the afternoon we lumped our surplus change, then slipped over to Madame Odette's in Madison Avenue, and blew the entire roll for an outfit of evening raiment for Milly that would enable her to break into the big time looking the part.

**J**ACK and his machine were at the door when we left the theatre. And he had with him, as escort for Milly, Ashley Morgan. The latter's presence took fifty per cent off my anticipated enjoyment. Ashley was the last man I would have picked to pilot my innocent at her Broadway coming-out party. He was good looking, all right, clean cut as the collar boys in the subway ads, and he had an easy assurance that made you think he was just trying to get a few hearty laughs out of life. But I knew that considerable of his twenty-five years, particularly those after he was invited to leave college, were more checkered than a comedian's vest.

However, to Milly, he looked like Mr. Chesterfield himself. And by the time we reached the White Owl he appeared to have sold himself to her. There was no new kick in the party for me; just lights, flowers, plenty

of foot, and too much liquor and dancing—by far. I kept a tight eye on Milly. One sip of liquor was all she took. However, she danced as if she never had heard the word "tired". And, except for a couple of cut-ins by Carrington, Morgan was her steady partner. I didn't like it. Nor her flushed cheeks, wide eyes, and continuous happy laughter. I knew the signs. She was calling for his line of chatter, instead of accepting the flattery as part of the game and promptly forgetting it.

**WE REACHED** home just as the day squad from the police station down the block was turning out. Jack was himself, and only thanked us for having helped to make the party worth while. But Ashley insisted he must see Milly again and asked when he might call.

"Every other February twenty-ninth, Ashley," I replied. "Now be nice and run along home." And, though my little pal seemed inclined to hold back, I took

her arm and almost dragged her up the front steps.

"Why were you so rude, Ione?" she blurted, once we were in our room.

"Forget everything now, girlie. I'll draw a diagram for you when about five hours of sleep have restored our customary beauty."

It was not until late in the afternoon, however, after we'd been awakened by a boy with a box of flowers for Milly from Morgan, that the heart-to-heart took place. Those flowers, coming after a single night's acquaintance, made me see red.

"Listen, little one," I began, after she had spent ten minutes admiring the blossoms, "I want to tell you two or three things you never heard. I took you to Carrington's party to give you a real good time for once in your life. But I don't intend you shall make such things a continuous performance. They're a good tonic, in infrequent doses. When they're over forget them."

"Now about Ashley Morgan. He must have imagined he was the original sheik, the way he played up to you last night. Your cue is to pass him up

all his kind, for that matter. I know most of them. They're too speedy for girls who are trying to get along. When those boys really get moving they go so fast the telegraph poles look as close together as piano keys. And Ashley's the wildest of the lot. If he thought he'd get a thrill, he'd try to do a tail-spin in a cellar. You're new, pretty, and so innocent that—"

"I WISH you wouldn't talk so," she interrupted, her cheeks flaming. "I'm eighteen, and—well, I think I know a gentleman when I see one."

"So, it's as bad as that, eh?" I came back, and I couldn't keep the sarcasm out of my tone. "Now, you listen again. And I'm going to use words of one syllable mostly, so you'll understand. Sid Harris told me to look after you. I could be shot for what I'm thinking about myself for taking you to the White Owl. If you think Ashley's at all serious about you, you'd better [Turn to page 100]



"I'm an old man, child—older than I knew. Nothing I can do will change what is past."



## The Spotlight

*Above: GRETA NISSEN, of Paramount pictures, is setting the pace in cigarette holders.*

*Left: JANET GAYNOR, the Wampus baby star, scheduled to reach the headline class this year.*

*Right: NORMA SHEARER, Metro-Goldwyn star, whose plans for the coming season include several worth-while vehicles.*





*LOLA TODD of Universal has created her own private rôle as the Leopard Girl. It is a rather individual fashion and created a wild sensation even in the film colony.*



*CONSTANCE TALMADGE has a new choker every time she poses. She's a great lover of rare pearls.*



*POLA NEGRI comes out with another bob. Name it yourself.*



*FAY WRAY has been doing her bit in the creation of individual styles on the coast.*

## Girls and Gossip



CARMEL MYERS,  
the Metro-Gold-  
wyn star, wearing  
her necklace with  
the ornamental  
pendants in back to  
keep pace with lat-  
est fads.



LAURA LAPLANTE  
dolls up in some-  
thing that calls for  
a second look.

## and Gowns Galore



MARY PHILBIN  
shows real  
taste in this outfit



NORMA TALMADGE'S pearls  
hit a rhythmic chord with  
her new bob.

*Melbourne  
Sport*



## THE TEN BEST LEGS IN HOLLYWOOD

according to director Hobart Henley—but what about the six pictured below them?



Ann  
Pennington

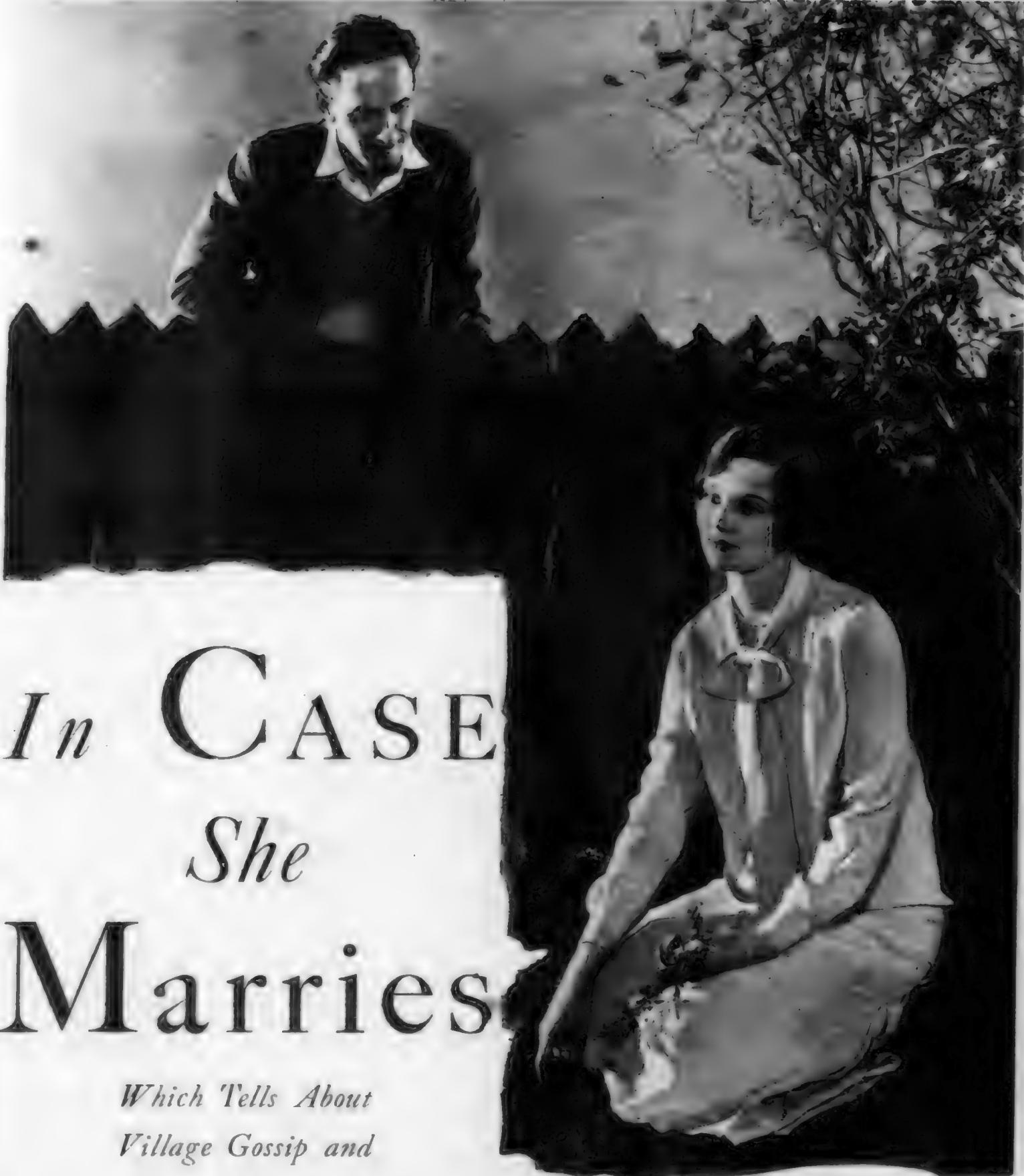


Marie  
Prevost



Sally  
Long

by  
Canner



# In CASE She Marries

*Which Tells About  
Village Gossip and  
a Stolen Honeymoon*

SOMETIMES I peer into the faces of those about me—in fact, all my friends—and wonder if they would look at me so kindly if they knew as much about me as they think they do. Not one of them dreams that I am a thief. But I am, for once I tried to steal two thousand dollars and a honeymoon. It sounds awful, doesn't it? It is awful, of course. But even yet, I think that I had cause for acting as I did.

I glanced at Uncle Peter that morning, lying so still and skeleton-like under the coverlid. Seeing, to my relief, that he was asleep, I slipped over to the dim old

*"Hello, there, Miss Priscilla!" boomed a big voice.  
I wished that he wouldn't call me Miss Priscilla.*

mirror, loosened my hair a little on the sides, and powdered my nose. Just because I was an old-maid slavey, doomed to imprisonment in the sick room of a bitter old man, was no reason why I should look any worse than I need.

Suddenly in the glass I saw Uncle Peter leering wickedly at me. It is no use pretending to you that I didn't hate Uncle Peter in that moment. Uncle Peter had always leered at me since that moment I first came to live in his household, a dependent little orphan, begging with big, brown eyes for the love which he refused.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled now. "Prissy's primping! Prissy's fixing beau-catchers, but I'm afraid it won't do her any good."

He was a sick old man, and I wouldn't let myself get angry with him.

"I hope you're feeling better, Uncle Peter," I said.



"No, Jimmy Holmes wouldn't do," I said to myself. And then something happened across the fence.

coming and sitting down on a chair at his bedside.

"Feeling better?" jeered Uncle Peter. "Thank you, Prissy, dying's quite a delightful sensation!" He regarded me, grimly. "Going to wear red for me, eh, Prissy?" he demanded.

"Going to wear—what, Uncle Peter?" I faltered.

"Red," he repeated. "You can't make me think that anyone wants to put on mourning for me, you know! By the way, Prissy, you needn't put off your wedding on my account!"

I got up. I wasn't going to sit there and listen to Uncle Peter mock at my spinsterhood, even if he was extremely ill. He knew that at thirty-two years old a girl was as definitely an old maid as if she had been ninety-two, in our village of Worden. And he knew that if I was an old maid, it was his fault.

He needn't think I'd forgotten the only man who ever proposed to me, Dean Wallis, twelve years ago. Uncle Peter had driven Dean from the house with a battery of sarcasm as deadly as a machine-gun in its effectiveness. There never had been any other man in my life except big, laughing, Jimmy Holmes, who lived next door; and he was just a friend, of course.

"I think I'll go out into the garden for awhile," I said to Uncle Peter.

"Better pass the word to the calla lilies to hurry!" he sneered. But at the door he called after me. "You mustn't mind me, Prissy. You've been a good girl."

I looked back and smiled at him over my shoulder; afterwards I was always glad to remember that smile. In the hallway, I almost stepped upon my yellow kitten, Muffins. I picked him up and wiped a tear or two away on his golden coat. After all, maybe Uncle Peter couldn't help his crooked sense of humor any more than he could help his crooked back.

"HOW'S himself?" asked Mrs. Doran in the kitchen, piously on her knees with a scrubbing brush.

"No better, I'm afraid," I told her.

"Well, we've all got to go," she said, quite cheerfully. "But, sure, it's hard for a young girl to be left alone, so it is."

"I'm twenty-seven."

I was really thirty-two, but for some reason I couldn't bear to say so.

"I've seen older," said Mrs. Doran.

Almost happily, I went out into the fragrant security of my garden. I never could feel sad out there among the flowers that I had planted, and coaxed, and tended. They made me forget that I was getting so old. The pansies winked at me gaily: the poppies danced a ballet, and called on me for applause. I smiled as I got down on my knees by a bed of mignonette, and attacked the weeds with determined fingers, while Muffins flirted with a butterfly.

"Hello, there, Miss Priscilla!" boomed a big voice.

It was Jimmy Holmes, on the other side of the big board fence. I wished that he wouldn't call me Miss Priscilla, as if I had been his maiden aunt. I'd thank him to remember that we used to be in the same grade at school!

"Hello, Jimmy Holmes," I said.

"I wish I could root out arguments the way you root out weeds!" he laughed. Jimmy was a lawyer. "As it

is. I haven't any cases. I'm still waiting for Grandma Parsons to come to me for a divorce."

I laughed, as he peeped over the fence. Grandpa and Grandma Parsons, who had just celebrated their golden wedding, were the official Joan and Darby of the town. But it was a hollow laugh, for Jimmy's manner had said plainly that he considered me of another generation.

I knew what I was going to do with the money that Uncle Peter would leave me. It wouldn't be much, anyhow, and I meant to spend it, every cent, on the good times I had never had. I would get new clothes, pretty ones, that would soil easily, and not be durable at all. I would yes, I'd get a car, a cheap one, anyhow, and learn to drive. I would—oh, for a week or a month I would forget that I was thirty two, and taste the youth that I had never had!

"You're a little beast!" I told myself, in horror. "To be thinking of how you'll spend Uncle Peter's money before he's gone!"

There was a joyous little clump of yellow primroses growing near. I hated to pick my flowers—it made me feel like an executioner—and Uncle Peter would only sneer; but I leaned over and picked them for him. Uncle Peter didn't speak when I opened the door of his room. I looked at him and saw that all the pain and the petulance had faded from his face, though the faint, the ironic smile still lingered. I went over and dropped the yellow primroses on his bed.

OF COURSE, I stripped my garden of its flowers for Uncle Peter's funeral. When it was over, I hardly knew what to do with myself, my life had revolved around his for so long. Even Mrs. Doran had gone back to numerous small Dorans, for I had no need of a servant, nor any money to pay one. I was all alone, and terribly lonely.

Then came the reading of Uncle Peter's will—a public reading in the town hall, at Uncle Peter's request, called by a notice inserted in the *Worden Weekly*. Nearly everybody in town was there, it seemed to me. I felt shy and afraid as I sat there in the corner, waiting for the will to be read, though of course I didn't dream what Uncle Peter had done.

Almost any will-maker can offend those whom he omits from his will. But Uncle Peter had something more difficult—he had enraged even his beneficiaries. You see, he left an insult with every dollar.

For instance, Uncle Peter left the village of Worden five thousand dollars, "to enable it to perfect the ugliness for which it has labored so conscientiously and with such rare success." He left the park commissioners, whose title had been purely honorary, a thousand dollars toward a park as "a meeting ground for mediocrity, since no private grounds could afford sufficient space." He bequeathed the town library one thousand dollars, through its gray-haired librarian, Miss Millman, "to be expended for such trash as shall be in her expert judgment most cloying."

HIS private bequests were equally insulting. As a good example of them all, I will mention the bequest to Jimmy Holmes, whom Uncle Peter left two thousand dollars, "with the hope that, carefully hoarded, it may last till he receives his first fee." Last came the bequest to me.

"I hereby give and bequeath to my niece, Priscilla Deering, the house in which she resides, also two thousand dollars to be expended for a trousseau and an adequate honeymoon, the money otherwise to revert to the Pine City Home for Indigent Females. I also leave in trust for her the sum of six hundred dollars annually in case she decides not to marry."

I could hear little giggles, quickly smothered, all through the hall as this amazing bequest was read. For all I knew,

Jimmy Holmes was among those who laughed at me. I sat there, conscious of two overwhelming sensations—an engulfing shame, and an overwhelming desire to get even with Uncle Peter. No matter what it cost me, I would get even with Uncle Peter.

That night I thought and thought. The next month I took the fifty dollars that had been paid me as the first monthly installment on Uncle Peter's annual trust fund, and went out and spent every cent of it for a new dress and a hat. They weren't black, either, but a lovely blue—not navy, but a brighter, gladder shade to match my eyes. Then I went to Judge Morgan's office.

"Good morning!" He got up with a little ceremonious bob of his nice old silver head. Then he stared. "Why, it's Priscilla Deering! Sit down, my dear! I didn't know you at first. I—my—eyes—

"Clothes," I told him. "You expected to see me [Turn to page 134]

"But what for?" I was bewildered.  
Hadn't Jimmy meant the kisses?  
Was he going to leave me now?

# APPLE Cores

*"Drop him!" repeated the voice. And then the calm, soft tones struck terror into a man who would have fought all the harder under most circumstances.*



I HAVE never had more than the apple cores of life. When I was a kid I used to duck around the alleys, collecting bits of kindling. I was too miserable to have any ambition, if you can understand me. But if I did have one, it was to be able to eat a whole apple. Queer ambition, I guess, but I lived a queer life.

My mother took in washing, when she could find anyone to trust her with some. That wasn't often. As for my father, even my mother seemed a bit vague about him. He had come, married her, and gone. That was all she knew about it.

I went to school—when I had to. I hated it! Even the poor kids of our neighborhood were plutocrats compared to me. And they did not hesitate to say so in loud voices.

But I was too tough to mind a little thing like insults. There was not a single one of them who had ever eaten a whole apple! I could stand their insults, but not their steam.

Then, one day, Mother died. I just went to sleep and

left me—not grief-stricken, but bewildered.

A week later they put me in an orphan asylum.

You think this made me bitter? Well, it didn't. All my life had been a miserable struggle for the barest sort of living. They at least fed me well at the orphan asylum. Three meals a day, and sometimes a chance to really play. Golly, but I liked it! Playing and eating, I mean.

But since I've left that place, I've done a lot of reading, and I want to say that the man who said, "Man cannot live by bread alone," knew his stuff. For, after a couple of months of this easy living, I found myself unhappy and sulky. I had enough to eat, and a chance to play—but, I was not free.

Moreover, my queer obsession—to eat a whole apple all by myself—had come back to me with full force. They had apple sauce, apple pudding, and, once in awhile, apple pie, at the asylum, but never a fresh, whole apple.

So, one day I slipped over the wall and ran away. Not very far, however; just to the fruit-stand a block away. There I stopped and stared at wealth unimaginable, in the shape of pyramids of fresh, glistening, mouth-watering apples. Big, red and yellow apples! Smooth, sophisticated, bland, greenish-colored sweet apples, and small, chummy, friendly crab-apples. Oh, gosh!

# *What Happened when a Ne'er-Do-Well Who Had Ambition Met a Business Man Who Had No Policy*



I stared and stared, my mouth watering and my eyes big with the hunger of a single ambition. People came and bought apples and took them away. Some of them ate the apples as they walked off. *Atc* them, if you understand, before my starved and desperate eyes.

Along the road came a stout, sulky-faced boy of about my own age. He waddled up to the fruit-stand and dragged three pennies from his pocket. Silently he indicated the biggest, reddest, and juiciest of the apples. Then he turned and stared at me. He grinned provokingly, and took a great bite with his sneering eyes on mine. Hunger, devouring hunger, descended on me. I walked up to him.

"Give me a bite!" I demanded.

"Yah," he sneered, and took another himself.

Then a startled look passed over his face and he spit out that big bite. There was a worm wriggling around in it.

"Hey," he yelled, disgusted. "You can have it!"

He hurled the apple into the gutter. But I had stood all the insults I intended to stand, and whirled on him like the skinny wild-cat I was. I knocked him down and kicked him. I fell on top of him and hit, scratched, bit, and butted him until he roared like a lion—but from the soul of a rabbit. Other kids had collected like magic to watch the fight, but now there was a yell:

"Cheese it,—the cop!"

I leaped and ran for my life. A rough hand halted my progress before I had gone ten steps, and I looked up into the stern face of the head matron at the Orphanage. She did not say a word, but led me, sternly, back.

But that night I ran away again. I first went to the gutter outside of the closed fruit-store. But the apple was gone. It was the first terrible disappointment in my life—the loss of that worm-filled, shining apple.

Two hours later I was staring into the night with hard, hurt, bitter eyes from behind the slats of a cattle-car—headed west.

Three long years of labor as a hired-hand, and then .

**I**T WAS a hard year. Hundreds of thousands of men were walking the streets of the cities, while other thousands of men harvested crops for which there was no market. I remember that even as a child I was bewildered at the strange mixture of complete prosperity and utter want that stood side by side all over the country. Bankers offered loans at one per cent. and of any amount, or free of interest for one year, but could not move the money in their vaults. Farmers were bankrupt in the midst of an overwhelming yield from the crops, while men in the cities starved for lack of food that cost double the usual prices. Food riots, labor trouble, gaunt, bewildered, angry faces were everywhere, and my own misery passed unnoticed in a land

where misery had suddenly become commonplace. You do not believe it. It is a matter of history, and a matter that was repeated almost every seven years in the United States up until that year.

I sneaked and stole scraps of food, and, somehow, reached New Orleans. I was wild, ragged, I was desperately bitter against all the world that night I met Tom O'Reilly. It was on the dark, ram-swept levee about six miles above New Orleans.

I had not eaten for two days, and there was a fever in me. I say, a hobo eating a stolen chicken, and clubbed him over the head. But I was so weak that I actually did not hurt him. He rose with a roar of rage and lifted me to fling me into the river.

"Drop him!" said a calm voice.  
The hobo stiffened, and I saw his eyes roll around.

"DROP him!" repeated the voice, the calm, soft tones striking terror into a man who would have cursed and fought under most circumstances. And the hobo dropped me.

A time later I opened my eyes and realized with a flush of shame that I must have fainted. I was hot, tired, muddled, and drank some soup that was thrust on me, and . . . I don't know!

It was yellow fever, then next to small-pox in the dread it inspired in the hearts of common people. I have since seen whole towns that were deserted in a half hour upon the mere report that there was a case of yellow fever in their midst.

But Tom O'Reilly was a doctor—a hobo doctor—and stuck to me for two weeks, while I tossed and raved of yellow and red apples with worms in them.

A week after I was on my feet, Tom O'Reilly went to the door and stared at the sky.

"It's a fine night," he said. "Let's go to South America!"

I didn't know where South America was, but had he said, "Let's go to Halifax!" I would have grunted and gone, even as I grunted that night and went with him down the mud-spattered levee to New Orleans where I boarded a stinking banana boat.

I was eighteen then.

Tom O'Reilly educated me when he had time, and I absorbed learning and experience as a blotter absorbs ink. It was a strange mixture of an

education that Tom O'Reilly gave me in the ten years we were together. It included the Lord's Prayer—Tom, in spite of his name, was a Presbyterian—Ingersoll's Lectures, algebra, knife-fighting, riding, swimming, table manners, anatomy, French, Spanish, Portuguese, shooting—revolver and rifle—boxing, a fair medicinal education, poker, and—the Code. The Code was, "Hit hard but fight fair".

Ten years with Tom: ten years of hardships and gay joyous songs and laughter. Ten years of star-gazing, and the constant remark, "It's a fine night! Let's go to China!" or India, or England, or Alaska, or Paris. And we'd go.

Ten years of cattle-boats, obsolete wind-jammers, wild horses on the pampas, railroads, automobiles, canoes, pack-horses, and on foot. Ten years . . . and then the Great War!

We went together into the Foreign Legion, and there came a night when things were quiet. Tom stretched himself and stared at the stars.

"It's a fine night—" he murmured, and a bullet caught him in the temple. He lifted himself for a second after he dropped, and smiled at me.

"It's a fine night, Jimmy O'Hara, my lad!" he cried gaily, and sank back. "Let's—go—to . . ." and he died while I sat and held him against my breast and stared stonily at the stars until after a time my grief was lessened enough for tears. . . .

They gave me a medal for the way I fought after that. They said I fought for France, and kissed me, and I bore with them, and fought harder—but not for France. Until, presently, the War was over.

You men who have been in it—and there have been a lot of you—will remember that night after the Armistice. Some of the men went for women, some got howling drunk, some gambled like madmen, and some sat out in the tortured, shell-shattered, blood-stained fields as I did, and stared into the dark.

Two months later I was mustered out

"It's a fine night, Jimmy O'Hara, my lad!" he cried gaily, and sank back.





"*Danny!*" she gasped. "*Don't! Don't look at me like that. You don't understand —*" *And then I got busy.*

and slipped into an American transport with a bunch of Yanks I had met. Nobody said anything about my fighting in the French Army instead of the American Army, and they accepted me with the philosophy that one more did nor matter.

I have never talked much in company. Sometimes I talked for hours to Tom, in the old days, but Tom had gone West, well—there was no one to talk to, and nothing to say. So I went my silent way for a year—working at this or at that, dropping it to wander, restless, dissatisfied, unhappy, lonely. Until one day I was back in New York.

I took a room on the East Side with a Portuguese family, and a job as a longshoreman. It paid fairly well—enough for my needs—and I cared for nothing.

But there was a new hunger stirring in me. A longing for companionship. There were nights when I used to walk up and down before the doors of certain dance-hall houses, hating what would be found inside, yet half-insane for companionship. And, when I needed her, Kitty came into my life.

She wasn't pretty, you understand, nor clever. But she was young, and gay, and honest, with great, dark, sparkling eyes.

I met her at a dance where I had gone in vague hope of meeting someone I knew. A man was speaking to her in French, and his words caused me to stare in amazement at her laughing face.

"Say," I blurted out, "do you know French?"

She gave me a startled look, hesitated, and then admitted that she did not. The next instant I had knocked that fellow seven feet away. She grabbed my arm.

"What's the big idea?" she blazed at me. "Knocking my fellow for a loop?"

"**I** F YOU are a good woman," I said crisply, "you would rather walk through this hall stark naked than have him repeat in English what he was saying!"

I turned and knocked the knife from the Frenchman's hands, and spoke to him in his own language, using the Montmartre jargon which many Frenchmen do not understand, and he slunk away.

"What did you say?" she asked, curiously.

"I said 'Beat it, or regret it!' in French!" I told her, translating quite freely. And Kitty laughed.

"I like you, fellow!" she said, and that night I took her home.

I saw her almost every other [Turn to page 126]

# WARNER FABIAN



*The girls don't want college kids;  
they've outgrown 'em*

THREE of us sat in one of those so-called restaurants where people dance between mouthfuls and drink between dances. Below us a long vista presented the spectacle of couples intimately facing each other. Beneath the pendent napery of most of the tables the vague spires of bottles formed projections against the white. The atmosphere was impregnated with faint perfumes and discreet murmurs. It was four-thirty in the afternoon. New York was tea-ing up.

The feminine member of our trio, one of the keenest observers, in spite of her comparative youth, of New York society from the favored position of an insider, said reflectively:

"Maybe it has happened before. Probably it will happen again. But—" she let her amused smile and lifted brows float the unuttered surmise away into space.

"Most things that have happened before may happen again," I observed. "What is this particular one?"

She leaned over the balcony where our fortunate site gave us a comprehensive view of what was going on below. "The social anomaly before your eyes."

"Nothing irregular about it that I can see," said the third member of our party after a survey.

*Author of*

**"Flaming Youth"**

says:

**"Young Man,  
Beware!"**

*You're being  
pushed off the map;  
she wants a  
companion who can pay  
for high speed!"*

"Because you're an outlander, Paul," she continued. He is by predilection and practice a nomad, too seldom and too briefly in one place to be identified with any clique, city, or nation.

"But I'm not," said I, "and I fail to see anything unusual, either."

"Unusual? Did I say unusual? I should think it was quite usual. But you, as an observer of our modern foibles, ought not to be so stupid as to assume that because a thing is usual, therefore—"

"I don't," I broke in hastily. My charming friend's sting is likely to come at the end of her long and skillfully constructed sentences. "As you suggest, I maintain a precarious existence by reflecting the amusing ideas of others. An alms, sweet lady, of your Christian charity. Tell me."

"Use your eyes, both of you," she suggested.

"Mine see," said the globe-trotter, "a number of admirably dressed, correctly conducted young people—"

"Wrong already," she interposed. "At least fifty per cent wrong. Go on."

"—in no essential different from the youngsters of

ten years ago when I last spent a winter in New York."

"Wrong again. This time one hundred per cent," she replied.

"You mean that they are different?"

"Human nature," I interrupted with malign intent of stirring up my fair companion, "never changes; so how should they be different?"

Few women since the days of the original Medusa have been able to look both baleful and beautiful at the same time. This one could, and did, for I had trodden upon her pet toe.

"Of all the piffle, tosh, flapdoodle and hooey ever put out," she averred with an emphasis that made the world-wanderer blink, "this drivel about the present generation being the same as their grandparents is the most nauseating."

**B**EING almost thirty, yourself, you should have a fine historical perspective on ancestral manners and customs," I suggested.

"You hush!" said Medusa. But her smile returned, which was worth all the trouble and more. "Those girls down there are about as much like the young innocents of forty years ago as the W. C. T. U. convention is like a Bacchic revel."

"The Bacchae," remarked Paul, "if my memory doesn't trick me, were the young ladies who put on their summer furs and went out to unconventional dances on the mountainside."

"And sometimes forgot to come home the same night!" I added.

The eyes of our companion swept the floor below. "That's as it may be," she murmured. "The point is that you've both missed the bull's-eye. Look that crowd over. Leaving out half a dozen of the ancient die-hard dames who have dragged their gigolets here to dance, what would you say is the average age of the girls?"

"Twenty," hazarded Paul.

"Make it five," I amended.

"Somewhere between," said Medusa. "Now, look at the men."

In the subdued and kindly light I examined the faces, and her meaning burst upon me. "Why, they're middle-aged!"

"Nearer fifty than forty, most of them," confirmed Paul.

"All of that. There's your anomaly," agreed Medusa.

"Then, where are all the young men?" asked Paul.

"Where were you when you were the age of those girls?"

**L**EARNING how to tell pine from scrub oak in the Canadian woods," answered the nomad.

"And you, Warner?" She turned to me.

"Working like the devil in a Western office and trying to write stories on the side."

"You weren't going around to expensive afternoon dances?"

"Not I. Didn't have the money."

"Or you, Paul?"

"Too busy. Didn't have the chance."

"That's the way it is today, except that the pace is hotter and the demands higher. The modern young man hasn't the time or the money to keep up with it. The established middle-aged man has. There you are!"

"But the rich, young eligibles —"

"There aren't any. How many boys, even of wealthy New York families, have enough to drop casually the

thirty-five or forty dollars that this simple little tea with trimmings is costing you? When they are in college, maybe. But these girls don't want college kids; they've outgrown 'em. As for the young out-of-college set, the present tradition among worth-while people is to let the youngsters work for what they get, and if they do rate an allowance outside, it's usually a modest one. Of course, there are exceptions where the boys are encouraged to be wasters, but that's in the newer and more splurgy lot; as a rule, the prospectively rich young chap of today has a sounder and saner attitude toward life than ever before."

"It seems to be different with the girls," was Paul's next surmise.

"It is. They're living in a sort of competitive fever—which can go the fastest—and maybe the farthest. It's in the spring blood of the flapper to go and keep on going—just like their



grandmothers, what?" She gave me a glance of lustrous malice. "And they are going to pick companions that can pay for high speed. That's why the young men are being pushed off the map."

"They'll come back. Meantime, I suppose there's no special harm in this sort of thing," said Paul as he drooped a hand toward the floor now pulsating in the staccato orgy of the Charleston.

"Don't be too sure. Do you think that a man of fifty is the most trustworthy companion for an excitable girl of twenty?"

[Turn to page 84]

*They were having the time of their lives, like two overgrown, silly schoolboys. Everything was new to me, but they made me feel very much at home*



# Not That

"LEN, will you *please* stop it!"

He laughed and slowed the car down so that it was barely moving while he tried to pull me toward him with his free arm. I wriggled away and moved over into the corner of his roadster. With an impatient shrug he clapped his foot down on the accelerator and the car began to gain momentum.

"Anyone would think you were the chief of the fire department answering a seven alarm call," she said sarcastically, as he swung the car around a bend on two wheels.

"Oh, don't be silly, Len. I told you I had to be home by five-thirty or I wouldn't go with you. You know Uncle Dick always comes to the house for dinner on Tuesday nights."

"Yes, but you never have dinner until six-thirty," he broke in.

"Well, smarty! Mother asked me to please get home for dinner at six because Uncle Dick had to drive to New York to a lecture. A—h—h!" And I stuck my tongue out in his direction as far as it would reach.

Len grinned and put his hand over mine for a minute and I nestled back beside him.

"Anyone would think your Uncle Dick was King George, the fuss you make over him."

"He's a darn sight nicer than King George," I said. "If he wasn't my uncle I would marry him tomorrow!"

"It's a wonder you don't do it anyway—you're just

crazy enough. I suppose *Uncle Dick* is the young man I should hold before my young eyes as a perfect model of manhood in order to win your fair hand, isn't he?"

"You couldn't win it if you held the whole army in front of you," I informed him, and he burst into laughter that almost choked him.

In a few more minutes we were speeding up the hill to my house and Len brought his car to a stop with the brakes screeching in protest. Before I could scramble out of the car he had pulled me toward him with both hands and turned my lips up to his. Not that I didn't want him to, but I knew Len well enough to know that anything he got easily he didn't appreciate!

And that was more wisdom than my family gave me credit for.

*Dear Len!* We had been friends and sweethearts as long as I could remember. People just naturally took it for granted that we would be married when we were old enough. Every once in awhile he said, "Say, when the devil are you going to marry me?"

And I would answer, "When you grow up and get so you don't need a nurse!"

Oh, we had all the joyous dreams of love and romance, but we had also become so used to each other that we were like twin brother and sister. But there were nights when the moon cast a silvery spell of radiance over all the countryside. We would drive out to a little farm a few miles from town and listen to the

*Wasted Years!  
—a Subject that  
Bangs the Keys  
—a Problem that  
Faces the Girl of  
To-day*

# I Cared!

maples whispering in the breeze. We saved our love and hoarded it like a miser hoards his gold!

I went in the house that night and stole up to my room without going in to see Mother. She would see my things on the chair in the hallway and know that I was in. I didn't want to break the thoughts that were in my mind. Such thoughts of Len! Did I really love him? Would I always be happy with him? Would he grow fat, and snug, and snap at me the way I saw so many husbands snap at their wives?

"Oh, I wanted to be sure, so sure, before I married him."

I lay dreaming on my bed for a half hour before Mother's voice brought my thoughts to earth.

"Are you nearly ready for dinner, Mary?" she called. "Ready in a jiffy, Mums," I answered, and switched on the light. Staring at me was a picture of Len and another of Uncle Dick. I picked Uncle Dick's photo up and touched my lips to it. What a dear he was! If there were only a few more men like him in the world! Bronzed and tall like the heroes at the summer stock-company downtown!

Ever since I could remember he had carted me about on his shoulder, taken me to movies, bought me presents, and told me he was going to find a girl like me to marry some day! When I was just a child I always had a crowd of howling, shrieking children about the house. One fall he gave me a football and then got us

all together and showed us how to play.

He stood behind the line coaching and calling out, "Come on, team! Come on, team!" I looked up and asked him who was "Team". He laughed and said it was I. And to this day he calls me "Team".

I fussed myself so that he would take me in his arms and tell me that I was the prettiest flapper in Greenwood.

He didn't miss his cue either. He vanked me toward him and squeezed me until I squealed for help. Then he held me off at arms' length and said, "Team, you're going to have every heart in Greenwood ready for the garbage man if you don't stop getting prettier."

I giggled some silly thing and went in to dinner. We listened to Uncle Dick tell us stories about his expeditions into Africa, India, China and South America.

"Who is this chap you're going to hear tonight, Dick?" Dad asked.

"PHIL RALSTON," he said. "I'm going to sit down in the front row and laugh out loud all through the lecture. You know I went with him on one of his expeditions—the one he is going to lecture about tonight, in fact. So if he tells any wild tales that sound fishy, I'm going to snicker out loud. He's a fine fellow—they don't come any better."

"Bring him up some time," Dad said.

"I will," Uncle Dick answered, and then as an afterthought he looked at me and said, "but I'm afraid Team will vamp him."

I blushed and laughed. Then he said, "Want to go down with me tonight, Team?"

"Oh, Mother, may I?" I begged. I didn't care whether he meant it or not—he had said it and that was enough.

"How are you going, Dick?" Mother asked.

"Going to drive."



*"He loves me and I love him. It isn't fair of you to hold him, to keep him when he wants to be free."*

"Will you be home fairly early?" she continued.  
"Yes, we'll have a bit of supper with Phil after the lecture, then right home."

"Well, I?" she said uncertainly, "if you're sure she won't be in your way?"

Uncle Dick winked at me, and I winked back, so it was settled.

All the way into New York, Uncle Dick told me stories about Philip Ralston until I could scarcely wait to see him.

"He's a 'gimper' if there ever was one," Uncle Dick said.

"What's a 'gimper'?"

"Well, a 'gimper' is an expression the Americans in

the French air service used. It meant that a 'gimper' was a fellow who would never turn his plane toward home as long as one of his squadron was in trouble. He'd stick until the other fellow was headed for home, too—or dead. I've seen Phil risk his neck many a time for some worthless native who was in trouble in the African jungle."

I began to visualize Philip Ralston in my mind before I even saw him!

When we arrived he had begun lecturing, but Uncle Dick made the usher take us way down in the front row where he had two seats. I saw a tall man with coppery skin and a thatch of blond hair, standing on the platform as we came down the aisle. He looked toward us, annoyed for an instant, and then his face lit with a smile. As Uncle Dick slid into his seat he stepped to the front of the platform and said, "The gentleman who was just seated in the front row was one of my companions on this expedition. Stand up, Dick, so they can see you!"

UNCLE Dick got to his feet and bowed while the audience applauded, and his face grew crimson with embarrassment. My, how proud I was, and I hoped that everyone would know that I was with him!

In another few moments the lights went out and Philip Ralston talked while lantern slides were thrown on the screen. For two hours I sat in awed wonder at the sound of his voice and the pictures. Uncle Dick was in most of them and chuckled every once in awhile as Mr. Ralston told some amusing incident. [Turn to page 137]



# Soul of the Sea

## PART III

*"Is Valaima such a terrible girl that you must run away from her?" she asked.*

*"No, it isn't that; it's because --"*

THAT winter the plan of my life took definite form. By spring I had gone to Lunenburg with a letter from my father to Captain John Beamish and I began my training as a deep sea fisherman.

That winter initiated me into the mysteries of life at close hand. I saw the light of motherhood come into Valaima's glowing eyes. I found myself continually thinking about her and ever willing to do little things for her, anticipating her needs before she made them known.

And don't let me forget to say that the spirit of Bartholomew pervaded the big house on the hill. Even down in the village much was said about Bartholomew. He was gone, but life was going on. His heritage would live. I was of an age and frame of mind when such things made a deep and lasting impression that would never slip away from me.

It was with the first signs of spring that the new small voice made itself plaintively heard. But the long cold winter had told on Valaima, and there were three nights in a row when the shadow of death fluttered over the big white house. Three nights that I forsook my bed and paced back and forth across my father's room that was now mine. It is all as vivid to me now as it was then. How for hours I stood by the window looking down past the Cape to the open sea; how it seemed that I was

closer to my brother Bartholomew than ever I had been before. How that glorious third morning came with a gale from the East blowing great guns and driving the cloud wrack across the sky before it. Life was in the air that morning. You could see it in the swing of the fisherman going down the crescent road; it was in the warm-wet cup of a wake-robin I found in our front yard. But most of all, it was in the chintz-covered room; where for the first time for nearly a week the curtains were thrown back and Valaima, a paler gold



*Somehow I felt closer to Mary Strong after that, and it made a difference in my feeling towards Valaima.*

now - sojourned from her pillow and with a protecting hand held the poor, torn, dead oil lamp-bulb - set against the pane of ice-free glass. What a present for you, and the girls to see these first few weeks, but the lamp is out now, as are the three candles - soon had time to make a new one of glass.

Remember the old Phillips among those who made me good friends - I was the man of the house all the while - as a boy and a man, for now, he has talked to me of tomorrow. For a time I forgot my books and charts because he would sit at the top of the house - it was old Captain Strong who, on his right, would stand his son and Matthew for years without memory of his name - Phillips' son will never be old - one day probably he will come up together, but now they have a world apart. I know at once that whenever the Phillipses will be worth keeping.

**I** was in my surprise when we got news to-day that could not a minute through an odd sea-quest and here found me a letter.

"Your father gave me that, boy," he said. "It's to a friend, John Beamish, up to Lunenburg. I've no wife now John myself, and he's waiting for you to come - there's a berth for you on the *Blue Mary* and a few years off the Sable Island Banks will be teachin' you things such as you won't be findin' in Captain Strong's books and charts. The books are the things to have in your head, boy, when the time comes for you to go up before the examiners, and they're all very well out of place, but when you stand on the deck of a ship of your own, and merry hell comes roarin' down on you from the nor east, and only God in Heaven and the terror of hell for weather will pull you through - when that comes to you, as it will come, then it's the things you learn on the Sable Island Banks that will bring you home."

Uncle Matt clapped his hand on my shoulder. "What he charged, I'm out o' breath from such a speech. But it'll be the startin' of you, lad. And you may rather wanted you started right. You can't get away on one o' John Beamish's vessels. Now, lad, good bye, you go."

"I can pack tonight. They don't need me on the hill to-morrow. I'll go up to the Passage in the morning," I answered simply. "And I'm thankin' you, Uncle Matt, for what you've done."

"That's the spirit, Jethro lad," Uncle Matt said. "It's no parson I'll be wantin' save that you do a good job. It's the day's work, good weather and bad, that makes a sailor."

But when I awoke this morning with my master's letter at my pocket, I was thinking of more than the day's work. I was thinking of what Captain Strong had said to me. "When the tide comes, and you've made your way, you can turn to a certain Strong, a true sailor, and the best that I have on board."

Once again I was back on the deck of the *Shining Star*. I could see him as he reached down and caught up Mary and Ida's arms. "It's in the day's work, the Strong fleet needs



a worthy kipper, you'll know where to com - h, my girl," he had said to her. She had buried her head against his shoulder and had answered, "Yes, Father."

**A**ND now the first real step had been taken. I was going to Lunenburg. I was preparing myself for the day when I would call upon Captain Strong to make good that promise. But more than that, I was thinking of Mary Strong would hold to what she had said that day on her father's ship. If she too would remember!

\* \* \* \* \*

There were four years on the Sable Island Banks. Four years of the warp and woe that goes into the life of a sailor. The workaday routine in foul weather and fair that cuts the bark of the wind in your skin, that puts the tear of God in your heart, that shows you the utter cheapness of life, spurs you on to risk your own a thousand times to help a fellowman! And I had four straight years of it - no, two days of them I came home with a master's papers and a

## THE JUDAS KISS

*We've just found this story, so startling, from beginning to end that we're going to give it to you in the next issue out May 1st.*



"Fine," said Jim. "See you later." And they were gone.

mate's commission. Of course I didn't go as an apprentice, or it would have taken me longer. And in looking back I couldn't for the life of me tell on what certain day I learned a thing of my craft. It was just as Uncle Matt had said. In the day's work—all of them put together end to end—I had learned my trade.

But there were days in that four years that still live in my memory. In the first place, it wasn't so easy to get away. I hadn't given it a thought that night as I went up the hill from Uncle Matt's. I would pack my sea-bag and leave for the Passage in the morning. Yet, when I mentioned it to Mrs. Burton and Valaima at the supper table, the atmosphere of the room suddenly became taut.

"Why, Jethro!" Mrs. Burton exclaimed.

Valaima said never a word, just looked at me, but in her eyes was that hunted look I was always afraid of—a look that was of something hurt and at the same time

vengetful. I couldn't understand it.

Supper went on in silence after that. As soon as it was over I went up to my room and began packing. But it had become a task and not at all the simple thing I had imagined when I talked to Uncle Matt.

I toyed with my books, undecided which to take and which to leave behind.

And all the time, as I slowly collected my things, I waited tensely—for Valaima's knock on the door. As the hours went on and on and no knock came, I began debating with myself whether or not I should go down and get her. I decided against that finally, but it was a hard thing to do. I tried thinking of Mary Strong—but Mary Strong had suddenly become little more than a dream. And she was miles and miles away. Valaima was just below—just at the turn of the stairs.

WHY in the world had she looked at me that way at the supper table? Why couldn't she wish me god-speed? I laughed softly to myself. Even as the phrase came into my mind it had a funny twist to it. But as I laughed I knew that Valaima had a hold on me, the winter just past had not gone for *| Turn to page 86 |*

# HUNGER.

THEY tell to talking simply, as lonely folk will do  
Hopeless men and homeless men, sitting close together.  
In the frosty silence of the night-swept city park  
Three men whose faith had fled, whose souls knew winter weather!

One of them was young and slim, his eyes were blue and vivid:  
What a pity that a sleeve hung limply at his side!  
One of them was middle-aged, and on his face lay heartache.  
Oh, he had the look of one whose dearest dreams have died!  
And one man was old, and bowed, and broken by life's pressure.  
And yet he wore his silver hair with quite an air of pride.

Suddenly the youngest spoke blue his eyes and wistful  
"Funny, ain't it," so he said, "not a place to rest . . .  
Gosh, that night at Belleau Woods," (he could shrug one shoulder!)  
"Sort of seemed that I was through . . . Might have been well, best!"  
Wearily he shivered, for a wind barrage was swirling  
Through the unprotected park, and he was thinly dressed.

"It was colder . . ." said the man who had lived with sorrow.  
"It was colder, much, than this, on th' night she went . . .  
We were poor, most awful poor . . . There wasn't any fire . . .  
And she wondered at th' last " he choked "about th' rent . . ."

Like a voice from far away, the aged man spoke slowly:  
"When I played with Booth," he said, "the spotlight used to glow  
With a sort of radiance it's hard to make you see it  
Almost like the moonlight on a field of untouched snow.  
All the world was very gay we lived upon the hilltops  
When I played with Booth," he sighed, "but that was years ago!"

Hopeless men and homeless men, sitting close together  
In the silence of the park; again the youngest spoke  
"Gosh," he said, "I'm hungry! Say, I'd sell my soul  
For a dish o' ham an' eggs an' one thin cig' to smoke!"

Bragged the second, broken man, "You never saw  
such pancakes  
As she made . . . All golden brown with  
syrup on 'em, too:  
Always had 'em Sundays with a bit of country  
sausage.  
Say, she was the finest cook this city ever  
knew!"  
Gently spoke the oldest man: "Ah, Booth and I had  
coffee  
Often-times, together, when the evening show  
was through!"



# A Slice of Present-Day Drama from Big City Life

By ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

"Coffee?" asked the slender boy. And then: "If we had money,  
We could get a feed, us three, at some hash slingin' place . . .  
Maybe we could hock something - though I'm right down to' bottom!  
Both o' you are broke, I s'pose?" he raised an eager face.

Said the man with silver hair, "My boy, I once had plenty.  
But I've just one thing, this hour, that's worth a lot to me.  
Here it is - " he fumbled in a sagging, threadbare pocket:  
"Here it is - " he held it for the other two to see.  
Just a theatre program that an artist's hand had dated.  
That an artist's hand had signed, in days that used to be!

"I could sell it," said the man, "but - oh, his head was lifted!  
"Coffee doesn't mean so much when memories are sweet . . .  
I could sell this autograph for several splendid dinners.  
But a heart can suffer loss, though there is food to eat!"

Eagerly the second man was opening his waistcoat.  
"See, this picture frame is gold," he said, and in his hand  
Lay a locket, ruby set - "but, no . . . I couldn't sell it.  
For, you see, it holds her face . . . I guess you understand!  
This is all that's left, you see, of all th' love she gave me  
This is all that's left of it - th' happiness we planned!"

Laughing, just a little bit, the boy reached in his shirt front.  
Drew from it a metal disc with sudden, tender care:  
Just a disc of bronze that hung upon a faded ribbon  
"This," he said, "is all I got - " he showed the Croix de Guerre.  
"But I'd hate t' part with it for ham an' eggs an' coffee  
'Cause I swapped my arm for it, one evening. Over There . . ."

With his treasure in his hand the second man sat  
speechless.  
But his face was touched with peace, as  
though a race were won.  
With faint pride the old man spoke—"But what,"  
he said, "is hunger?  
Often-times I supped with Booth when the  
last act was done . . ."

Silent men and hungry men, huddled close  
together  
Each with something salable that would  
buy warmth and bread;  
Three men staring dreamily across the  
winter weather.  
"Hyacinths to feed the soul—") a  
poet one time said.



# Full Speed Ahead!

*"A Crazy Jaunt!" He Called Our Trip. Then He Said Something About a Roadside Flower and Happiness"*

**H**UNDREDS of people every season go on the Triangle Tour, traveling from Vancouver up into Alaska and over to Jasper Park. But I doubt if two people ever undertook the journey with higher spirits than my sister Jean and I. We stood on the stern of the shade deck while the *Queen Charlotte* steamed out of Burrard Inlet into English Bay. To the left of us lay the lights of Vancouver; forward on the right the twin peaks of the Lions rose ghostly against the night sky, eternal guardians of the harbor.

Adventure — excitement — romance — were the things my sister and I were seeking. And we had not a doubt in the world but that we would find every one of them before our journey ended.

Suddenly I heard a voice beside me.

"Beautiful, is it not?"

Even before I raised my eyes I knew it was the man I had noticed earlier in the lobby of the Hotel Vancouver. He was the type of man who is conspicuous anywhere, with no apparent effort to be so. Tall, very dark, with black hair and eyes and an olive skin, he was quite evidently foreign.

**H**IS light gray tweeds and soft felt hat were worn with the easy air of a man accustomed to the informality of such sport-clothes. My heart skipped a beat as I answered him.

"Yes, it's lovely."

"Your first trip?"

Within a few moments we were chatting away

like old friends. He had made this trip many times, it seemed, and considered it one of the most beautiful in the world. His work, he told us, had something to do with the gold mines in Hyder, and he made frequent trips between Alaska, British Columbia and "the States."

As we steamed out past the Sound, my heart told me with every excited throb that at last I had found what I was looking for. The mystery of night and the dark had tinged the world with unreality.

We might have been on the good ship *Adventure* itself, sailing phantom seas to the Land of Romance. I felt like an eager child a-tiptoe on the edge of a new world.

Just two weeks before, my sister and I had been following our sober routine at Miss Lennox's School for Young Ladies. When the rush of graduation was over, I sat one day in my office, taking a mid-monthly balance of the books: Jean had gone to town to do the banking.

Figures — figures figures! There was an error of three cents which I was pursuing up and down columns through the ledger, voucher book, journal—an endless search!

My head ached, my back ached, the pencil slipped in my perspiring fingers. Suddenly a cool breeze strayed in straight off the snowy peak of Mt. Tacoma. I looked up to see its white summit etched against the sky. Mountain tops, eternal snows—and the blue skies of June! And here I sat

hunched over a desk, wasting my life away chasing a miserable three cents through the columns of a ledger!

I flung the pencil into a tray, slammed the book

*"Why wait for them? Let's go together—you and I."*

Page 59



skin and started to my feet. Just then the door opened, closed again, and there stood Jean. Jean ran against it, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, and her arms full of railroad told-cots.

"Oh, Betty!" she gasped, all out of breath. "The most wonderful trip! Let's not go East on the transcontinental. This only costs a hundred dollars more. And, Betty—eighteen days of heaven! The Inside Passage, Alaska, Jasper National Park, Great Lakes, Thousand Islands, Quebec. Oh, Betty, say you will!"

Would I!

Within an hour we had drawn from the bank every cent we had saved for two years. Two years of economizing by sacrificing pleasures, skimping on vacations, making our own clothes.

At the end of another hour we had made a deposit to engage our passage and started out on a perfect orgy of buying. Our equipment would not have shamed a bride.

As the day of departure drew near, I was living in a perfect maze of nervous excitement. Between clearing up the work in my office and shopping expeditions and trying interviews with Dick, who claimed most of my evenings, I felt many times on the verge of hysteria. Dick—"Old Faithful" we had named him long ago—could not understand it. "A crazy jaunt" he called our trip and solemnly quoted to me that "happiness is a roadside flower that grows along the path of duty."

The phrase echoed in my mind now as I leaned over the rail's edge. What did Dick know about it? His idea of happiness would be to marry me and settle down to a drab existence. What did he know of the Islands of Romance? I looked again into the dark eyes of the stranger smiling down into mine. Dick was wrong—of course.

"It's one o'clock, Betty!" Jean was tugging at my elbow.

We said good night, lingeringly. Not until Jean and I reached our stateroom on the starboard deck did I look at the card he had given me.

*M. Paul Duval.*

Again I felt the pressure of his hand on mine and saw once more the promise in his dark eyes as he had murmured: "I shall see you in the morning!"



*After placing him under arrest, they had put me in charge of the ship's doctor*

I awoke to sleep with that promise singing at my heart and awoke with it in the morning.

Such a morning! Sunshine and blue water and the deep green of mountain slopes rising sharply on each side. The *Queen Charlotte* steamed quietly along the Inside Passage, which was as smooth and calm as a broad river between the mountainous shore and the chain of islands cutting us off from the sea. How glad we were that we had spent our last cent for clothes to fit into the spirit of such a day!

NEAR the door of the dining saloon we found Paul waiting for us. He had made arrangements for us all to sit at one table and had invited, as a fourth, the ship's wireless operator, a young Englishman by the name of Nelson Gregory, who had been gassed during the war and had taken on this work because it gave him the chance to be out of doors in a climate which was restoring his health.

We liked Nelson Gregory at once. He had crisp brown hair, frank blue eyes, and a cheery grin. Of medium build, his figure was nevertheless sturdy and well set off by the uniform of a ship's officer. By the end of the meal an observer would have thought us life-long friends. And no one in the world could have mistaken the light of admiration in Gregory's eyes as he looked at Jean.

That morning we spent exploring. *[Turn to page 114]*

# Prize-Winning Letters

## *SMART SET'S Report of the Real Reasons*

**L**IQUOR is not a big reason for marriage troubles. It is named in only 6 letters out of several hundred written by men for this month's contest.

**Mothers-in-law** were mentioned in only 8 letters.

**Religion** is named in only one letter.

**The Other Man** is mentioned in 15 letters.

**The Other Woman** is blamed in 30.

**Gambling** broke up 22 homes.

What, then, are the **Real Reasons** as shown by the true experiences of SMART SET readers?

Here is a lesson for husbands that should strike home. We have gone out for an honest

review of reasons and found them overwhelming in their littleness. Just as in everything else, life has been made harmonious or ugly by the constant repetition of little things from the moralists' viewpoint—but giants from the viewpoint of the people affected.

**Money, Jealousy, Neglect, Selfishness, Lack of Appreciation**—these are the five reasons given over and over again in letter after letter after letter. **Neglect** leads them all with even more wrecks to its credit than **Jealousy**. **Money, Lack of Appreciation, and Selfishness** run neck and neck for third place in this race of faults.

Other reasons there are plenty of them. Here are some. I wish every husband in



### *Wild Life*

\$100 Prize

**I** 1918 my wife became. I proved to her that I was unworthy of any good woman's love and respect.

I took Nan from a home of ease and comfort. Lovingly she worked and saved to help me build a home.

I realize now how patient she was with me when the wild streak within me took me from her night after night when she needed me most—nights, when with her work basket filled with little garments that she was making, her sad eyes would follow me, and her chin would quiver as I started out for an evening with "the boys."

I seldom stayed at home an evening. When Nan saw out how tottering she talked to me and told me how inferior I was and how lonely she was without me. My answers were almost brutal.

One night, several months later, she threw her arms around my neck begging me to stay with her, whispering she feared she might need me. Telling myself it was only a ruse to keep me with her, I laughed at her.

I did have manhood enough left to be miserable all evening, and left early determining to apologize and be kinder to her. But my good intentions came too late.

With a thrill of the old love sweeping over me, I opened the door. Silence greeted me; the work-basket stood there empty. She had needed me and I had failed her.

Frantic, I called her mother's home. A maid answered. She told me Nan had been found on the floor in a fainting fit. She was now in [Turn to page 80]

### *Money*

\$50 Prize

**I** AM a failure, as America counts success and failure. My wife left me for a man who had wrested from society the money to satisfy her desires. I had not done so.

I have a clean and lengthy record as house surgeon of a county hospital where I enjoy a pleasant popularity, but the "live wires" all passed on from this post to better paid work and I did not.

I married young, and our marriage was a love match. Maida used to be full of romance in those old days. Then poetry, nature, and a fire on the hearth seemed more essential to her than fur coats, servants, and oriental rugs. But her star of love was not long in setting.

As our little girls came to us, our expenses soared while my income, alas, did not. We were blest with five splendid children, pretty, clever girls of whom both Maida and I are very proud. Maida wanted advantages and luxuries for them as well as for herself.

Felicia, our oldest, has a wonderfully fine mind and the promise of unusual beauty. I suppose Maida never realized that it hurt me cruelly to see how the child would be handicapped by not having a father who could afford to educate her. Yet my salary would hardly stretch over the seven of us. There was no extra money with which I could buy a new practice or make some such change.

To Maida, as the years rolled by, came a conviction that a man who fails to make [Turn to page 80]

# on "Why I Lost My Wife"

## —and of the So-Called "Little Things"

America could read this list and memorize it. I think we should have far less trouble if this were possible. We are showing below

all the reasons given in the letters submitted to the contest, showing them in the order of their importance:

### The Surprizing Results!

Cause	Number	Cause	Number
<i>Mother</i>	92	<i>Different ideals</i>	15
<i>Technique</i>	79	<i>Failed to make love after marriage</i>	14
<i>Mom</i>	53	<i>Husband broke promises</i>	12
<i>Selfishness</i>	51	<i>Lack of children</i>	12
<i>Did not appreciate wife</i>	48	<i>Cruelty to wife</i>	11
<i>Husband let fast life</i>	43	<i>Husband a criminal</i>	10
<i>Took wife's love for granted</i>	37	<i>Father-in-law</i>	10
<i>The other woman</i>	36	<i>Liquor</i>	6
<i>Inconveniences</i>	33	<i>Husband neglected appearance</i>	5
<i>Gambling, cards</i>	22	<i>Wife superior in education</i>	4
<i>Mother-in-law</i>	16	<i>Husband too affectionate</i>	3
<i>The other man</i>	16	<i>Religion</i>	1
Total number of letters			620



### Jealousy

\$50 Prize

THE "Man Without a Country" could not have felt the tragedy and heart-break of life more keenly than I, a man without a home.

No woman had ever interested me in all my thirty-seven years until I met Jean. She was private secretary for the manager of a firm with which I did considerable business, and after a brief courtship I persuaded her to marry me. I was in fairly good circumstances and could have made life a little corner of paradise for both of us, if I had possessed even ordinary judgment.

Jean was only eighteen, and she had been used to the pleasures natural to that age. She had a number of friends and frequently attended dances at their homes. After our marriage, I went with her a few times to these functions, but I could not dance.

We were living in an apartment in town, but the demon of suspicion and jealousy took possession of me and I decided that we were too near Jean's friends. Several times I had heard whispers about the disparity in our ages and the prediction that Jean could never endure life with "that old stick."

I bought a place within driving distance of my business, but far enough out to keep Jean's friends away, as none of them had a car. The house was in an isolated location, and during the winter days Jean was alone with her books and her Victrola. She made the house a real home for me, but I could see a look of unsatisfied longing in her eyes when she would [Turn to page 8.]

### Neglect

\$50 Prize

MARION and I have been married six years now and have a little son. I think he looks like his mother, but she thinks he looks like me.

When Marion and I were married I was a salesman in a shoe store. I had worked there some five years.

Marion had always been accustomed to work, as there were nine children in her family. She hadn't seen much of life—not very many dances or shows.

After we were married, and she had a little more money than she had been accustomed to, she was rather extravagant. Clothes and perfumes; matinees and knick-knacks. Of course, I didn't begrudge her the money. But I wanted a store of my own.

I hated to say much to Marion, but, after a year of this, I made up my mind that I would tell her more about my plans.

She was angry when I told her to go slower with the money. She said she married me to have a little money of her own to spend. It hurt me a great deal, her saying that. But I stood firm.

Well, it got so I did some night work in order to make more money. Marion didn't like my being away so much, so in time she began going out with her unmarried sister. Soon they met fellows at dances, and the first thing I knew she was quite infatuated with the young sheik whom she had met.

A few weeks later when I came home, I found her gone and a note on her dresser. [Turn to page 8.]



*All through the years  
there had been Roddy  
Together we skipped to  
the little brick school at  
The Corners, and then  
over the short-cut home*

# Glorious Youth

*with Bonfires—Flaring, Magnetic, Fascinating—  
and then the Red Embers!*

I HAD always lived on a farm up in the Great Lakes country. As far back as I can remember, it was the only home I had ever known. And all through the years there had been Roddy. First as a little boy, he trudged with me through the snow to the brick school at The Corners. Together we struggled against wind and snow. Many, many times he reached out for my hand and helped me across the rougher places. More than once he picked me up when I fell headlong into a bank of snow.

When he finished high school and went away to college all there was left for us together were the summer months. Warm, bright days, long, cool evenings when we drove along the lake front, watched the moonlight on the water, talked of the future. Roddy's future!

It was during his junior year in college that Roddy wrote and invited me over for the football game on Thanksgiving, and the house party over the weekend. It was the time I received that letter with its welcome

invitation. I lived in the woods, absent the ears of nature and planning. With a thrill of nervous excitement, I stepped from the train in the little college town and lunged right into Roddy's wistful, grey eyes, warm and bright with welcome. He caught my hands and held me at arms' length.

"You're great, Pats, simply great! You'll knock 'em all cold!" He squeezed my hand and winked slyly as he reached for my bag.

We went up Main Street and stopped at a little restaurant patronized almost entirely by students. The tables were nearly all filled with groups of college boys and their guests. I responded gaily to the holiday spirit, the air of suppressed excitement, the bizarre atmosphere. My eyes roamed here and there as I sat across the table from Roddy, acknowledging introductions, laughing, talking, at ease.

Then, without any warning, I found myself looking straight into the nicest eyes I have ever seen—laughing

eyes full of joy, and love, and light. And something more. At that moment I met Joe Powell, Roddy's roommate. The world might have gone on ever the same, had I never met Joe. He was the one disturbing quality, from the instant I first felt drawn by his fascinating eyes. At the Fiat house a little later, where the majority of the boys had given up their rooms to their visitors according to custom, I dropped down on the bed and shut my eyes tight. Something in Joe's something in his manner, something in his very nearness, attracted me, drew me like a magnet. A disturbing influence. I couldn't name it. But I felt it, deeply.

WITH reverish excitement I opened the neat traveling bag where Joe, in all its gorgeousness, my one and only evening frock, a filmy scarf, satin pumps, and a dainty afternoon gown of soft velvet. While I dressed for the dance I found myself thinking about Joe, looking forward to the first dance with him, eager for the flash of approval in his eyes. I tried to remember that I was Roddy's guest, but it was no use. My thoughts were all centered on Joe.

Both Roddy and Joe met me at the foot of the stairs. I ran down part way, then stopped abruptly. A little thrill of joy leaped to my very finger tips as I saw the unmistakable light that flashed to Joe's eyes.

"Atta girl!" he cried enthusiastically. "Where have you been all these years, as it is being said? Why hasn't Rod ever brought you here before?"

I laughed and would have answered, but Roddy spoke first.

"Simply because I was afraid of losing her. And darn jealous of you, old dear."

He gave Joe one of those "friendly" shoves that sent him halfway across the room, but I didn't miss the little whimsical smile that came to his lips. A big lump choked my throat.

The first dance, of course, was Roddy's. Also the second. And then Joe! With the first crashing notes of

the orchestra, he gathered me in his arms hungrily, and we drifted off across the floor. That first, real contact, the glorious nearness of him, the feel of his arms, the warm freshness of his face so close, caught me, held me spellbound. I relaxed in his arms, and the dance was over.

"The next!" he whispered close to my ear. "May I have it?"

"No!" Not the next!" I answered breathlessly, a little frightened at the strange feeling that had taken possession of me in those few moments.

There were five or six before I danced with Joe again. All nice boys, and good dancers. We talked football, student government, class spirit, bobbed hair, and cigarettes. One very romantic collar-and-sheik insisted on showing me the campus by moonlight. Another over-joyous youth, bubbling over with too much of the good "spirits," felt confident that I would enjoy the evening doubly if I would only partake of his little silver flask. When I refused, he helped himself liberally. A third suggested casually that we walk out for a smoke. Another made love to me outrageously, with all the ease and skill of a professional movie star. It was good to get back to Roddy again; reassuring to feel his arms around me. There was something so safe about him; something so good and substantial.

"Having a good time, Pats?" he asked, looking

straight into my eyes as we glided smoothly over the floor.

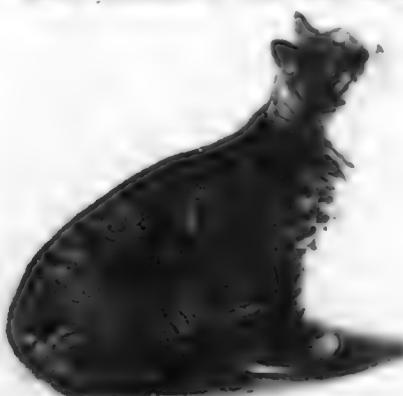
"The time of my life! It was glorious of you to ask me, Roddy!"

"BETTER than that to have you," he said warmly. And I knew that he was sincere. "It's unusual, you know, to see such 'little-girl' enthusiasm. It's great just to watch you. If you could see the light in your eyes! It's worth a fortune!" He broke off with a laugh and turned to speak to someone on the floor. "The girls who come over for the house parties usually are, or at least pretend to be, so used to it all—so sophisticated. By the way," he said abruptly, and there was a marked change in his voice and manner, "how do you like my Roddy?"

I was taken quite off my guard and started noticeably



*I heard the sleigh-bells on the clear night air. It was Roddy!*



"I like him lots. Roddy! Lots!" I said laughingly.  
"Joe's a prince. Everyone likes him. I think you've  
hit him pretty hard, Little Pal!" He smiled so frankly  
into my eyes! His manner was so casual that I was  
completely deceived.

"I don't tempt me!" I warned him, laughing softly.  
"When I fall, I fall hard."

"I know Joe!" he sighed. "Myself, I think you have  
already fallen. Come on, confess!"

I looked at him quizzically, trying to puzzle whether  
it mattered one way or the other to him. "Roddy, you  
know there's nothing to confess!" But  
all the same I felt myself flushing hotly.

"**PERHAPS!**" he said so quietly  
that I stole another puzzled  
glance. But I couldn't see his grey  
eyes. He had turned and was signal-  
ling to someone across the room. When  
he spoke again, it was casually. "Have  
a good time, Little One. Don't mind  
me. I was just wondering—" He  
paused.

"Wondering what, Roddy?" I asked  
curiously.

"Oh, well,—how hard you  
had fallen. But don't bother to  
tell me. I can see it in your  
eyes!"

I laughed at him; but oh,  
how exactly he had guessed the  
truth! The next dance with  
Joe only impressed it on me  
all the more. When he gath-  
ered me in his arms, I yielded  
in utter abandon to the thrill  
of his touch.

On Thanksgiving there was  
the game, and a big bonfire on  
the campus that evening to cele-  
brate the victory. Tucked  
snugly between Roddy and Joe,  
with sweaters and blankets to  
keep out the wind, I scarcely  
seemed like a stranger there. I  
responded gayly to the spirit of  
the day, and felt  
almost as though  
I belonged to that  
happy, care-free  
crowd. — young,  
lively, brimming  
full of glorious  
enthusiasm. I  
joined in the col-  
lege songs, the  
cheers, the fun on

the campus that evening. I forgot completely that, for  
me, it would all come to an end too soon. The glow  
from the fire cast a warm, friendly light over the crowd  
of frolickers, celebrating in the best way they knew. I  
turned impulsively to Joe and smiled frankly into his  
eager, young eyes. His hand found mine beneath the  
blanket.

"Pats! You're gorgeous in the firelight! I'm wild  
about you!" He pressed my hand, then reaching over me  
he said aloud to Roddy: "Don't you think we ought to  
keep her, Rod? She'd make an ardent little scout for  
the Alma Mater!"

Roddy's grey eyes  
were deep and dark in  
the firelight. But I  
couldn't read the mean-  
ing hidden there.

"I wish we could!"  
was all he said, so simply  
that I didn't dream it  
meant more than all Joe's  
flattering words.

After the celebration



*"Pats!" he said. "I  
know I can't begin  
to take his place in  
your heart." He  
hesitated and  
turned back to the  
fire. I thought he  
would never say the  
words I wanted most  
to hear*

was over and the fire had died down until there were only the red embers, we started for the Assembly Hall where there was an informal dance for the remainder of the evening. Roddy went ahead with the blankets and extra sweaters, leaving us trailing along slowly, hand in hand, still spellbound from the glow of the fire.

Without seeming to do so, Joe led me apart from the others and came to a halt at a rambling, old stonewall. With a low cry he caught me to him and looked down into my face with searching, burning eyes. I felt his warm breath, his face so close to mine. I clasped both arms tightly around his neck, relaxed in

his arms, and closed my eyes. His lips found mine in the darkness. The glorious warmth and nearness of him, his hot lips on mine, his passionate embrace,—all went to my head.

"Oh, Girl!" He kissed my face, my neck, my trembling mouth. "I have waited hours for this!"

I was afraid. With an effort I aroused myself and struggled free from his arms.

"Joe, we must go!" My own voice was husky. My heart was pounding like a hammer. My breath came in little frightened gasps. I was afraid to trust myself to stay with him. He attracted me so strangely, fascinated me so entirely. He did not try to keep me any longer, but started with me for the Assembly Hall.

"It's the only time I'll have you—alone. Pats, I'm crazy about you!"

That night I couldn't sleep. I lay with wide-open eyes, in an agitated excitement, living it all over again, every smallest detail. The following day I left for home. It was hard to leave it all. Joe's farewell I read plainly in his eyes. And so did Roddy, for that matter. Roddy took my hands in both of his, and held me at arms' length. Then he reached toward me and whispered something in my ear. I flushed and looked away.

"Confess!" he teased.

I couldn't answer.

"I'm coming home for Christmas!" he announced. "Shall I bring Joe?"

I couldn't say a word. My fingers fluttered restlessly in his hold.

"Answer—yes or no!"

I looked up into his face.

"Yes!" I whispered and fled.

FROM the car window I blew a little kiss to the two boys standing bare-headed on the platform. Roddy's smooth dark hair contrasted noticeably with Joe's; fluffy, like gold in the sun, ruffled by the wind.

At home it was hard to settle down to the routine again. Only one thought kept the days bright for me. Christmas and Roddy!—would bring me Joe again! I dreamed, slept, talked, and lived "Joe". It was hard for my mother to understand how I could be Roddy's guest and yet "rave" so continually about Joe. I washed dishes, scalded milk-pans, filled the kitchen wood-box,—a thousand little tasks that seemed more than ever dull and uninteresting. I polished the lamp chimneys—and

saw Joe's eyes laughing at me. Or stirred up the red coals, and saw his eyes mocking me.

At last came the "Night Before Christmas" and a "Box Social" at the brick school at The Corners. Roddy called up from town when their train came in, two hours late, and said that he and Joe would stop for me as soon as they could get out from town.

How well I remember that night! It was cold and clear. The oil lamp burned dimly on the kitchen table, already set for breakfast. The clock ticked away the minutes up on the old-fashioned mantel-shelf. In the corner, near the coal bucket, a sleepy cat purred softly. I ran to the window every few minutes and looked out impatiently at the white road. In the moonlight the barnyard looked like a little [Turn to page 116]



# The Eyes of Elton

## Which Tells How a 'Fraid-Cat Broke Loose from Her Mother's Apron Strings

MY DAD AND  
MATHER SPAULDING  
was about the finest  
looking man I had ever  
seen until one terrible  
day when I was only  
about seven years old.

Each morning he took  
the eight thirty train to  
the city so punctually  
that people said the flag-  
man in the little house  
at the railroad crossing  
used to wake up and be  
in waving his flag when  
he heard Grandfather's  
footsteps.

At night all the wives  
down Maple Street put  
their supper on the fire  
when they saw him com-  
ing down from the five-  
thirty-two, his stick  
swinging on his arm,  
lifting his hat with  
one here, a smile there,  
a cheerful laugh  
for the children along  
the street.

I think of it! Sixty  
years old, with snow  
white hair and a white  
muduke beard that was  
always trimmed as  
cleanly as the boxed  
edge in front of the  
aberry. Every time I  
saw one of those talcum  
powder advertisements  
with a pink and white  
face being peppered with  
powder, I think of  
Grandfather Spaulding  
in the spic and span way he used to look in those days.

I heard my father say lots of times that it took every  
penny of Grandfather Spaulding's salary to keep him  
looking so shiny and cheerful and clean. And I heard  
another man say one day that Grandfather Spaulding  
had every requisite for being a wealthy bank president,  
except the wealth, the position, and the bank!

One afternoon, the day after school was out for  
a summer, I was playing in front of the house with  
Myrtle Hanson. The telephone rang and I ran to the  
screen door to see it. Mother heard it. Then I heard  
her say, "Hello!"



*Then someone in the back began to applaud.*

There was a silence,  
and I turned back to my  
play. But in another  
moment Mother came  
rushing out of the front  
door, her eyes filled  
with worry and fright.

"Don't you go away  
from the house!" she  
cried at me and went hur-  
rying up Maple Street,  
leaving me standing there  
wide-eyed. After I saw  
her turn the corner, I ran  
back to play with Myrtle.

Myrtle and I spent  
about half of each day  
playing and the other  
half making up from our  
quarrels. On this par-  
ticular afternoon Myrtle  
saw the boy who brought  
their cow from the pas-  
ture driving it into the  
barn, and she began to  
twit me with the fact  
that my father had no  
cow.

"Certainly has a cow!"  
I said indignantly.

"Oh, what a story  
teller—story teller—  
story teller—" sing-  
song. Then suddenly,  
"If he's got a cow,  
where is it?"

I was groping for the  
most likely place when  
Myrtle suddenly pointed  
her finger down the  
street, her eyes popping.  
I followed her gaze and  
saw Mother walking be-  
side Grandfather Spauld-  
ing, holding to his arm. Only Grandfather Spaulding  
wasn't bowing and smiling and lifting his hat like he  
usually did. He was tapping his stick along on the side  
walk before him, each step slow and methodical, as  
though he were a person walking in the dark!

AT FIRST I didn't understand, but I went running  
up the street and saw tears streaming down Mother's  
cheeks. She raised her fingers to her lips and I fol-  
lowed behind them, quiet for once in my life. People  
were glancing curiously out from behind screen doors,  
afraid to call out or ask what had gone wrong.



*When Mother saw him jump out of the car and handle me as if I were a doll, her eyes grew wide*

Grandfather never went back to the city to work after that day. He just went tapping about town, straining and peering before him to see his way. My, how solicitous the town was about him at first!

But soon they began to notice that he could see as well as anyone, when he thought nobody was watching! Then he became one of the town jokes.

The reason for it all was this: Grandfather Spaulding's firm had decided that he was too old to hold his position longer. His memory was going, and he wasn't as efficient as some of the younger men they could get for less money. So they put their heart in a box, clamped the lid, and quietly told him he would have to go

You see, Grandfather Spaulding couldn't face people and explain that he had lost his position. His pride and his vanity made him invent a hoax that he tried to carry through the rest of his life.

That's why my story begins with Grandfather Spaulding, because he was Mother's father, and she brought me up to be her daughter and Grandfather's granddaughter! Maybe that is an awkward way of putting it, but you'll understand what I mean.

In this day and age, Grandfather Spaulding and Mother and I would all have been referred to as "applesauce". We tried to put on a big front and make people believe things they knew better than to believe.

because they knew the truth. To them, we were fakers. And poor Dad bore the brunt of most of it. Mother taught me never to believe anything that he said, because he was practical and sensible. But she overruled him ten to one, and she taught me to tell him little falsehoods so that she could get the things she wanted for herself and for me.

Father was a bookkeeper in the bank in our town. But that didn't lower our social standing. A bank clerk in Elton was *somebody*. I heard that talkative old Mrs. Lockwood tell another woman in the church kitchen one night during an oyster supper that my mother married my father because she thought he was going to be president of the bank some day. Then her voice rose and she cackled in laughter.

"The day she married him she threw away his last chance of ever being anything much!"

And another day in the town grocery store when I told "Bill" Baldwin to charge some things I got for Mother, one of the men sitting around the stove called out, "You better write it on ice, Bill!"

How they all threw back their heads and laughed, while I grew crimson with embarrassment but tried to laugh to show that I thought it was funny, too—only I had no idea what they were talking about then.

Everyone in Elton called everyone else by his first name. Only a traveling salesman or an evangelist was *Mister*. But Elton was just like every other town of its size—one bank, a little brick library donated by the one wealthy man in town, a school building on a high hill, a town square made up of thirty or forty stores in two and three story buildings, a four-story wooden hotel that was the curse of traveling men, and in the center of it all, an iron watering trough in front of which wandering peddlers sold patent medicines, potato parers, and snake oil.

And at every one of the stores on the square, my father's credit was worth just about as much as it was in the grocery store I mentioned.

Somehow, all during my childhood I had the nicest dresses of any girl in school. I'll give Mother a great

deal of credit for that, because she sewed her fingers raw and strained her eyes keeping me looking like something that stepped out of a bandbox. I didn't know then that most of the things that went to make up my dresses weren't paid for until weeks after they were purchased, or I wouldn't have been quite so proud of them or so disdainful of some of the other girls in school.

I WAS always the first one to be invited to every party, and no girl in school had as many beaus as I. But Mother would let me go to parties with only the boys whose fathers were *someone* in town.

And whenever the Village Improvement Society had an entertainment or the church gave a pageant, Mother always saw that I was the one who became the "Queen of the May."

In some way, when I was twelve, she managed to send me to the city once a week for dancing lessons, and I had begun my music when I was only eight.

And Mother arranged to have a singing teacher come to Elton once a week after she had organized a class, so that I could have the benefit of his instruction!

I don't belittle any of those things because Mother was ambitious for me, but because we owed everyone in town—and poor Dad was almost ashamed to go out on the street. He couldn't face his creditors without blushing, but none of them *dared* approach Mother. She had a high and mighty attitude that left them confused and embarrassed and floundering helplessly in the middle of their demands.

I learned in later life that Mother remembered and stored every little story away in the back

of her brain, and if anyone said anything to her or criticized her, she always had a return remark that quickly took the wind out of their sails and left them badly beaten. I think people really hated her, but they didn't have the courage to cross her.

And as far as I was concerned, I didn't have the courage to breathe without first consulting her. She told me where I should go, how I should go, when I should go, and why I should go. I never questioned it. [Turn to page 120]



"Yes, Franklin," was all I could say  
all I wanted to say.



## "IRENE"



*Above: A striking still from the new First National picture "IRENE", with COLLEEN MOORE and LLOYD HUGHES.*

*Left: Close-up of Lloyd Hughes.*

*Right: Colleen as she appears in her new role.*



# HOLLYWOOD



*Lois Wilson*



*Louise Brooks*



*Two glimpses of NORMA SHEARER in her new Metro-Goldwyn picture, "The Devil's Circus."*



*In circle: RICHARD DIX who plays opposite LOIS WILSON in "Let's Get Married."*



*Below: LOUISE BROOKS and ADOLPHE MENJOU in the new Paramount picture, "A Social Celebrity."*

# SNAPSHOTS

Right: MARION DAVIES and CREIGHTON HALE in the Metro-Goldwyn picture, "Beverly of Graustark."



Marion Davies

In circle: GRETA NISSEN and WILLIAM COLLIER, JR. in "The Lucky Lady"



Greta Nissen

Below: DAVID TORRENCE, ELEANOR BOARDMAN and CHARLES RAY in "The Auction Block". Metro-Goldwyn



Eleanor Boardman

# LAMB CHOPS AND PINEAPPLE!



*That's what LILLIAN RICH (left) has ordered as a diet for her sawdust double.*



*Above: LEATRICE JOY intends to keep in trim by nautical methods. The motion of the ship serves to keep her athletic.*

*Right: MOLLY MA-LONE has chosen to do any necessary reducing by leading California burros around against their wills.*



*Left: BABE LONDON has taken up the Charleston in order to gain the lissome, willowy slenderness she desires.*

*Right: ESTELLE BRADLEY uses the anchor as an Indian club for her share of exercise.*





*"In the meantime I've got a few things to take care of," I said*

# Wanderlust

*A Tale of the Desert, of Shifting Sand,  
of Caravans, of Arabs and Dancing Girls*

THE spell of the African night which had drawn me to the stranger and carried us both into the native quarter still held me in its grip. The café, the Arabs, the beauty of the dancing girl seemed elusive and far away. Only the terror in her eyes when she asked me to save her was real—and haunting. Boardman's warning came back to me. Why had he warned me?

My vision focused upon the dim, white form lurking in the doorway across the street.

THE vague voice of those wild drums—throbbing through the deep, mysterious distances of Tunis night like a sound almost suppressed by silences more passionately eloquent than itself—suggested the ugly menace Ah-na had begged me to save her from.

In a twinkling my memory conjured all the stories I had heard concerning the crimes of a primal East against women. Olive and brown girls looked up at me from their tents of bondage with eyes that mirrored the despair and hopeless shame of ravished Christian mothers. They were girls whose bodies had been forged from the flame of the Orient, and whose souls had been drawn from the whiteness of the West, leaving them possessed of a physical and spiritual nature that clashed in agony. In each one of them I saw reflected something of the wistful weariness; of the ardor aroused by savage music; of the bodily perfection; and, the tortured soul that belonged to Ah-na, the beautiful dancing girl of Tunis.

And, because of this, I made my decision in favor of

this girl whose appeal had followed me from a street of sin like a strain of deathless music. I would be in the alley way of the dancing hall at three o'clock in spite of Boardman's warning that Ah-na's story of danger was only bait to lure me into a Moslem trap . . . or worse.

Boardman!

His name swept my mind back to the necessity of ascertaining the identity of the white phantom lurking across the street. If Boardman were spying on me, there were two possible explanations of his espionage.

The white man, who now belonged to the sun and desert countries between Suez and Burma, might be standing by to save me from what he would explain as "myself"; or he might be waiting to thwart my rescue of the girl who had made his eyes burn with a fever of desire, so he could save her for himself. Boardman was a man who got what he wanted.



*"I saw it all from my window, Monsieur."*

If an Arab lurked over there in ghost garb, there could only be one answer to his presence: It would mean my promise to rescue Ah-na had been overheard by a native who understood French; and that Ben Bai, her proprietor, was shadowing my movements to frustrate any attempt I might make in Ah-na's behalf. Having discounted the idea that Ah-na was conspiring against me, I had, of course, dismissed the possibility that an Arab across the street might be part of a scheme to rob me.

Moving deeper into the gloom of the apartment, I pulled an automatic out of my hip pocket. A quick inspection of it in the dark informed my fingers that the weapon was o.k. It was an army pistol, one that I had used as a lieutenant of infantry in France.

The fever of wanderlust that had driven me down, into Africa with an urge to push on into the vast unknown of desert trails cooled in my heart as I went down

the steps; cooled in much the same manner as it had in the trenches just before going over the top. I suppose it's always that way with men who always feel on fire with an urge for motion. Wanderlust is the hot plague born of life's failure to furnish a purpose. When strong purpose sways them, the flame of restlessness turns into a thing of cold steel.

My purpose was now to see Ah-na safely through. After that was accomplished, the fever might burn me again, filling my eyes and soul with the glow that had peered out of Boardman's eyes the first moment of our meeting. And, again, it might not. The passion of a man for a girl is always stronger than the passion a man's feet may have for breaking new trails. However, could a dancing girl of Tunis kindle such a blaze in my white man's being? That was a question I made no attempt to answer as I opened the street door noiselessly and started across the way.

The night was like alabaster in the moonlight, and the white houses accentuated the shadows in which I expected to find my man. . . . There was no white phantom, or flesh-and-blood person lurking in that enshrouded doorway. Either the influence of an uncanny spell had

tricked my eyes into seeing a form, or my observer had mysteriously disappeared while I was leaving my apartment to identify him. Discovering the door securely locked, I struck a match to look for any possible traces of a recent presence in the vestibule.

An unsmoked cigarette lay on the floor, as if it had been unknowingly dropped from a package, or a pocket. I picked it up for further reference in my rooms, meantime trying unsuccessfully to remember the brand Boardman had used. . . . Surveying the moon-flooded street, I strained my ears in an effort to catch a sound of footsteps. Only the silence of the African night, suppressing those distant tom-toms, rewarded my efforts.

"Funny," I muttered, re-crossing the street. As I ascended my stairs, fingering the cigarette, a conviction grew upon me that my watcher across the street had not been imaginary.

The cigarette was an Egyptian make with the word "Achmed" printed on it. I put the white little object in a drawer. It might yet have its value as a clue. For, if all went well, Boardman was to see me at breakfast, and he would smoke over his coffee. That was sufficient.

\* \* \* \* \*

IT WAS two o'clock when I started out to keep my promise to Ah-na, garbed in the flowing white bournos of a native, an outfit discovered in a closet of the apartment. The only thing American on my person was the blue-steel Colt .45.

The moon looked down upon me like a blanched face of Death as I passed into the twisting street. I lightly glanced at it time and time again from beneath my masquerade hood, half-possessed by the shivery idea that the moon was the East's sign to a white man to refrain from interfering in business not his own. "Death," the moon seemed to whisper, "is the penalty your race pays for such interference."

However, this uncanny thought soon passed from my mind. The Great Shadow was nothing spectrally new for me to be moving under. In the France of 1917-18, many premonitions of destruction had vainly visited me before battle. But, when disaster missed me countless times, overtaking men next to me, I became a fatalist. I convinced myself then that there is a destiny of death; that I had not been marked as a victim of War; and that I would not be struck down swiftly in the midst of life.

So now, as I pushed on into what might be a new danger zone, I remembered my former escapes from violence, and the conviction that I would escape disaster in the coming adventure strengthened. The white moon lost its cold, shivery influence; I suddenly began to feel a sensation of flame working through my veins—such flame as I had experienced back there in the dance hall when Ah-na's head touched my bended knee.

By the time I turned into the street of the scorpion eaters, the painted women, and the dance halls, this flame had spread to every fibre of my being. I felt it burning into the very core of my consciousness like a fever of anticipation. . . . My pace increased.

Shortly I was repassing the stall-like houses of the painted women who had shrilled at us just before we



"Monsieur does not trust me?"

entered El-Akbar's place. The twittering and the clamor had died down. White and black shadows enshrouded the tiny balconies of these places, veiling the evidences of African lewdness that had been flaunted so brazenly in the glow of orange lights only two hours ago.

In all of these shadows, and in the white moonlight, I beheld a flimsy vision of a dancing girl whose beauty was a blending of the East and West. Ah-na danced her way ahead of me, at the side of me, and in the mysterious spaces that stretched up to the blue skies. As she danced, her olive arms were ever outstretched to me in a gesture of beseechment, and her eyes were filled with pleading lights.

THE beckoning imagery of Ah-na became so realistic that I would have called her name through the night if two draped and hooded forms had not suddenly drifted out of an alley-way and crossed my path. Although they quickly and silently disappeared through the open door of a white house on the opposite side of the street, I slackened my steps, loitering in [Turn to page 93]

# DOUBT



*"Mr. Harlan, I've asked you here on a very delicate mission."*

**I** WAS in the press-room razzing Bennet about some poor copy when Donovan called me back into the office.

"Mr. Harlan, you're wanted on the phone. Mrs. Courtland Reed."

The name rather startled me, and there went swiftly through my mind my few brief encounters with Mrs. Reed and her clever husband. Reed had served me as a lawyer in a nasty piece of litigation the year before, and from the moment when I first grasped the man's hand to the present time I had known no man whose personality more inspired me to confidence.

It had come therefore as a distinct shock to me, when

them seemed inexplicable. I couldn't understand.

When I answered the phone, Mrs. Reed begged me to come to her home as soon as I could manage it, and urged by the tensity of her tone, I made it immediately, before the day's grind began.

I knew when she greeted me that she was in deep distress, but she spoke nothing of it until we were alone in the privacy of their library, a rarely beautiful room, full of inviting books and nooks in which to enjoy them. The atmosphere of the place made her distress seem the more poignant. The room spoke so strongly of happy hours—of peace and understanding.

"Mr. Harlan, I've asked you here on a very delicate

rumors reached my ears that the man's personal life was shady, and that things were afoot of which his wife and family knew nothing.

It was my knowledge of Courtland Reed's wife that made my doubt the greater, regarding the truth of these rumors that he was not faithful to his home. I could imagine no man, gifted with the devotion of such a charming woman, turning aside for lighter loves.

She was a very distinguished looking woman, with hair pitchy black and wonderfully light and fine, which she wore in a loose knot at the back of her head, keeping it always in such charming order that it never looked otherwise than newly coiffed. Her eyes were a deep grey blue under straight level black brows, and her skin was the whitest and clearest I have ever noticed in a woman. To crown it all, she possessed a mind awake and vivid as her face, and I had never seen them together that they did not appear to be completely wrapped up in one another. Estrangement between

# CAN A MAN WHO PLACES HIMSELF IN A WOMAN'S POWER EXPECT TO FIGHT FREE BEFORE HE IS DISCOVERED?

mission, but I know you are a gentleman, and a conscientious man, and I had to ask someone whom I could trust to do what I have to ask."

I assured her that whatever might be her request I would fulfill it as far as lay in my power. I felt instinctively that she would ask nothing of me that could affect my honor.

"Perhaps you have heard the unpleasant rumors floating through town regarding my husband?" She asked the question in a low steady tone, but I could read in her eyes that the act of tearing open the subject was like the tearing open of an old wound.

I hesitated, not quite knowing what note to strike. I bowed, then added the qualification, "I have not believed them, Mrs. Reed."

"I did not,"—she placed the emphasis on the "did". I must have looked my distress—my bitter surprise at the admission of her tone. She explained herself hurriedly: "I have been compelled to believe."

"Oh, no! I can't believe that, Mrs. Reed. There must be something—something explainable that lends color to idle talk."

She shook her head. "I have clung to that idea for months, Mr. Harlan. Do you think that I—his wife—would accept mere rumor as fact about the man I am wedded to?"

I found no answer, and yet I fought the idea in my mind. Courtland was not that.

"I am going to file suit for divorce on Monday, Mr. Harlan, and I asked you here to beg you to do what you could to prevent the thing being made vilely vulgar in the papers."

"I will do that, of course," I assured her earnestly, "but first—oh, surely, Mrs. Reed, the thing need not go to court. Is it so—so certain an evil that there is no correcting it? Have you given him his chance?"

"That would be impossible. I have his letters—letters in his own hand, written during last year to the woman I shall name. She herself brought them to me—tried to blackmail me for them."

"Then—perhaps, Mrs. Reed—such things are, and we must face them. Perhaps even if he has been guilty of indiscretion, this woman has been primarily to blame. Women like that—"

She interrupted me. "Women like that, Mr. Harlan, are not a necessary interlude in any man's existence. A

man who places himself in their power is a man unworthy of the name."

I felt unequal to her. I was fighting in the dark, fighting for a man I did not even know intimately, and fighting a cause in which I had not one whit of evidence except my own innate trust of the man she doubted.

"**P**ERHAPS that is always true," I said slowly at last, "but if a man fights free of it, may he not be an even worthier man finally?"

But even that did not shake her. She brought down from the mantel a packet of letters, chose one from the group and laid it in my hand. "A man should fight free before he knows he is discovered, Mr. Harlan. There seems no effort here to fight free. Since you so loyally take up Mr. Reed's cause, I must prove to you my own fairness. Read it."

I unfolded the letter, hating myself as I did it. Reading other people's mail has always appeared to me the lowest form of knavery, and it was only my earnest desire to know the ground on which I stood that overcame the instinct to put the letter back into her hand.

Its contents have stayed in my mind to this day, partly because of the shock it gave me, and partly because of its clear precise wording.

"Dear lady:

"I am not putting your name on this, because I thought it wiser, under the circumstances.

Cranch will deliver it. I have engaged the apartment for you and sent the check in payment. You can go there at once. Cranch will give you the address. No one is likely to discover you there or to learn even who rented it for you, so I think you may feel entirely safe, and no questions will be asked.

"Regarding our talk last night, if you need immediate cash let me know, as I made better on that loan than even

I expected and there is three hundred and seventy-five dollars on deposit in the bank, which I will hand over to you from time to time as you need it. When that is gone, there will probably be something coming in from the stock certificates. At least, you must not worry over the future.

"Regard me in all things your friend,

"R."



"We will go," he said simply. "We are disturbing the diners."

I must have seemed stupid to Mrs. Reed. I read the thing over twice, so anxious was I to find a loophole through the apparently irrefutable, which might let me keep my faith in a man I had admired.

"There are four others," she said, "and although that is the most condemning, each one contains references to some complete understanding between them about things that must be kept quiet."

"Why did the woman bring them to you? What reason did she herself give?" I put the questions more in helpless reaction than in any hope of finding a way out of it.

**S**HE said the rumors against his name had frightened him so that he cut off her support, and that she finds it impossible to get work. She thought to force me to pay in order to keep the thing quiet."

"What did you do—to get hold of the letters, I mean?" I blurted the question before I realized how impudent it sounded.

She flushed, even in her pallor, but she did not flinch, and looked at me quite frankly as she replied, "I bought them, at my price, not hers. I told her I would have her arrested for blackmail if she did not make terms at once. She knew I was not intimidated. I only bought them to get rid of her and to satisfy my own mind. She would not show them to me—not all of them—until I had paid her."

"But, Mrs. Reed, suppose she has withheld some?" I continued.

"What difference can it make? I am not interested further in anything Courtland does or may have done. All that is—over."

She had a marvelous self-control. It appalled me at the moment that she could face so calmly the thing which struck me with horror, but I did not then realize that she had known all these things for three weeks, while to myself they were fresh and raw.

I left the house in as futile a state of mind as any I have ever indulged in, wishing with all my heart that I had never gone—wishing I had been permitted to keep in my own mind the feeling of confidence and respect which I had entertained for Courtland Reed.

There seemed nothing obvious that I could do. Had I known the man better, I might have considered going to him in

person in the hope of helping him to reach some understanding with his wife, but as it was, the case seemed hopeless. Even if I had a fair excuse to go to him, I had not the least idea of what to say to him. The lines of his life were drawn too far from mine.

Still my desire to get near the man, to prove or disprove my instinctive liking for him, urged me to go for my lunch that day to the little tea-room where I had frequently seen him during the noon hour.

I was not disappointed. Courtland Reed was there. He was dining, or pretending to dine, alone, and I seated myself in such a way as to watch his face at moments, without seeming to be interested in him. He ate but little, but drank incessant cups of coffee, merely toying with his food, and sitting for the better part of the meal staring at his plate.

He was a handsome man, but I should perhaps call him magnetic, because his looks were not the greater part of his attraction, although the dark penetrating quality of his eyes did much to enhance its quality. I could easily fancy his charm for the other sex, and felt no surprise that any woman should look upon him with favor. But I looked at him now with a keen analyzing earnestness, that was perfectly critical, where formerly it had been but admiring.

But despite my mood, despite the fact that I had lately come from a convincing interview with his wife, in which I had met undisputable proof of his intriguing, I felt again that certain sense of confidence which I had always felt when looking at his face. If the man were evil, he was also most certainly a consummate hypocrite, a hypocrite so clever that no man might penetrate his mask.

But even as I admitted this, there happened something which shook me more than anything I had heard about him. The door of the grill-room near my table was pushed open rather abruptly, and a woman entered, followed by the manager of the place, who seemed enraged that she had entered the dining-room—evidently against his will. He



*I crossed now to close it, feeling like the man who locks his barn after the horse is gone.*



took her arm and made as if to detain her, but she wrenched free and moved from him between the tables.

"I tell you I want to see Courtland Reed," she said in a voice not intended for soothing. "He won't see me anywhere else, so I'll see him here."

Seeing nothing but an inevitable row ahead of him, the proprietor withdrew.

Courtland Reed had risen to his feet, and was coming down the room to meet her. I have never seen so strange an expression on a human face as that in which his was fixed as he came beside her and indicated the way from the grill to the street.

"We will go out," he said simply. "We are disturbing the diners."

After a moment's defiant hesitation, she turned beside him, laid her hand on his arm and went with him from the grill, and not realizing just what I was doing I too got to my feet and followed them to the street, leaving my untouched luncheon upon the table and forgetting even to pay my bill, which I went back later to do.

On the street, Courtland Reed put the woman into his car, got in beside her and drove away, and still not heeding anything but my instinct to follow, I took to my own car and made my way after them.

They went directly to Courtland Reed's offices in the Monaco Block, and feeling like the veritable spy I knew myself to be playing, I went up the stairs shortly after them and opened the door of the outer reception room of Reed's suite. His stenographer was there, busying herself with some typing. I must have looked guilty, but having no plausible excuse for escape I asked awkwardly if Reed was in.

"He is busy just now. Will you wait?"

I wanted to say I would call again, but a stronger urge withheld me. Since I had started the thing I would see it through. I sat down, not intentionally but by good chance, near the door of Reed's private office.

I PICKED up a magazine and pretended to read, but my mind was too intent upon the murmuring voices beyond that door to get me anywhere. I could hear the woman's at times quite plainly, but Reed's was too low; I could hear nothing that he said, but I could sense by the quality of his voice that he was getting the worst of the interview. There was triumph too in the tones of the

woman, and her final remark before she opened the door and made her departure, unattended, was nothing less than a taunt.

"I told you I would break you, and I have."

As she opened the door I heard his answer.

"Your success is unquestioned."

Not stopping to weigh the wisdom of what I did, I crossed the inner threshold as she crossed the outer one, drew the "private" door shut behind me and faced Reed across the width of his big desk.

He was hunched forward with his clenched hands locked on the desk before him, staring at nothing. As the door clicked behind me, he lifted heavy eyes to mine, recognized me slowly, and got to his feet attempting formal greeting. I cut the pretense at once and gripped his hand earnestly.

"Mr. Reed," I blurted hurriedly, "I'm here because I believe you need the friendship I have felt for you ever since you stood my friend three years ago. Can I help you?"

He looked at me. I have never seen a braver attempt at gallant self-control, but it failed. My sympathy had caught him at too difficult a moment. He sat down suddenly and buried his face in his hands, his breath coming in long uneven swathes. I moved to the window until he should regain command.

"Harlan," he said in a shaken voice, coming beside me after a few moments and laying his hand on my arm. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart—coming to me now—but there is nothing you can do. It's too late."

"It can't be," I said doggedly. "I can't believe it—that a man like you could be swamped in such a mess."

He cleared his throat. "She tells me—she is divorcing—Monday. I shall not oppose her. I will make it as easy for her as I can."

"I wish you would fight," I told him almost roughly. "Have you no defense?"

"None that would count, Harlan. None that would count with her."

I turned and faced him squarely. "Have you any that counts with yourself, Reed?"

A bitter smile touched the corners of his mouth. "Then you, you also do not doubt my guilt," he said wearily. "It was too much to hope."

I caught at that like a drowning [Turn to page 107]



"Courtland!" She called unevenly. "Courtland!"



# How Do You Hold Him?

Here Are Some Facts that  
We Don't Like to Admit

By ELINOR GLYN

FROM the letters received from girls saying whether they would prefer to be a man's leisure-mate or his work-mate, I conclude that the majority would prefer to be a leisure-mate. They seem to feel that in making this choice they are more likely to secure that which all women most desire—a man's passionate devotion.

Some of the letters say that it is all very well to be of use and necessary, and all those good things, but to be the man's joy is nicer still! And from one aspect they are right. But the tragic part is that to represent only the leisure-mate means that you can only hold your man so long as your power to arouse physical as well as mental thrills lasts. When this goes, you are done—for there is that in man's nature which, while making him always desirous of possessing a leisure-mate of some kind, prompts him to want a change in the individual one!

There are cases where women have appeared to be the only leisure-mate for years, but if we really knew the truth, we would find that they have been very intelligent creatures who have

grown to be the men's work-mates by insidious absorption of their interests, or by having equally insidiously affiliated themselves with their daily occupations to such an extent that they became necessary at all times. How often this is proved by marriages between stenographer and executive, model and artist, boss and employee;—therefore, really to hold a man, a woman must be his mate on at least two out of the three planes of mating—the physical, the mental and the spiritual.

MY ADVICE to girls who have decided that they want to be leisure-mates in preference to work-mates is to make themselves as beautiful and attractive as possible, and to use what intelligence they have in learning to understand the nature of man, and to realize his constant need for change, and then, by their own versatility, minister to his desire for that change.

If the quotation could be said of her, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety," a woman might know that the game was altogether in her hands!

I see in the contest of "Why I Lost My Husband," that "nagging" or "fussing" was found to be a direct cause of a hundred out of a thousand cases.

Nagging and fussing! The eternal asking of questions, most probably. Where had he been?—Whom had he met?—How late did he stay?—and the fussing about every little thing, when the man's brain, wearied by the day's work, was in no condition for anything but peace!

A friend of mine who has been married for twenty years and still holds her husband as a devoted lover, told me that her recipe for this state of things was: never to ask any questions; never to hold the man when he obviously wanted to do something else; and never to make him feel small and unimportant! If women ask men questions, men nearly always deceive them—because it is obvious that they would be told things without asking if the men wanted them to know them. So, when they are forced to answer, they generally tell some lie in self-defense, or if they do tell the truth, a feeling of resentment is set up, so that if they remain faithful at all, it is from duty, not inclination.

AND can anything be more wounding to a woman's real self than to know that a man is being faithful only from a sense of duty and not because he really desires to be!

A girl wrote to me for advice, and she may be one of thousands of cases, so I answer her letter here. She had been married a month and was perfectly happy in love, but she felt that her husband would sometimes like to go out with his men friends without her, and only remained at home because he still wanted to please her. Ought she to encourage him to go, or ought she to accept his self-denial?

She might accept it while she is doing her very best, by acquiring fresh charm, to make him want to stay with her. But if he shows, after a little while, a continued desire to go with his men friends, then it proves that she is not succeeding in this, and she would be much wiser to suggest that he should have some hours with his pals, and show sympathy over it, and not the least annoyance—for the moment

## Recipe

for making

### Lover - Husbands

1. *Don't ask him any questions about where he's been, why, etc.*
2. *Don't ask him to do one thing when he wants to do something else.*
3. *Don't make him feel small and unimportant.*

man feels that he has harness on and a bit in his mouth, his immediate reaction will be a rebellion.

The only enjoyable way of holding men is by their inclinations, not by their sense of duty. Be the magnet which draws, not the master who demands acquiescence from the servant, whether he likes it or no!

"The other woman," I notice, comes next on the list of causes of lost husbands, and here again, to make yourself more charming is the only logical remedy, because there can be no "other woman" for the man if you have made yourself into the "the only woman."

Common sense and sagacity must guide a woman who wants to hold a husband's inclination. She cannot afford just to leave it to chance. She may hold some docile-natured creature no matter how she behaves to him, but the majority of men, once they own a woman by law, change their attitude of mind toward her; the chase is over, the quarry has been captured, and the hunting instinct becomes in abeyance for a while. "Love is a passion which is eternal," a great Frenchman wrote. "It is only the object of it which changes!" And to keep love in marriage, the woman must use her wits!

Jealousy ranks as third cause. When a woman is jealous it is an admission of loss of belief in her own charm, and when she no longer is certain of her own power, how can she expect her husband to feel it? Therefore, if a circumstance makes her feel jealous, she had again better look to herself and try to surpass the rival in charm, for if a man has been drawn by another magnet, he will not return, by orders or scenes. He comes back only when his inclination for Magnet No. 1 can be kindled again.

Some women are blessed by the gift of magnetic attraction, and these, feeling sure of themselves, radiate charm, and can never be jealous, because they know no rival can compete with them.

Then the fourth cause is selfishness, and I am surprised this is not the first one, for to be selfish means that you are concentrating upon your own desires.

"Watch your step," if you want love in your married lives, dear women, and pray for intuition! For Nature made man a polygamous animal, and Nature is a powerful goddess!



*The  
Story  
of a  
Southerner  
who  
Could  
Never  
Forget  
—much less  
Forgive*



# *The* T r e s p a s s e r

FATHER stood on the balcony above our walled-in garden, dreaming into the summer dusk of old Charleston. Although there was a pride not false in the military bearing that graced his years, and something patrician about the poise of his fine, white head, he made a pathetically wistful picture.

As long as I could remember the gloaming had been an hour during which he possessed in empty, phantom fashion all that the War had cruelly torn out of his heart and hands. For in our city that will ever remain faithful to the Old South, dusk lent an enchantment to his Past, investing his memories with an exaltation which he once said lifted him above the agony of remembering my mother's loss; the Lost Cause; lost power and wealth.

But, in spite of this, I had never been able to conquer the desire to comfort him, and shield him from his memories in this hour. And now as I saw him standing on the balcony with his dreams, the old impulse to rush out and take him in my arms possessed me.

However, as if suddenly sensing my presence, Father turned upon me. I stood still and stared at the lights peering out of his eyes. They were soul-yearning lights. They burned with heart-hunger, and with a spiritual anguish that transmitted itself to his hands, and his voice.

"Elaine—" his tones were hardly above a whisper—"you—you're just like her in that old rose dress. Stay there, child—let me see her in you, as I used to when that door framed her. . ." He half-closed his eyes, which made their lights touch me like flames.

Poor Father! It was heart-breaking to see him swaying toward me, tortured by the way I reminded him of Mother.

"Elaine, she has never seemed so present in you as tonight. All the lights that played in her dark brown hair under Virginia suns, and the sea-blue of her eyes, are yours. . ." he cried, drawing me into his arms.

"Mother is close to you, Father, just as close as I am.

She could not stay far from such love as you gave, and give." I answered.

"I can hear her in your voice, child, just as I heard her on this balcony twenty years ago. . . . I was home then with my wound. After you came I saw her wasting away because—damn those Yankees!—they burned and wasted our women's and children's food. God alone saved you—"

"Father!" I begged, attempting to stop the rest of his words. I knew how it tore him up to speak of my mother's death, and of the Yankees whom he held directly responsible for her tragic end that came so soon after my birth. So you see it was not merely high-born Southern pride that made us look upon the Yankee as the enemy in our Charleston of 1885. We were only keeping faith with the Past which we had been taught to revere as sacred—a Past broken by Yankee swords, but still unshattered in such hearts as Father's and mine. The truth is—yet it seems hard to write such a thing after all these years—we Ravenards had suffered too much either to forgive or forget.

"I tell you, Elaine, it was cowardly . . . dastardly. They starved her. We'll never forgive—"

From the vast hall below, Uncle Jacob, our butler, whose people had been Ravenard slaves before him, announced dinner. I tried unsuccessfully for the mo-

ment to lead Father downstairs. He stood dreaming.

"Come, Father, you—you mustn't think too much about such things—"

"Think about them, Elaine! Why, they've been burned into my soul, like a part of me; like my senses! And, if they weren't, I'd want them to be. For all the torture they inflict. . . . God! Elaine, don't you understand? . . . I couldn't do without them. They—they make me know that it was all real once upon a time; that I had your mother's love; that there was a Cause such as ours to be fought for, and lost only because the Yankees had more gold and—" his voice faltered. This outburst had sucked its strength away.

HIS hand trembled violently against my arm as we went down the broad, hand-carved staircase. Uncle Jacob was waiting at the newell post to assist Father. He knew from long experience that the man who was enshrined in his faithful heart as "master" suffered spells of weakness after giving way to his emotions.

When we passed the great, gold-framed canvas of my mother that filled a panel of the wall, Father paused, glancing from the portrait to me, and back again.

"You're her image, child," Father murmured, moving slowly away toward the dining-room. . . .



"There's Yankee gall for you—presuming that he may call at my house!" he fumed.

It was a traditional custom in our house for Uncle Jacob to bring us the evening mail while we sat in the drawing-room over our coffee. My part of the ritual was to glance over the correspondence addressed to Father, and read whatever letters he wanted to hear. The third letter in the batch delivered by Uncle Jacob was addressed to "Major Henry Ravenard, East Battery, City," in clear, masculine handwriting. The upper left-hand corner of the envelope bore the printed address of a local hotel.

A strange, unaccountable sort of premonition gripped me as I opened the letter with a paper knife. Somehow, I sensed that something was going to happen to Father, and myself, as a result of this letter which I read aloud.

*My dear Major Ravenard:—*

*I have come to Charleston from my home in Pennsylvania to see you about a delicate matter of long standing. If you will be kind enough to grant me the privilege, I will be happy to call at your residence and explain my mission.*

*With my compliments, and best wishes, I beg to remain, sir.*

*Yours very truly,  
Richard Drummond.*

I glanced from the letter to Father. Two red spots were burning brightly in his cheeks. The wistfulness was gone from the lights peering out of his eyes, and in its stead there were flashes of anger. He seemed to be struggling to speak; apparently something had trapped his voice down in his throat for the moment. It was not until he arose and drew himself up stiffly that he found his tongue:

"There's Yankee gall for you," he fumed, twisting his hands. "The idea of presuming that he may call at my residence? What does he want to see me about? Read that again," demanded Father, giving the impression he was

about to froth at the mouth. I hesitated a moment before I answered.

"About a delicate matter of long standing!" I repeated, my own curiosity mounting.

An unexpected silence followed. It was much more effective than if Father had burst out into a tirade. . . . I watched him pace up and down the room like a person trying desperately to suppress violence from within. The fact that my father was a very old and broken man suddenly manifested itself to me as he abruptly stopped pacing back and forth, and faced me. The lines in his face seemed deeper, and more tautly drawn. There was something woefully haggard and sapped looking about him.

"I can't imagine what the Yankee wants to see me about, and it'll be mighty hard to keep a civil tongue in my head, but I reckon I'll see him. Send an answer saying to come at five tomorrow. Make it as curt as you can, Elaine. I want him to realize that he needn't expect any welcome here," he commanded, the old fire flashing in his eyes as he sat down.

\* \* \* \* \*

**R**ICHARD DRUMMOND rang our bell at exactly five o'clock the next afternoon. His Yankee punctuality annoyed me considerably, and Father had not yet returned to receive the man from Pennsylvania.

When Uncle Jacob came up to my room with the information that the "Yankee pusson" was at the door, he added with a show of great self-satisfaction that he had kept him waiting outside. Jacob, who considered himself as much of a Ravenard as any of us, had inherited our feelings for our former adversaries, and he felt apparent pride in having kept the caller from crossing our threshold.

"Take him into the garden, Uncle Jacob. Father may be very late," I said.

The darky gave me a searching look. For a few moments he seemed unwilling to believe he had heard me aright. "Mis' Laine, you ain't meanin' I'se to fetch him right thoo de big hall wid all our Ravenard folks lookin' down at him? Lawd have mussy! They'd jump clean out o' them golden frames—"

"No, Jacob, he needn't come inside the house at all. Let him enter the garden by the street gate."

My words brought vast relief to the old servant. An invisible load seemed to slip from his ample shoulders, and he went away gingerly, which was a sign that Uncle Jacob brazenly exulted over the idea of barring the Yankee from our house.

I had seen quite a number of Yankees in and about Charleston, because they held most of the Government and political positions. However, I had always looked upon them with unseeing eyes after the fashion



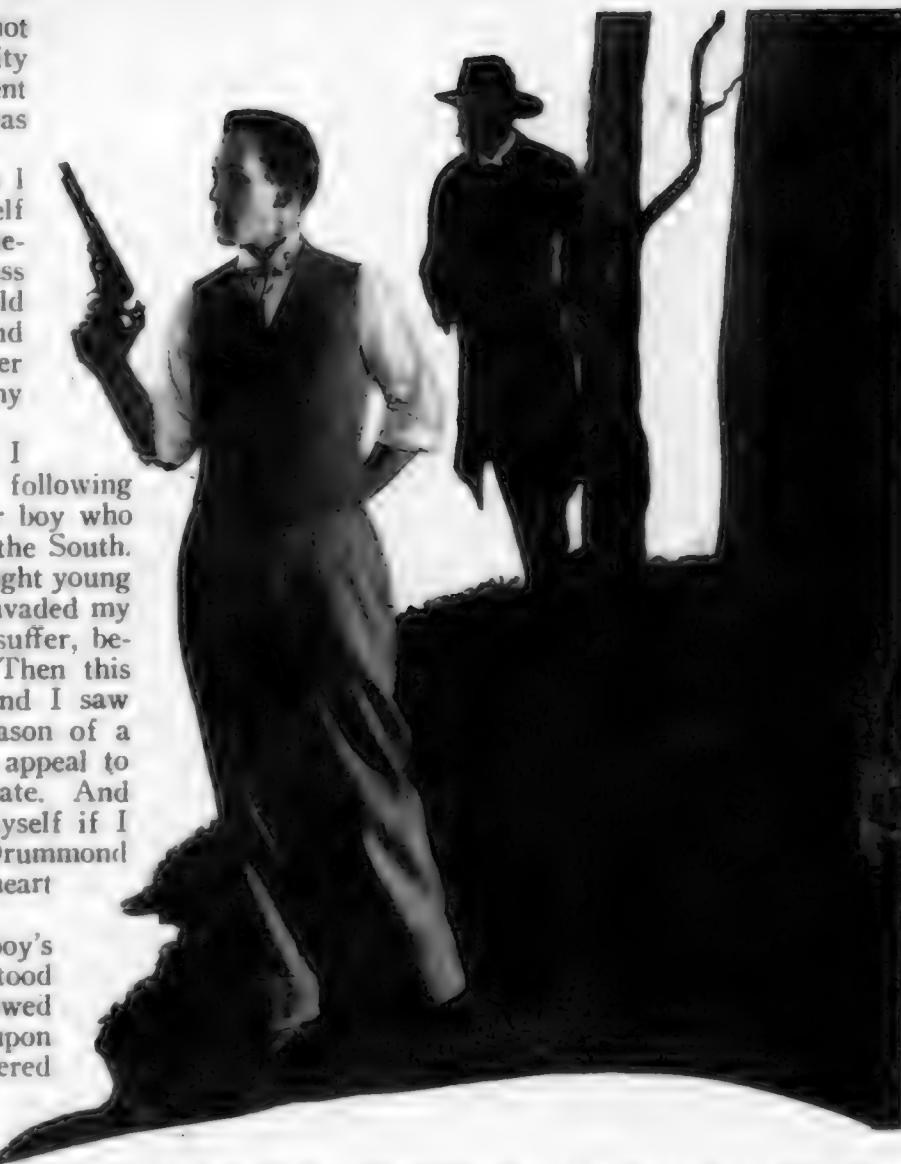
*It was too late. Hayne and the Yankee had turned at fifty paces and were facing each other for the first fire.*

of a woman gazing upon people she does not care to recognize. Consequently, the curiosity concerning the unwelcome caller which now sent me to a window overlooking the garden was hopelessly inexplicable.

When I peered through half-closed shutters I felt confident that the man who called himself Richard Drummond would be a cut from the detested mold of Yankee hardness and soullessness—a man whose very physical appearance would kindle all my smouldering hostility for his kind into a conflagration of hate. For did not Father blame Richard Drummond's ancestry for my motherless and impoverished heritage?

But, our caller was a far cry from all that I expected him to be. Richard Drummond, following Uncle Jacob, hat in hand, seemed only a fair boy who was not at all sure of himself in a garden of the South. For just one brief moment as I studied his straight young body and handsome face, a sort of savagery invaded my heart. I wanted to hurt him, and make him suffer, because of what his people had done to us. Then this frenzy magically died down in my breast, and I saw him with the eyes of a woman. It was treason of a sort to the Past for me to allow his boyish appeal to sway me away from my purpose of Yankee hate. And yet, I felt it would be a higher treason to myself if I steeled myself against him. For Richard Drummond was the only man I'd ever seen who made my heart beat faster.

When I went away from the window, the boy's vision entered my room like a presence. He stood before me as I tried to read a book. He followed every futile move I made, a winsome smile upon his lips such as had been there when he entered our garden. If only he had come in as I thought a Yankee would—self-satisfied—



blusteringly—condescendingly! Then I could have easily frozen upon him.

The second time I went back to the window he had arisen from the marble bench and was bending over our roses that foamed like white surf in the late afternoon's sunlight. He half-raised, looking up and around as if he were being watched. Then he reached out to pluck a rose.

But the Yankee did not take one. Instead, he suddenly straightened up, like a man who checks himself in the act of doing something he should not. I watched him walk away from the bush, pause by the spraying fountain, and lift his eyes upward to the very shuttered window that screened me. I drew back hastily, my cheeks feeling suddenly afame.

As St. Michael's bell struck for five-thirty, I left my room, drawn by some magnetic force toward the garden, and our enemy guest. Below, in the great hall, ancestral faces gazed down upon me from their gilded frames with eyes that seemed to narrow. Their painted lips appeared to be moving on the canvases, and I thought I heard the invisible voices of dead Ravenards condemning me for what I was about to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

DU SK became a molten mist in the garden as the Yankee and I talked. And, as the shadows deepened I found myself secretly wishing Father would forget his appointment. His coming would mean the end of an hour that had invested life with enchantment for me, for he would make me remember something I was struggling to forget—that Richard Drummond was a trespasser.

There was now only one hope in my heart: that the unknown mission which had [Turn to page 109]



# Why I Am Single

*The Life Story of the "Other Woman" Who Played Fair*

HERE was a time when I cherished dreams of a home, a loving husband, and babies, but those dreams are dead, and the story of their death is the answer to the query which has so often been made to me—"Why have you remained single?"

I had been employed for about a year in the country office of a large farming corporation and had worked up to a lucrative position when a new office manager was placed in charge. He was a city man, well educated, of good family, splendid appearance; charming manners, and apparently of high principles.

The first six months under the supervision of my new "boss" everything went smoothly in the office. He was generous, kind, and appreciative of my work, which, though heavy, was very interesting to me.

Then he commenced making me his confidante in matters not pertaining to business. In the course of time he confided to me that his home life was very unhappy; that he and his wife were "misnated"; that childlessness and idleness had soured her disposition; that his life with her was becoming unbearable; that they cared nothing for each other, she regarding him merely as a "good meal ticket" while he continued to live with her merely to keep up appearances.

Hardly knowing how to receive confidences of such a nature, I merely expressed sympathy and offered as suggestions that he try to become "pals" with his wife and

adopt a child to brighten their home. He replied that it was too late, as his love for her had died of neglect and he could no longer endure life with her.

As time passed he made my office work lighter and lighter until I had little left to do except his personal work. During this period his confidences became more and more personal, he seeking always my sympathy, which I gave, little dreaming where it would lead.

Then one day, without warning, he attempted to embrace me. I flung his hand from my shoulder with indignant contempt. He left the office immediately and returned several hours later in a chastened mood.

To his attempted apology I replied merely, "Let us forget about it, but if you wish me to remain as your secretary, please do not ever try that again."

Next morning on my arrival I found on my desk a letter from him imploring me not to misconstrue his conduct of the previous day, and saying that for over six months he had known that he loved me, but had fully intended not to make it known to me until the courts had set him free to do

so honorably; that I was the woman he had longed for and dreamed of for years; that he would take immediate steps toward getting his freedom if I would promise to wait for him. He added that his present wife would make no objection if a satisfactory financial settlement were made upon her.

Old stuff, all this, but I was [Turn to page 82]

*"I SUPPOSE," she said, "that's his poor old wife who has stuck by him through all his years of struggle, and that now the struggle is over he's running away with a younger woman."*

# The Funniest Story I Know *as Told by SMART SET Readers*

We will pay \$3.00 each for  
stories accepted for this page

Stories not accepted will not  
be returned



O. M. L.  
Sydney, B. C.

**J**IMMIE: "Mother, does an apple a day keep the doctor away?"

Mother: "Yes, why?"

Jimmie: "Well, I think I kept ten doctors away today, but I think one will have to come."

\* \* \* \* \*

C. S.  
Rock Rapids, Iowa.

**J**UNIOR: "Your new overcoat is rather loud."

Freshie: "It's all right when I put on a muffler."

\* \* \* \* \*  
H. M. W.  
Poland, Ohio.

**E**LOPING Wife: "I've just had a telegram (sob) from my husband."

Lover (anxiously): "I say! He doesn't want you to go back does he?"

Eloping Wife: "No! All he wants to know, the brute, is where I left his clean collars."

\* \* \* \* \*  
E. B. F.,  
Toronto, Canada.

**R**ECENTLY a lad of the mature age of six or seven summers fell downstairs. He landed at the bottom with a broken arm. His stoicism evoked much admiration. The doctor came six miles in answer to a telephone call and took the boy to the hospital. As the doctor was lifting the wee chap out of the automobile the latter said: "Doctor, do I have to go to the hospital?"

"Don't worry, laddie, the hospital is a nice place and we'll soon fix you up."

"But, doctor, if I have to go to the hospital, I don't want a baby—I want a pup!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
J. W.,  
Ogden, Utah.

**H**ARRY, dear, I have been dreadfully insulted," cried the young wife to her husband on his return home.

"Insulted by whom?" he asked in astonishment.  
"B-by your mother," she answered, bursting into tears.

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away." Flora dried her tears. "I'll tell you all about it," said she. "A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting, so I—I opened it."

"I see."  
"It was written to you—"  
"I understand. But where does the insult come in?"  
"In the—the postscript," answered the young wife, "it s-said: 'Dear F-Flora—Don't fail to give this letter to Harry.'"

\* \* \* \* \*  
H. W.  
Bellingham, Wash.

**S**ON: "Papa; I want a goat."  
Father: "Why, son you can't have a goat. He'd hook you."

Son: "Well, then I'd cut his horns off."  
Father: "Nothing doing, son: He'd butt you."  
Son: "Aw, Daddy, then I'd cut his button off. Please get me a goat."

\* \* \* \* \*  
B. E. R.;  
Chesterfield, S. C.

**A** TOURIST believing himself lost decided to ask the way of an old colored gentleman who was shuffling about the country road.

"Which way to Kenton?" said the tourist.  
"I'se don't know," replied the old darkey.  
"Is this the road to Larksville?"  
"Ah doan know."  
"How do I get to Kingston?"  
"Ah doan know."  
"You're certainly dumb. Don't you know anything?"  
"Mebbe not, mebbe not, but ah ain't lost," replied the old minstrel.

## Wild Life

[Continued from page 2]

the hospital. The baby was born dead, and Nan's life was despaired of.

I went through Gettysburg that night. I visited the nurses with phone calls, begging to see her, but I was refused.

Weeks passed. She did not die, but I tear her love and respect for me did. She is with her mother now, and gently but firmly refuses to see me.

I have confessed all to her mother and have been forgiven by her. She tells me Nan sits day after day, rocking, rocking, with the little garments in her lap. She holds me responsible for our little son's death, and I too know I am guilty.

Her mother asks me to be patient, telling me that love like Nan's does not die, that some time the wounded heart heal and she will forgive. With that I must be content. I deserve all and more than I am suffering, for I have been a weakling and a fool.

J. T., Chicago, Ill.

## Money

[Continued from page 52]

what his wife and children need is not worthy of their respect or love. Then a chance meeting with an old sweetheart who had made millions (perhaps it was only thousands; I never knew) in Texas oil aroused a very demon of discontent in her breast. Without warning she left me, taking our three youngest daughters, and announced her intention, by letter, of marrying a real man, one who could give her the things she wanted for herself and for the children.

I had no heart to try to prevent Maida from leaving me. The oldest two girls refused to leave their Daddy. The younger were too young to understand, but I put in a claim for them. The court has left them with Maida till the age of fourteen. It is far from likely that then they will choose a father whom their

mother looks upon as a complete failure!

Our happy family circle is broken up. I am put in a fool's position, held up to ridicule and disgrace because my twenty years of faithful work as a physician have brought me little wealth.

Will Maida learn too late that true love cannot be bought or sold? Probably not. She is doubtless as happy as any little pig in clover.

L. A. S., Cleveland, O.

## Jealousy

[Continued from page 53]

Beg me to sell the place and move into town again; still I paid no heed to her pleading. I guarded my treasure as a miser does his gold, but my defenses were weak, for I returned one night to find only a brief note of farewell. She said she

loved me, but the loneliness, monotony and my evident distrust were ruining her life, so she had taken the only way out of the trouble.

Blind selfish fool that I was, I had gambled with Fate and lost. I never doubted her loyalty, but objected to her sharing her company with others. She filled my whole life, and I was conceited enough to think that my presence each evening was sufficient for her. My peaceful home after the busy day was a delightful change for me, but I failed to see that for Jean it was only a prison.

Companionship with our fellow-creatures is necessary to bring out the best that is in us. I went back into town, where I have waited vainly for five years for some word from my darling wife—but I am still waiting.

F. R., Worcester, Mass.

## Neglect

[Continued from page 53]

saying she had gone away with this man because he had more time for her and wasn't so stingy.

I couldn't believe such a thing could happen. I tried all night not to believe it. I went to work the following morning in a daze. I ate lunch up town. I hated to go home that evening to our little apartment—with no Marion to meet me. But I did, and as I opened our door I could smell steak and onions—my favorite dish. I went into the little kitchen and there stood Marion. I rubbed my eyes to see if I were dreaming. She came toward me, tears in her eyes.

"Frank, can you ever forgive me?"

I put my arms about her.

"I didn't really do anything wrong, Frank. I couldn't. When we got to Chicago, I realized what I had done and I came back. Will you forgive me? I'll save; I'll work—do anything."

I held her closer. Perhaps I had been to blame.

"I guess there's nothing to forgive, Marion," I said slowly.

F. B. M., Grand Rapids, Mich.

## What Would You Suggest?

We want your criticism of SMART S. I.

What do you like best about it?

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We will give \$25 for the best letter about the May issue, \$10 for the second-best, and \$5 for the third. Contest closes May 15th. Prizes will be awarded June 1st. The Editors will be the judges.

## Selfishness

### Another \$50 Prize-Letter

REALIZING how completely I have lost Marjorie, I have gone through a period of introspection and have tried to be as honest in my analysis as possible.

Marjorie was a pretty girl, high-strung and vivacious.

Our courtship, marriage, and honeymoon were perfect, for whatever Marjorie was interested in, I was interested in, her wish was my law, and in return she was very considerate of my own wishes.

Our one aim after the honeymoon was to establish a home of our own. We bought a perfect little bungalow in a pretty residential section of town, and how Marjorie worked to furnish it! She would walk miles and spend days haunting shops, to find just the right shade of material for hangings; and the furniture for each corner must be just as perfect. You must understand that this home building was done in payments, so it took a few years, and a good bit of economy, to get things just as we wanted them, for business then was not very flush. We were young and happy, so what did a few years of skimping mean to us?

We both wanted children, but Marjorie insisted that we must wait until we were financially able to take care of them. I think here is where we made our first big mistake.

We had never given up the "old crowd", but we did not go out much and our entertaining was not very lavish: a few friends to dinner or a theater party once in a while was about our limit.

Marjorie had always done her own work, except the laundry and heavy cleaning, but now with business getting better and our home paid for, we hired a servant and bought a car, which gave us a chance for needed recreation. Here, in all honesty, I must say that business interests became so engrossing I fear I neglected Marjorie more than I should have. She made no complaint, however, but took up her old interests in the Club and a few organizations that she belonged to, and appeared content.

In the evenings she would never go out unless I accompanied her, and if I did not care to go we remained at home. I did not realize then how self-centered and

selfish I was becoming, but now I know how many pleasures and good times she must have given up, because, in my narrow-mindedness, I thought only of what I wanted.

She was hurt, her pride was wounded, for she expected consideration in return for the consideration she accorded me. You can readily see the outcome: we drifted apart, Marjorie becoming indifferent and discontent, and when I suddenly waked up to this fact and tried to make amends for my negligence, I found a different Marjorie.

Her love for me had died from want of fuel. I had killed my most precious possession by my selfish negligence.

The only blame I can lay to Marjorie is her refusal to have children in our happy, home building years, for if we had children we would still have a common interest and our marriage would now be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Perhaps I may sometime find my lost Marjorie again, and I shall cherish her love. Her happiness shall be my one aim.

J. T., Ravenna, Ky.

"ALL TRUE BEAUTY MUST BEGIN  
WITH THE TEXTURE OF YOUR SKIN."



## "Your face, Milady, is your Fortune,—treat it well!"

*Rich Lady—Poor Lady—it's all the same. If you had to choose between the wealth of the Indies on the one hand and ravishing beauty on the other—wouldn't you take beauty every time?*

Of course you would! Every woman wants the power, the joy, the admiration that glori... beauty always brings.

Such exceptional loveliness, to be sure, is a gift of the gods. But in this day and age, every woman may have the beauty that comes with a soft, satiny, fine-textured skin. *Beauty* that will win the admiration of her friends—beauty that will keep her fresh, sparkling, youthful all the time.

Yes, with this scientific beauty method, the Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment—you can enhance and retain your natural loveliness; counteract the effect of wind, dust and exposure and keep your skin soft, smooth and fine-textured, always.

Even though you may have been using incomplete beauty methods in the past—even though your skin may now be coarse-grained and rough—do not be discouraged, for the way is clear to the beauty of your dreams. That is one of the miracles of Nature—your ever-changing skin. Day by day, hour by hour, Nature is casting off the old and building up the new—restoring, reviving, refining. Give Nature a chance, for ever so brief a

period, and see how soon she'll build your skin over anew, the youthful, glowing, fine-grained skin you'll always be proud of.

*Twin Creams— one to build Beauty from within; another to repel enemies that attack from without*

Of course, you realize that no single cream can give your skin all it needs. It is not possible, for—Your skin needs nourishment; *must* have it, if it is to stay young, fresh and healthy. And, naturally all nourishing creams must first *open the pores* in order to feed the underlying tissues.

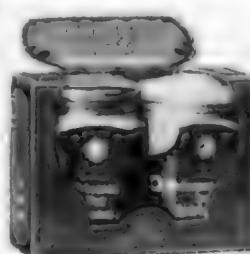
Also your skin needs protection; *must* have it, if it is to be soft, smooth, fine-textured. And for protection, the pores must never be *left open*, but should be normally *closed*. Common sense will tell you that no single cream can both *open* and *close the pores*. But Princess Pat Twin Creams, acting to

gether will do what no single cream can—first open the pores and nourish the tissues, then close the pores, thus protecting and preserving the satiny soft, fine texture of your skin. You know what this means, for "All true Beauty must begin with the texture of your skin."

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at our risk*

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*If you would rather try this Twin Cream Method before purchasing, mail the coupon for generous packet—enough for a full week's trial FREE*



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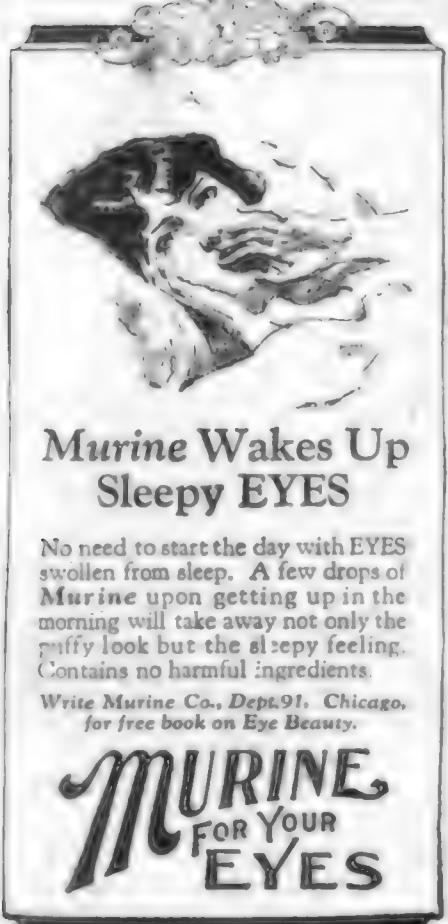
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## Why I Am Single

(Continued from page 78)

young and impressionable; I had had a fairly youth, made up principally of dreams and romance-reading. Later that same day he came to the office and pleaded with me for a hearing. Foolishly I listened, and his apparent longing for love, sympathy and children awakened in me the pity that is akin to love.

Within six months this man's kindness, tenderness, and numerous little courtesies to me, together with his constant planning for our happiness, our home, and our children, started to life in me a love such as even my dreams had never pictured.

I came to depend upon him, upon his love, for every little ray of happiness that came into my life. Daily working side by side, we grew closer and dearer to each other, until it seemed that this man and I love had become part of me and as necessary to my existence as the air I breathed.

In order to have an opportunity to see something of me outside of the office, he had introduced me to his wife and urged her friendship upon me (pending, he said, the time when he could get his freedom to make me her successor.) I was invited to their home, to dinner, card parties, and long drives with them, to shopping and pleasure trips with her.

I found her a good, kind woman, and although her disposition was a bit soured through ill health and childlessness, I soon came to see that the "unhappy home life" he had depicted to me existed largely in his imagination. He was merely tired of her; he wanted me, and he justified his conduct to his conscience by representing to himself as well as to me that he was a misunderstood, abused and neglected husband who had been cheated of love.

The situation became a nightmare. I learned to love her as a sister, even while jealous of her as a rival—that poor, dependent, trusting wife. I came to loathe myself, to long for yet fear death, and to despise yet earnestly love the man who had placed me in such a false position.

One day his wife and I went on a shopping trip to a nearby city. In the Pullman observation car I picked up a magazine and opened it to a story carrying an illustration of a so-called middle-aged woman crouched in a chair with tears streaming down her woe-begone face, while a man of about her own age, accompanied by a young and beautifully gowned girl, walked toward the door through which they were evidently about to depart from the older woman's life.

My beloved's wife, glancing over my shoulder at that picture, remarked: "I suppose that's his poor old wife who has stuck by him through all his years of struggle and now when the struggle is over he is going away with a younger and more attractive woman."

I replied, from the depths of my ignorance and inexperience: "Well, why does any woman let herself get old and frumpy, and let some younger and more attractive woman walk off with a perfectly good husband? And after bringing a situation like that on herself, why sit around and weep over it? If she can't hold him, let him go—the world is full of opportunities for women. Personally, I wouldn't stay with any husband a minute longer than he wanted me. If I let his love slip away from me and somebody else got it, I would even help him to pack his trunk and go to the other woman."

"Yes, my dear", she replied, "you could do that, because you are a trained stenographer and office executive. You could wipe any man out of your life and go elsewhere, anywhere, and walk right into a

good-paying position. There would be no economic problem in the situation for you. But supposing you were a woman who had never been trained to work, whose parents had reared you in luxury, and suppose when you were still young and attractive and energetic a man had come into your life whose training and religion had been the very opposite of yours, a man to whom your parents objected, believing that marriage with him would end only in disaster! Suppose you had flouted their advice and had left the home of your parents to go out into the world with that man and help him to carve his way to the success you were sure he had it in him to attain! Then suppose that, after fifteen years had rolled away—fifteen years of struggle and economizing to help him make good—and success had come in some measure, and your health in the meantime had broken, would you step quietly out of his life to make place for a younger and more energetic woman merely because you saw he found her youth and her energy more attractive than your faded charms? Would you, after fifteen years of striving, go crawling home to your parents and eat humble pie by admitting they had been correct in their judgment of your man's character? Or, as an alternative, would you take from him a 'pension' that would enable you, probably, to maintain yourself in a hall bed-room in a so-called 'comfortable boarding-house', feeling probably that after his second marriage and the birth of any children by that marriage, he would grudge you even that 'pension' if it deprived his children of any little luxuries he would like them to have?"

What answer could I make? There was none. I had never been in such a position. I had been trained from childhood never to be left in such a position. I was young, strong, educated to work and fond of my work. I had no problem at all.

A few days later, while my "boss" was away on a short business trip, I left "like a thief in the night."

He wrote me, of course, several wild letters, berating himself for having driven out of a good position and a comfortable home the woman "he loved more than life."

HOWEVER, he let me go—let me face alone all the horrors of grief and lonely longing, for his letters soon ceased.

One year later, unable to bear the longing for news of him, I returned for a few days' visit with a friend in the little village where we had met, and where he still held the position he had so often declared he would give up if I ever left him.

During that visit I learned that within less than four months after my departure he had again "fallen in love" with his stenographer—my successor in his affections as well as in his office. This girl, of the type who believes men "were made to work and to be worked", accepted not only his attentions but, I was convinced, a large portion of his income. She had even made a trip to New York with him, from the Pacific Coast, as his "secretary".

And the poor, betrayed wife still clung to her "weak, wind-shaken reed."

With the shock of that revelation, something within me died: the best of me; the part of me that had dreamed of a home, a husband and babies; the part that was capable of faith and love and trust.

I am writing this in the hope that it may fall into the hands of some lonely girl who is being tempted by a married man's protestations of "honorable love", and if it should save one such girl from the agony of mind and spirit through which I have lived, I shall be amply repaid for this opening of an old wound.

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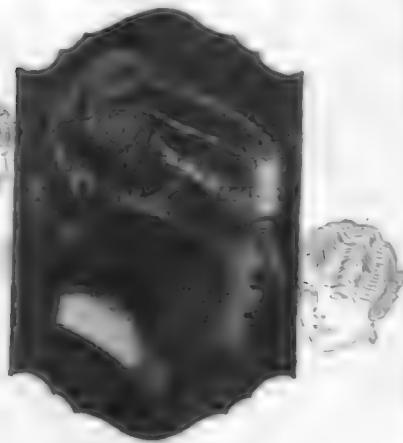
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## Young Man, Beware!

[Continued from page 41]

"Or that a girl of twenty is the safest playmate for a still excitable man of fifty? Let's be fair to both sides," I pleaded.

"Are they *pour le bon motif*, these associations?" queried Paul.

"If by that you mean marriage, how could they be when most of the men have wives?" turned the lady of wisdom. "For that matter, I fancy the girls' *motif* wouldn't bear inspection any better than the men."

"Gold-diggers?"

"Thrill-eaters, rather."

"Funny way to get a thrill, the companionship of men old enough to be their fathers," I opined.

"Don't be silly," admonished Medusa. "The danger in itself is a thrill for the human Eve. The serpent of our day, it was a wise tempter, wouldn't label the Edin apple, 'forbidden'; he'd label it, 'dangerous'."

"You still maintain that this sort of thing is dangerous for the young girl."

"And for the man. Why not? Our flappers may be shallow, mis-educated, mentally lopsided; but they are keen, and eager, and just as high-keyed in mind as they are in nerves and in senses. Age doesn't make so much difference to them. If it's a man, it has the potentialities of interest for them. As for the other angle, the man in his forties is no longer slipping down the sad decline of the darkening years, as some poet says,—or ought to have if he didn't. Look at those specimens down there again; not much of the sere and yellow leaf about them, is there? Many of them are athletes still. They dance better than the younger men; they certainly talk better; they bark back in manner to a time when it was still good form to treat a woman with a certain deference, instead of slapping her on the back and letting her crawl into her coat unaided; and that is appealing to all women, no matter what they pretend. These men are flattered by the response of youth, just as the girls are flattered by the attentions of experience. Danger? Of course there is danger. Some of the liveliest scandals of the year have been between girls in their twenties and men in their forties—or more."

She cited the case of a distinguished architect nearing sixty, now "lost" somewhere in the south of France in the company of an attractive girl of twenty-three. I capped it with the now notorious instance of the gray and bearded British author who, to the vast distress of his publishers—though his wife was calm enough about it—took a six weeks' tour in Africa with a budding actress of sixteen.

"I KNOW that case," said Medusa, who knows everything that anybody knows and a good deal that nobody else knows. "There were—results, weren't there?"

"If you call it that," I said succinctly, because, for once she was in error. "A third-rate poem and a second-class novel; that's all that came out of that renaissance. Not at all what his public had a right to hope."

"And look at the movies," pointed out the fair expositor. "Whenever there is a front page flare-up from Hollywood, are the parties to it youth and youth? They are not. It's either a middle-aged screen hero and a child of sixteen, or an elderly director and a beauty of twenty. No, youth on the masculine side, is losing its fling."

"I still venture to doubt it," said Paul.

"Let's consult an expert," suggested Medusa with a gleam in her eye, which had wandered from us to the scene below.

From her seclusion in a far and dim

corner, a young girl had just risen, and with her escort; an iron-gray, aquiline, slender, and distinctly handsome man of perhaps forty-five or six. Medusa caught the youngster's eye and beckoned with a little movement of the head. The other smiled and nodded acquiescence. There followed a pantomime of farewell between the pair on the floor, outwardly formal enough and brief, but in a way secret, furtive, as if something had been withheld or postponed.

"She's sending him away," commented Paul.

"Oh, she never lets him take her home," explained Medusa. "Her people are what she would call old-fashioned, and he is still supposedly living with his wife. So they meet here or elsewhere, and part where they meet. At least, that's the theory."

The girl had run up the stairs and now came to greet Medusa with an offhand but rather charming manner. She was vibrant with life from her small feet—still restlessly responsive to the music—to her confidently poised head, with a kind of child-like innocent insolence in her expression. If she had been of my kin I should have found cause for misgivings in her eyes, which were large, warm, and faintly shaded beneath with that sensuous heaviness which spells danger quite as much to the owner as to the onlooker. When the presentation formality was accomplished, she said at once:

"But we've met before, Mr. Fabian. At a house party at Piping Rock three years ago."

"You must have begun very young."

"I was seventeen—nearly." She gave me an impudent little smile. "Hasn't the author of 'Flaming Youth' caught up with his times yet?"

"I struggle, panting, in the dust of your progress."

"You had it about right when you wrote it. But the world has moved since then: it's almost old-fashioned now."

"Then God help the present generation!" said Paul.

Our precocious companion looked at him with faintly interested surprise. "We help ourselves pretty well, thank you. Come and see me, Mr. Fabian. I'll give you some tips on what has happened since we bobbed our hair."

"Tell him now," suggested Medusa.

"Where shall I begin?"

"With yourself. What are you doing here?"

"The usual thing. Just what everybody does." She hesitated for a moment: there was a flash of defiance or perhaps only cynical amusement in the secret depths of those dangerous eyes. "With Gresh, you mean. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed. Gresham is unimpeachable, socially," returned the older woman in a peculiar tone.

"You ought to know," said Precocia. (A flash of the claw there!) "Every girl who wants to keep up has to have a prop these days," she added.

"A prop? Please translate," I requested. Medusa obliged.

"Short for property man. It's the latest flapper slang."

"I thought that was a stage term," said Paul.

"It is," answered Precocia. "But this means something else again. We call them props—"

"Because they're your special and private property," I supplied flippantly.

"—because, to be plain, it takes a slice of property to pay for the pace."

"Which the younger men can't do." This

from Medusa, still obviously obliging.

"How can they, poor kids?"

"Therefore, they're out?" I inquired.

"Oh, not so entirely. They're on for the parties and sometimes the week-ends."

"On which occasions the props are out, I suppose."

Precocia gave me a severe look.

"You'd be surprised. None of them are out. You can't treat a prop that way; pick him up and drop him and pick him up again. Not if he knows his game. The competition is too keen."

"Keener than for the boys of your own generation?"

"It's this way," she replied after due consideration. "After you've picked a good prop and got him broken to the whistle so that you can depend on him for auto trips and theatre and golf and races and what-all, you've got to watch over him or some bold and brazen hussy will come along and filch him away from you."

"Yes; but what does the prop get out of it?" demanded Paul almost brutally. I judged that he was thinking of himself—being at that age—as a possible dupe of this practice, and was annoyed at his thought

THE girl said coolly: "Not all he wants, I expect. And then, again, sometimes he does—I suppose."

"But when it comes to marriage?" was Medusa's leading question.

The youthful, secret eyes drooped and were thoughtful.

"Ah, that's different. Still—" Her look wandered to the vacant table—"one might do worse—for a first course." She rose. "I've got to get my nerve-nap before the Synnisters' dinner-brawl tonight."

"Will — Gresham be there?" asked Medusa.

"Of course."

"And Phil and Bertie and—" She named half a dozen of the younger men.

Precocia shrugged her slim, nervous shoulders.

"Probably."

As she moved away three pairs of eyes followed her interestedly.

"What do you think?" said Medusa.

"A social peril," said Paul.

"A social portent, at least," I proffered.

Medusa said nothing but began to hum beneath her breath. That which she hummed was that lively melody from "The Mikado":

"Young man, beware!  
Likewise, go to!"

which the elderly Koko sings by way of warning to his youthful rival.

But, after all, Koko got the worst of it in the end.

PAT and Mike were cleaning windows on the seventh story when Pat suddenly lost his balance and fell. A crowd collected and a doctor came out of the midst, and after looking him over said that he was dead. Just then Pat opened his eyes and said, "It's a liar you are. Shure I'm not dead!" "Hush, Pat," said Mike, "the doctor knows better than you."

\* \* \* \* \*

A SMALL boy who was sitting next to a very haughty, old lady in a crowded train kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the old lady could bear it no longer and turned to the boy:

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:

"Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."



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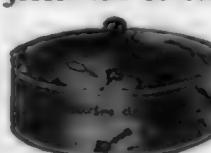
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## HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO

## Soul of the Sea

[Continued from page 47]

the thoughtless little intimacies there had been between us had made a bond. She would miss me; she didn't want me to go. And I—I wasn't so sure I wanted to go, myself, but I was afraid of her. She put thoughts into my mind I didn't like; thoughts no man should have for his brother's wife and his brother dead less than a year. So I had to go. There was no other way out.

It may seem trivial to you—as I put it down now I think it is rather trivial, myself—but the hours dragged that night I packed up for Lunenburg. In the end I decided the easiest way would be to slip off without saying good-by. It was just after midnight. I could walk to the Passage and make it by daylight. I piled into my coat, jammed my cap down over my ears, slung my dunnage bag over my shoulder, and blew out the light.

I had reached the lower hall before I noticed a crack of light underneath the dining-room door. Then as I turned to slip away, the door opened and Valaima stood there. She had on some sort of silk robe, very gaudy colored and tied around the waist with a wide sash. She was smiling, even laughing.

"I thought you would try to run away," she said with a grimace.

"I guessed it was easier than trying to say good-by," I stammered.

"Oh! So it is hard to say good-by to Valaima." Now she was laughing at me again. I was no match for her wits and must have cut a sorry spectacle standing there like a clumsy lout in the dim hallway with my bag over my shoulder.

As I was trying to think what to say to answer, she stepped back into the dining-room. I could hear her pull up a chair. She had left the door open and she knew I must come now to say good-by. She could make me do almost anything she wanted and knew it. What was it about her that held me? Whatever it was, I followed her into the dining-room. She was sitting by the table, and she nodded toward the chair opposite.

"Sit down," she said. "I want to talk to you. Is Valaima such a terrible ogre that you must run away from her?"

"No, it isn't that; it's because—" I was lost for words.

"Why are you afraid of me, Jethro?" she asked.

"I'm not afraid," I answered.

She threw back her head at that and laughed, that golden liquid laugh that made summer come to the room where she was. But this time it didn't seem golden to me. It was funny, but the story I had read of Ulysses and the Sirens flashed into my mind.

"You are Bartholomew's wife," I said. "That's why!"

She was on her feet in an instant, her eyes blazing. But I stood my ground.

"And I was going away without saying good-by to you, because it wasn't like saying good-by to my brother's wife. And that's wrong and I'm a fool and you—"

"And me," she interrupted stepping closer.

"You're my brother's wife," I answered. "Good-by!" I picked up my bag and pushed her aside as I made for the door. Never in my life did it feel better to get out into the air than it did that night.

But I was a fool. The clasps on my boots sang it to me as I went down the road. For days and days afterward I couldn't get that parting from Valaima out of my head.

And so I came to Lunenburg and stood on the threshold of a new day with more

than one reason for throwing myself into the life of a deep sea fisherman. There were things I wanted to forget, and I welcomed the rigors of the Sable Island banks with open arms. I plunged into my work with a will.

There are those who complain that life, when it brings the return of the same conditions day after day, grows monotonous. I found no monotony in it. For one thing, I loved the sea; for another, I knew that each day brought me a day nearer to my goal. Marty Yeomans, our skipper, was one of the shrewdest who ever made sail out of Lunenburg and with my father's letter to old Captain John Beamish, I naturally came a good deal under his eye. As I was anxious to learn, he often went out of his way to explain the sailing points of the *Blue Mary*. She was Nova Scotia built and no Bluenose fishing schooner had ever taken her measure.

But it wasn't all seamanship and sailing. There were days and days together at the trawls, and when the sea was rough and the line heavy you pulled and lifted by turn until you thought your arms would come out of their sockets. Often as not I was drenched to the bone beneath my oil-skins from one turn of a tide to the next. And it was while pulling wearily back to the schooner from the trawls after such a session that I learned the value of good rum. It was hateful stuff at first and burned down my throat like fire until I gagged and gasped for air. But it made the blood glow again and took the ache out of leaden bodies. Rum ashore was another story altogether, and I'm minded of a time with Jim Blake in Boston. Jim was my buddy on the *Blue Mary*.

It was after an unusual run of fisherman's luck, and we were loaded to the gun's with fish and halibut—fish in the parlance of the Bank fishermen meaning cod, haddock, pollock, all packed together indiscriminately and sold at one price. Halibut, on the other hand, we feed down, and it brought a big return on the fancy market.

We had been the first of the fleet out on that trip, had run into luck, and would be the first home. Then a bit of wind came out of the nor'east, climbed along until it was a young gale, and Marty Yeomans decided to run before it to Boston. If we could beat the Southern Fleet in, our catch would sell on a rising market and a bonus was promised all round. And then I learned what it meant to "drive her until you pull the sticks out of her."

Hour after hour we swept on that day with every rope singing a tune and the canvas groaning like a chorus of lost souls. But Marty Yeomans never hauled in an inch of sail, and we made Boston with all our rigging intact and sold our full catch at a record price.

I had never been to Boston before. With my bonus jingling in my pocket, I set out with Jim Blake. He was going to show me the town. And that was my first initiation into what rum would do ashore. We landed in a place that was mostly filled with sailors. There was a bar in front and a restaurant in the room back of the bar. Presently we were joined by others of the crew from the *Blue Mary* and the rum was passed around more freely after that. Ned Hatch, our mate, got into an argument with some Gloucester fisherman and before you could drop a hat the fight had started. There was bad blood between the Gloucester and Lunenburg fishing fleets, and we had come in on their market and were boasting of

what we had done to boot. I guess we were the ones who started the fight, all right.

I saw Jim Blake crumple up as a big Gloucesterman hit him with a chair. That was enough for me, and I sailed in. The whole place was in an uproar. Tables, bottles, glasses—everything went down with a crash. I don't think there were any spectators. It was everybody's fight and everybody took a hand in it. It didn't last long, however, and ended as suddenly as it had begun. Somebody had me around the neck and I was boring in for a grip so I wouldn't go down, and just as I got myself braced my assailant let go. In a minute the place was empty. Jim Blake had me by the arm and we were going out the back way. We climbed over a fence into an alley and ran.

"Well, the bulls damn near got us that time," Jim said as we slowed down. "I'll bet that big Dutch bartender went for 'em."

I didn't answer. Most of my belligerence had left me. Ten minutes before, I had been full of it. But the struggle in the back room of the saloon and the hasty exit had helped to clear my head. I no longer saw through a haze. Rum, shore, I decided, was not so good.

We had come out near what Jim said was Boston Common, and as two girls went by us one of them smiled.

"Come on," Jim said enthusiastically. "The broads in this town like sailors, and I got a ten-spot left."

So we did a right about face and before we reached the next corner the girls had slowed down and we walked up to them. This was my first adventure of that sort, and I remember that my breath was short. I didn't know quite what was to be said on such an occasion, so I let Jim do the talking. I noticed also that one of the girls was almost as shy as I was. She was small and blonde. The other was heavier built, dark and olive skinned. I guessed she was a "Portugee." There were lots of Portuguese on the fishing banks, most of them coming from Cape Cod.

Jim arranged things so that he went off with the dark girl, and the little blonde and I followed. It felt queer to have a strange girl holding my arm, and I was glad when Jim decided we'd all go into a movie. It was a Western picture—I remember that much—and it was a lot easier to sit in the dark and watch the screen than it was to walk along the street with the little blonde holding half afraid to my arm.

Jim and his girl were busy talking most of the time, and once the dark girl leaned over to say, "What's the matter, Myrt? That guy of yours tongue-tied."

"No, he's all right," the blonde girl answered, and right away I began to like her.

After the show, Jim and his girl wanted us to go somewhere else—I didn't get just where, and I didn't know the town. My girl didn't want to go, which made the other girl angry. It looked as though the party were going to break up when I suggested that if Myrt didn't want to go I'd take her home.

"Fine," said Jim. "See you later!" And he and the dark girl were gone.

"I guess you think I'm a piker," my girl said, looking up at me, and I saw that her lips were trembling.

"I THINK you're a peach," I said, and I felt really elated at my courage.

We got along pretty well after that. I told her about Salt Island and the fishing banks and how some day I was going to have a ship of my own. She said she had come from a small town, too, and she was going back. She lived in a boarding house and worked in a candy factory, she

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### Golden Glint SHAMPOO

said, and she didn't like Boston at all. She hadn't had any fun since she came there nearly a year ago. Mercedes, that was the dark girl, had offered to show her how to have a good time, and I was the first strange boy she had ever gone out with. I told her I was in the same boat, that I'd never just picked up a girl before, and we both laughed.

Then I took her home and got lost on the way back, and it was pretty nearly morning before I got back to the ship. Jim was there ahead of me and rolled over as I crawled into my bunk.

"Say, Jeth, I thought you were just passing out on us when you went off with that little kiddo of yours. And me thinking you were one of these slow-going kind."

I flushed at the words and wanted to hit him. Instead, I merely said I got lost.

"Sure, so did I! Now it's your turn to tell another one!" Jim chortled.

I said nothing, and he rolled over and went to sleep. The whole affair must have been pretty incidental to him, because he never mentioned it again. A month after that the season ended and I went back to Salt Island for the winter.

But I was a moody kid; that day clung in my mind for months. It still lies buried in my memory or I wouldn't be writing about it now. But it was a long time before I finally got to the bottom of it and discovered why it fitted into the pattern of my life. It was a dark girl and a blonde, a forward girl and a shy one. One of them troubled me, and the other put me at ease. It was Valaima and Mary Strong all over again. I found that out the first day I was back home.

Valaima pretended to have forgotten the way I had gone off to Lunenburg. But the months on the banks had taught me many things. I could judge values better. I wasn't so helpless before her; I could see that for all her seeming friendliness and joy at my return, she still had that parting on her mind and if opportunity offered would pay me back for it. A strange state of affairs that was, in my own home, and she my brother's wife—and my brother's young son just learning to toddle and beginning to look like his father.

But I wasn't going to let it prey on my mind. Captain Strong's books and charts meant more to me after the season I had had with Marty Yeomans. I spent a lot of time that winter down with old McTavish, the boat builder, and with Uncle Matthew Prior. I seemed to have separated myself from the boys I spent my dory days with, and I found that most of the men were glad to talk to me and were interested in my questions and what I had to say.

The leave-taking that spring was a simple matter. At Lunenburg, Marty Yeomans slapped me on the back, and that season, whenever opportunity offered, I was in his cabin. Jim Blake was no longer my companion. Jim would always be a banks' fisherman. I realized that, and I could learn nothing from him. Don't think that I was a young prig; I wasn't—I can say that honestly. On several occasions I was glad to lend Jim money. I liked him still, but we had nothing in common and I think he understood how things lay between us as well as I did.

And on the last trip of that season I brought the *Blue Mary* home and, with Marty Yeomans at the wheel alongside me, eased her into her berth. That was my first real experience at feeling the thrill of a ship under my hand, and it was never to leave till the end of my days. It was what I was born for, and my heart sang as I went home for the winter. And now Captain Strong's books and charts had become friends. No longer

were they just to be studied and pored over. There was a bond of understanding between me and them. They were like old friends, counsellors, who gave kindly advice and not at all the stern, tiresome masters they were in the beginning.

BEFORE that winter was over I was lonely. It was all very well to pass the day with old McTavish and Uncle Matthew. But when I would come up the hill at night and would overtake a girl and boy arm in arm with their heads together, I knew that man was not made to live alone.

There were times when it seemed like folly to keep on and on in the hope that Mary Strong was waiting for me. What if she hadn't waited? I had something to think about along that line the morning the minister read the banns for young MacLean and Jennie Hyatt at the Presbyterian Church. It was a village custom, that reading of banns. They were read for three successive Sabbaths and after the third reading Jennie and MacLean stood up and went to the front of the church. Young MacLean was rather clumsy about it, too, and knocked over a chair, and a titter went through the church as he stooped and picked it up. And after they had shaken hands with the minister they came back. MacLean was red in the face, almost as red as the strip of carpet that went down the center aisle of the church. But Jennie's wasn't. She held her head very straight and she looked right at me. This was the Jennie that I had once said was going to be my wife.

That afternoon my books didn't hold me very well. I kept looking out of the window and wondering why Jennie was going to marry young MacLean. Was it to spite me? And wouldn't she run off with me, banns or no banns, if I asked her? Then the words of my father came to me, my father whom I hadn't so much as heard from since he went away.

"But between pride and false pride there is all the expanse of the sea."

How true those words were now! It was my pride, my vanity, that was hurt. I didn't care for Jennie Hyatt in the way a man cares for the woman he wants to marry. But she had laughed at me, at least there was a smirk behind that straight look she had given me in church. So I managed to swallow my pride, and that night when I met Jennie coming back home from MacLean's with the milk, I stopped her and told her what a fine fellow I thought MacLean was and how I hoped she would be happy.

"I guess that's a big thing for you to say, Jethro Gale," Jennie answered, "after the way I looked at you in church. Honest, I wanted to stick my tongue out at you. And I know Jamie MacLean and I are going to be happy. His father has bought the Weldon cottage and is giving it to us for a wedding present. You'll come and see us sometime, won't you?"

"Sure I will, Jennie," I said. And that was that, but it made me feel good.

Somehow, I felt closer to Mary Strong after that. Somehow, I felt that she was still waiting for me. And that night, while Valaima sat curled up on the floor in front of the great square stove with little Bartholomew asleep in her lap, I read to her. Mrs. Burton had gone to church. I do not know how long I read. I just chanced to look up from the book. Valaima's eyes were closed. I whispered her name, but she didn't answer. She, too, was asleep.

So I put away the book and picked up the baby and carried him to his crib, tucked a comfort over him so he wouldn't catch cold, and went back to Valaima. I had grown in my two years at sea. It

was a simple matter to slip an arm around her and lift her to the sofa. I arranged the pillows so she would be comfortable and spread the afghan over her. Asleep, she was like a child. A stray wisp of hair had become uncoiled and hung over her face. Gently, I pushed it back from her forehead. As I did so she opened her eyes and smiled. That was all. Not a word, not a gesture. But I knew she was no longer asleep. I knew she was no longer a child, but a woman, and a woman all ivory and gold; a woman with the reddest lips and the softest skin.

She must have read the desire in my eyes as I stood over her and she smiled again. It was a different smile this time, and the next moment I had my arms about her and those red lips were pressed to mine. Yet, as suddenly as I had caught her to me, just as suddenly had she pushed me away. Her ears were quicker than mine. I did not hear the front door open, but I heard it bang. Mrs. Burton had come home from church. I reached for my book, sank into my chair, and was reading when Mrs. Burton came in.

Mrs. Burton was full of what the minister had had to say, and I was glad of that. It gave me a reason for putting away my book and going up to bed. Of course I didn't go to bed. Valaima had paid me back. She hadn't been asleep. The whole thing was feigned, a clever exhibition of play acting. What if Mrs. Burton hadn't come in? My conscience burned to my very marrow. Looking back now, I think I placed too much emphasis on what had happened. I think now it was a perfectly natural sequence of events. That real meeting of Valaima and me was bound to have happened sooner or later. Now that it had happened, I certainly was not going to give in to it. To make doubly sure, I packed my things that night, and the next morning went back to Lunenburg.

\* \* \* \* \*

That year I stood my examination, got my mate's commission and when Ned Hatch moved up and took out his own ship, about mid-season, I stepped into his berth on the *Blue Mary*. It was only a question of time after that when I would come to command a ship of my own, and once that happened I could go to Captain Strong. My whole mind turned now to the time when I should go to New Bedford. One more winter at home and I should be gone. But that winter, just as spring was coming, brought me news of my father's death.

MRS. Burton had been right; London was only a stopping place for my father when he left Salt Island. The cable, just a brief half dozen words saying that he was dead, had come from Singapore.

That afternoon Uncle Matthew sent for me, and I knew that he had something for me from my father. When I went down there I found that Uncle Matt had been named executor in my father's will; that the big house on the hill was now mine, as were certain interests in the packing plant and in Captain John Beamish's fleet. My father was part owner of that fleet, and I had won my way in one of his own ships and had not known it. The *Blue Mary* was mine now, and I knew her from bowsprit to stern post, from keelson to the tip of mainmast. But the thrill of ownership was not the thrill I had had that first time I had brought her safe to her mooring. Besides, my father was dead. I would never see him again. He had gone to meet Bartholomew.

Certain properties of my father's were to be sold and a trust fund created for little Bartholomew. But how could my father have known of little Bartholomew?



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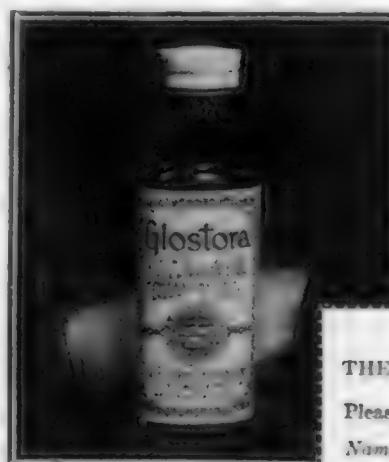
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I turned back and saw that the will was dated barely three months before.

"Then, Uncle Matt, my father knew I had gone to Captain Beamish. And I—I thought—" I couldn't finish what I wanted to say: that my father had been following me as closely almost as if he had never gone away, while I had thought for all these past months and years that outside of the letter he had written to Captain John Beamish he had left me to my own resources.

"Aye, lad! Your father knew the whole of it. He was a strange man and a hard man to understand. But he gave credit where credit belonged. He was a terrible man to oppose, but he was never ashamed to admit when he was wrong," Uncle Matthew said. "But read on—the rest of the will. I've a letter for you afterward that you'll be wantin' to read alone."

I turned again to the will. After the clause dealing with the trust fund for Bartholomew's son was one which read: "And to Valaima, my son Bartholomew's wife, I bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. I have no provision to make as to what use this sum shall be put. She may administer it as she sees fit, but I advise that she return to the land of her birth without the boy, if possible. I may be wrong, but I think this will be best for the boy."

Then there was a final clause which directed me to place in the Gale burial plot a small marker with his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the following verse:

"No crumbling dust doth this stone mark;  
There's nothing left but memory  
Of a spirit that crept into the dark,  
Amid the Islands of the Sea."

THAT was all. There were tears in my eyes as I handed the will back to Uncle Matt. Just in that last clause I had been drawn closer to my father than I had ever been drawn in my life. Uncle Matthew's hand was on my shoulder and he was saying:

"I'm not so sure, lad, but here's your father's letter. It was written the day he went away against just such a time as this. When you've read it, I think maybe you'll understand. The last thing he said to me was that he hoped you'd understand. Strange, your father was, lad, but true, every inch o' him."

And somehow I managed to take the letter and make my way back to the house on the hill. In my father's own room, sitting at his desk, I opened it. To me as I read it, it was as though my father had come back from his unknown grave to talk to me. Here is the letter.

Dear Boy:

"I am leaving today and shall never see you again. And you have gone down to your favorite haunt by the sea. From my window, through my glass, I watched you go. You will not be here to say good-by to me. What a strange parting this is between father and son. Yet I, alone, am to blame.

"The day just past has been a terrible blow to me. My first son, Bartholomew, was the pride of my life—but he was also the mark of my sin. I have seen resentment in your eyes today, you who love Bartholomew, and I sense that you seem to feel that I have turned against Bartholomew. Let me tell you that if my heart is hard today and is filled with bitterness, it is against myself. Gladly would I give my own life if I could bring back the life of my son.

"You may know before you read this that Bartholomew was not your

real brother. But he was my son, just as you are my son. And his mother was a girl like the girl-wife of Bartholomew who is now coming home to Salt Island. Why do you think I am running away—for your father is something of a coward, boy; he is running away. No one knows why, and to you I tell it for the first time.

"It goes back to the time I met Bartholomew's mother. She was of the Islands, beautiful. It was first love between us. And without benefit of clergy, she was going to have a baby. And then I, a Gale, in my ungodly pride, saw for the first time that she was only part white. As a love-mate she had been beautiful. As a wife—enough of that, boy. I make no excuses now. I was a coward. I didn't marry her. I ran away. Everything was sail in the islands then, and though I repented before I had got out of sight of land, it was months before I could get back again. On my return, I found an infant son and a grave. She had waited and watched for me to come back. She had even joined the Church so that she could pray to my God to help bring me back. But the prayers weren't answered. I'm afraid that in her faith she looked for a miracle. When I did come back, it was too late. She had turned once more to her own gods and they had shown her relief. She killed herself.

"I brought the baby home. I tried to forget. Years later I married Betty Jenks, your mother. She was sweet and kind and altogether good—too good for me, in fact. I never told her the truth about what had happened in the East. And I know that she knew I had kept something back. I even think she knew I had married her to try to forget.

"Then Bartholomew went to sea and heard the East calling to him. Why, shouldn't he have heard it? Wasn't it in his blood? And every time he sailed away I dreaded the day when he should come back. Sooner or later he would bring home a wife and she would be from the Islands and I wouldn't have the courage to face her.

"Now, Bartholomew is dead; but a child-wife from the Islands is coming in his place. But, at last, I think I have a little courage. I am not trying to forget. The end won't be so very long now. From this day on I shall try to remember. I think it will be easier to remember out there, and so I am going back.

"When you read this, you will know that I have been thinking of you. You don't know how hard it has been not to take you with me. You don't know how glad it made me feel when you asked to go. I think, boy, we were very close to each other then. It was the faith you had in me that helped me to go on.

"And now I must close. I have just been to the window with the glass. You are still down at the Hawk. It is best. Good-by, my son.

Your loving father.

JETHRO GALE"

My eyes were wet with tears long before I came to the end, and when I did come to the end it was with a choking sob. It was as though my father had died before my eyes as I read that last good-bye of his. His glass still hung on the nail where he had left it. I had the ones Captain Strong had given me and never used my father's. In this very room, at the east window, he had stood watching me that day when he went away.

Unconsciously, I walked over and took the glass down. It was covered with dust, and I carefully wiped it clean. It was probably the last thing in the room my father had touched. And it was just there by the window where he had stood. I had looked out of that window times without number, but never with a glass. I hadn't thought the shack was visible from our house, because you could barely see the top of the house from Hawk beach.

I didn't doubt my father's word; I don't know what it was that prompted me to focus the glass and train it on the eastward beach. My first search was fruitless. It was a high powered glass, and at that distance, not more than two miles, it was hard to take in the full sweep of the beach. But I knew about where the shack should lie, and presently I found it. Just as my father had written, it stood out between two trees, against the sea. As I looked I thought I caught a movement. Was it the wind, or had someone opened the door? I trained the glass closer. There was someone—a woman—she was running—now she had stopped and was bending down—there was a child with her—now she was running again with the child after her. I put down the glass.

Just as my father had stood and looked at me on that day when he went away, so had I just stood in the selfsame spot and with the selfsame glass. The woman and child were Valaima and my brother Bartholomew's son.

My father's letter was on the desk where I had left it. I folded it up and put it in my pocket. Then I reached for my cap. Valaima would still be down at the beach if I hurried.

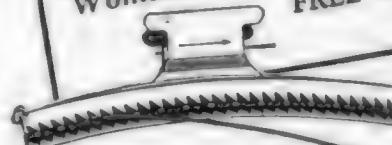
THAT letter of my father's brought the beginning of real understanding between Valaima and me.

In all fairness, I think I should tell her side of the story. Her mother was a court dancer (just what that meant I do not know) and a Malayan. From what I had read I knew that the Malayans were no ordinary race, and from Valaima's account I knew that the stock she came from was far above the ordinary Malayan. Her father was in the French revenue, or consular service. I forget which. There was quite a story about him—he was an outcast from his people and had gone to the Islands of the Sea to forget. It had been love at first sight between this moody young French officer and Valaima's mother. Valaima had been brought up a Catholic in one of the numerous convents of the East.

But when she came out into the world again, her father was dead. There was no white man to be her guardian, to watch over her, to help her along so that she might profit by her white heritage. All she had was the sinister bar—she was not Malayan; she was not white. Right from the start she had fallen heir to the bitterness that had ruined her father's life. She had a will of her own and the burden of caste or, rather, half-caste, had embittered her against every living white man or brown when she met my brother Bartholomew. With him she had forgotten the stigma that had been thrust upon her. Life was good again. She was happiest of the happy when Bartholomew prepared to bring her home. Then came his sudden death and with that shock the knowledge that under her heart she was carrying his child. It was with a heart full of hope that she looked forward to meeting Bartholomew's people. My father's abrupt leave-taking without so much as laying eyes on her seemed to Valaima to be a return to the days when she had looked upon every white man with distrust. The old, bitterness was born again. That accounted for the hunted look

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I had seen so many times in her eyes.

I think the talk we had that day on the way back from the Hawk was the beginning of a bond between us; I know that when my own heart at loneliness and despair compassed me there was a real friend awaiting me in Valaima. Where I had shunned her before, I turned to her then. But that will be recounted in due order in its place.

As I have already said, I had my whole life before me, and the time had come when I had definitely to shape the pattern. All the moral lines that had directed me heretofore were gone. It was mine to make or mar.

For Uncle Matthew Prior I left the settlement of most of my father's affairs well knowing that he would carry them out with real affection for my father's wishes. The tablet, with the tragic verse my father had requested engraved upon it, I placed myself in the little cemetery on the hill before I went back to Lunenburg. And I went back to Lunenburg and the fishing fleet as I had originally planned to go back. There was no change in my status. Uncle Matt helped me to arrange that with Captain Beamish. No word of my ownership of the *Blue Mary* and half of the Beamish fleet as well was made known. I went out to the fishing banks off Sable Island as Marty Yeoman's mate, and that I was the real owner of the ship he was proud to command never so much as entered his head. Nor did it enter mine. So much had happened in the past half dozen years, so much that one might call a soul's awakening, that the mere ownership of half a dozen fishing vessels was as nothing compared to the whole sweep of life that lay before me. It was this prime optimism in my life that steered my course; I had, or thought that I had, the whole world as the testing ground of my hopes and fears. It was that very presumption that saved me from what have been a cheaply bought and unearned contentment. I was mighty glad to be alive, to be young and vigorous, to be mate of the *Blue Mary* under Marty Yeomans. And what I learned under him was to enable me to pay him back in kind, to show him the utter skill of the seamanship he had taught me to know.

Before another winter had come I had my master's papers, and that day goes down as one of the really proud ones of my life—and I don't think it was false pride. My examiner was a man with the very rime of the sea in his hair and snow-white beard. He was kindly and cutting and cruel. Sailors were disappearing from the Seven Seas, if you believed him. He gave me a half-hour that made me sweat, what with jury rigs, disabled rudders and every thinkable sort of mishap he could contrive to show that I could never bring my ship home to port. But I managed to convince him that we would be able to limp in, and when he gave me the signed slip and shook my hand I knew that he was sincere. The hand clasp he gave me took much of the sting out of the cross examination he had put me through.

So at last I was ready to go to Captain Strong. And now there was no need for me to go. I had ships of my own. I was a far different person from the lad who had stood on the deck of the *Shining Star* and had been promised the best Captain Strong had to offer when my time came. Of course there was Mary Strong. But it wasn't solely on her account that I resolved to accept Captain Strong's offer if it were still open. For more than four years now I had looked forward to the day when I would be ready to go to him. The day had come at last and it seemed to me that the sudden change in my fortunes, a change that I had had nothing

to do with at all, should not be allowed to alter my plans. When the ice went out in spring, I was on my way to New Bedford, having written to Captain Strong, and having been assured that he was waiting for me. He had in fact even been looking forward to the day when my letter should come.

One advantage the sailor has is that though he may move from berth to berth, either from force of circumstances, or according to his pleasure, the sea does not change. Headlands change; there are new landfalls and new departures, but the sea is the sea, mystic and immutable. I was as much at home on one of Captain Strong's vessels as I had been on the *Blue Mary* with the Lunenburg fleet. But there was a real and poignant change ashore.

MARY had waited for me, too. And just as I had had, she, too, had had hours of misgiving when she had wondered if the half promise on the deck of the *Shining Star* would ever be fulfilled. Ours was a speedy courtship, or rather, it was hardly a courtship at all. We had been so much in each other's thoughts for more than four years that it seemed like the culmination of something that had already been taking place.

Mary was twenty, but she was still the same afraid-little-girl I had taken out to the fish-trap in Salt Island bay more than four years before. She still clung to my arm as she did on that memorable day. She gave me that same sense of needing and wanting someone to protect her, to care for her; the sense of a very real need for someone she could turn to just as I, a motherless boy, had turned time and time again to my brother Bartholomew.

And yet, that was not my dream-picture of her at all. She was still afraid of the sea; she never went aboard a boat without a fluttering heart. As the girl of my dreams, my vision of her had been one who would stand by my side at the wheel, who would feel the glory there is in a full-rigged ship as I felt it. And though I knew these things in my heart, I pushed them aside. Why, I know not, unless it was that I saw only the light of love in Mary Strong's eyes, and to me, then, that was enough to surmount all difficulties, to make any misunderstanding seem trivial. And since that time I have learned that there was nothing at all unusual in this view of mine; that the love of youth has a way of turning a blind side to all but perfection.

We were married in June. Before winter came I was convinced that I had made a terrible mistake; that we both had made a terrible mistake. We had rushed into marriage without really knowing each other; our understanding was a thing of dreams and joys hoped for rather than experienced; there was little we had in common. Things that had seemed so small and insignificant in the spring had grown until they threatened to make a breach between us. And they were things you couldn't put your finger on; they were intangible, yet they formed a gulf between us that neither Mary nor I seemed able to bridge. We did not quarrel. I do not know quite how to explain the lack of sentiment that existed between us, but it seemed that much of the trouble lay in the fact that we didn't have anything really interesting to say to each other. Mary's life barely touched mine; she was afraid of the things I loved, and I in turn did not know how to meet her more than half way. Add to all this the fact that Mary was soon to have a baby.

[To Be Concluded in the June Issue]

## Wanderlust

[continued from page 67]

the floating dark to see if they would follow me. For I was still haunted by the suspicion that my movements were being watched by unseen eyes.

As I stood there I realized that the music of those tom-toms still remained a thing of distance. Not quite as vague a voice as had reached me in my apartment. Yet, I figured it must be miles away, and my imagination painted a scene of desert men keeping awake at some strange ritual of crime or pleasure to the surf-like roll of the drums. Perhaps, I thought, they are the ruffians waiting to have Ah-na delivered to them!

When I gave up my vigil in the shadows, it was this idea that made me know there could be no turning back on my part in the attempt to rescue Ah-na from her fate. No matter what danger lay before me, I was going to save her for myself!

Not a shadow loafed in the white ribbon of space, that ran between Ah-na's house and the adjacent one. Gripping my automatic under the folds of my costume, I invaded the alley-way. Once between the houses I felt reasonably safe from any kind of unexpected attack. For I could stand with my back to a wall and keep a sharp lookout on both sides.

BUT the attack did not come from the ground that I surveyed. It came crashing down from above, as if the stars had suddenly dropped out of the heavens and splintered themselves against my head.

For one fleeting instant I felt excruciating pain rush from the crown of my head to every part of my body. Then as my knees sagged under me, unconsciousness blotted out the searching torture.

Although my senses were reeling the next time I opened my eyes, I felt certain a ghost was bending over me; and that phantom fingers were prying into my chest. Squirming quickly to one side, I suddenly shot out my right hand to grasp the apparition. In my dazed condition I would not have been surprised if the bending smear of white had disappeared at my touch. Consequently, when my fingers gripped something that moved and acted like an earthly person, and when my ears caught the suppressed cry of pain from the phantom, I got the surprise of my life.

"O-h, Monsieur," whispered the white form, rocking forward until what seemed its head fell against my face like a stricken thing. Warm, sweet breath played upon my cheeks, and I inhaled the scent of an exotic perfume.

"Ah-na!" I said in a voice that would have been loud if the girl had not smothered my lips under the smooth satin of her face. Her touch kindled my numbed body into flaming life. A thousand little devils of pain throbbed in my temples. Yet, because it was indescribably mixed with ecstasy, I welcomed this torture that signaled the full return of my conscious powers.

"I saw it all from my window, Monsieur, and it was like my being stabbed to have you fall under a blow I dared not warn you away from. You—you were hit over the head with a club from a window above."

"You mean by someone in the house opposite yours—"

"Oui, Monsieur," she answered softly, her face still grazing mine . . . "They sneaked like spirits into the alley-way, bound and gagged you, and then carried you into this out-house . . . I waited an hour to sneak out here and untie you . . .

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"What did they look like?" I cut in.

"They wore white burnous and swollen turbans like natives. But, one was much taller than Arabs. Oh! as tall as the tallest of Turks," she assured me.

"Could you see their faces, Ah-na?"

"Non, Monsieur," was her answer. She drew her face away from mine as if suddenly aware of our nearness. "They were masked. I—I am most certain they were a band of prowling robbers."

MY MIND began to spin at the suggestion . . . Robbers! Boardman had warned me against the trickery of the East. Had Ah-na conspired after all to victimize me? If not, how would a band of prowling robbers have picked me out for prey, masquerading as I was in their native earth? Still, the girl was playing a strange and baffling game now by posing as my rescuer unless this role was to divert my suspicion from her, and Ben-Bai, the dancing hall proprietor. Another thing against her for the moment was the fact that she had apparently escaped, unaided, the bondage she had asked me to help free her from!

"Ah-na, you asked me to take you from this place. How did you manage to escape here to me by yourself?" I demanded, gripping her wrists until she winced.

"The Arab guard was a fool. I bribed him with kisses when I saw what had happened to you. He fetched us wine. I made him drink himself into a stupor. But, come, we must fly from here, Monsieur," she cried, rising and standing over me, a spectral figure in her disguise. Her answer was straightforward and it convinced me that she was innocent of complicity in any plot against me.

This left the guilt of the attack fairly up to Boardman in my mind. Of course, my automatic and about three hundred dollars were gone. Boardman had not been after such things, however. Robbery had been committed only as a blind. Boardman was clever enough to have tried to camouflage the attacks as real motives under such a gesture, I decided.

"Monsieur is not coming?" asked Ah-na in unfeigned alarm. "Monsieur does not trust me? Ah-na is afraid he will hate her for all the trouble she brings to him . . . and the hurt of his poor head."

I made my feet, feeling somewhat groggy from the effects of the blow. It was more than an impulse of the moment that made me draw her sheeted slenderness against me, and caress her agitated shoulders. I wanted Ah-na to understand that I would never hate her for any trouble she caused me—if she was playing square. Somehow the girl seemed to understand the meaning of my embrace, for she said brokenly:

"Monsieur was good to believe Ah-na . . . and to come back to help her. Ah-na never forgets. She is Monsieur's girl now—slave-girl—servant-girl—whatever Monsieur wishes."

Her words, and the way she said them, half-clinging to me, sent a wave of tenderness rushing through my heart for Ah-na. Once more I decided in her favor.

"I only want to save you, Ah-na, from what you told me about," I answered. "Come with me, and don't be afraid."

"We must not go through the alley-way. They may be still lurking there. We must sneak to the low wall behind Ben Bai's house. There are many walls like it beyond. We climb them a long time. Then we are safe—maybe."

It was not so easy to climb our way over a series of a half-dozen walls. But, finally I dropped down from the last barrier into a street that led away from

the main thoroughfare into another twisting alley. Ah-na, hindered less by the skirts of her costume than I had been, crawled over the edge and dropped gracefully to the ground. She wanted to run. However, I thought it best not to do so. Speed is too conspicuous a thing in Africa. A night and a day in the East had readily convinced me of that.

We sauntered along in moonlight that had acquired a new quality of paleness, for the grayish light of daybreak was now mingling with it. There was a stir in the air that presaged the waking of people who sleep with one eye open. This premonition of a new day brought its own presentiments. The dancing household of Ben Bai would soon be in an uproar over the discovery of Ah-na's flight. An old brown devil of his kind would not sit idly by and see so much gold stolen from under his nose. He would immediately turn to the sinister ways of the East to trace his lost prize. Even in all the maze of conflict and confusion that is Tunis, I did not believe I could cope with the native witchery that would be employed to find her.

"Ah-na, Ben Bai will scour all places for you. You will be safest with me—in the place where I live. You will go there with me?" I asked, setting a swifter pace now that we were approaching the street of my residence.

"Of course, Monsieur. Where else will I go? I am your girl now, Monsieur, am I not?" was her startling answer.

It was the Orient in the girl speaking. Her life had been a half-enslaved sort of existence. Emancipation from Ben Bai did not seem to mean freedom in the full Western sense of the word. It meant only a change in proprietorship! Ah-na believed that she now belonged to me, or at least, owed me some sort of allegiance!

This conclusion was like a fiery wind that fans flames beyond control as we went in my door. Of course, I had already anticipated romancing with her. I had hoped that Ah-na would like me—might even welcome my pursuit, and here she was, saying she was my girl!

WHEN I glimpsed her ascending the apartment stairway with the shadowy grace of a dancing girl, I asked myself what attitude I wanted to take toward her. Should it be that of the East—or the West?

These questions remained unanswered in my heart. A few moments later, we stood close together behind a locked door, our eyes searching for each other in the dim candle-light. We still wore our flowing white costumes, but Ah-na had pushed back the hood from her head, exposing thick, curly hair, which made a black frame of loveliness for her cameo-like face.

Her beauty was that of a fragile flower. For the enveloping folds of the native garment veiled the vitality and strength her young shoulders and limbs had suggested while dancing. No longer was she the Ah-na who had responded to the barbaric tattoo of tom-toms. Instead, she seemed only a tired little girl.

"Ah-na, you're worn out. You need sleep," I said, supporting her. She yielded as if my body had magnetized her own. As I held her, the trembling of her form communicated itself to me.

"You're not afraid any more, Ah-na?" I asked.

"There is nothing to fear, Monsieur—is there? Ah-na is just fatigued. Not of the body so much. I am strong, Monsieur!" she cried impetuously.

A current of strength passed through my arms and hands from her suddenly relaxed muscles.

"It is fatigue of the spirit—the soul. Fatigue that comes from what I once feared. Ah! Monsieur will never know how I lived in dread of what he saved me from," she ended, her shoulders convulsing under their thick covering.

The flame, her beauty, and lure kindled in my blood, became a soft fire that melted my fever into the desire to treat her tenderly. I think Ah-na must have understood what came over me; for there was a look of unutterable gratitude shining through the tears that suddenly glistened in her eyes. Her red lips made little inarticulate movements. She tilted her head backward until I could see the crimson flush spreading from her face far down the graceful column of her olive throat, and beyond. Ah-na now closed her eyes after the fashion of a woman about to receive a kiss.

Never had I dreamed that the warmth of a woman's lips could bring such a sense of sweet seduction to me. All of the white heat that had been the invisible passion of the African night, invaded my body and soul as we stood there swaying in each other's embrace for a perilous moment.

"Ah-na—Ah-na, I can't let you go!" I cried into her sweet, black hair. She made her answer only with eyes that fluttered open, half-revealing the depths that I could have gladly drowned myself in.

A few moments later we stood together on the threshold of my sleeping-chamber that was across the tiny hallway of my apartment. I handed her a pair of my pajamas.

"Good-night, cherie. If it gets too warm in here, open the door there. It leads to the street balcony," I said.

She swept my hand impulsively up to her lips, murmuring something into my burning skin. There was just the ghost of a wistful little smile working the corners of her mouth when I pulled my hand away. I went back to the sitting-room where a sofa was to serve me as a bed. While dressing, my thoughts dwelled tinglingly on the knowledge that Ah-na was doing the very same thing across the hall. Into this flaming consciousness danced a vision of her body and face that had fascinated me at first sight in Ben Bai's place. Then suddenly I realized that she had made no pretense of closing the door.

Too excited to sleep, I went to the window and watched the Eastern dawn. A furnace seemed to be spouting crimson flame against the horizon to the rising sun—flame that burned the domes of mosques and showered the flat-roofed buildings with a cascade of rippling fire. Into this same flame the slender minarets of Islam pointed heavenward like needles of fire, and the uneven skyline of old and new Tunis tumbled away into hills basking in some mysterious glow.

ALREADY the city was arousing. The soft sounds of morning were drifting through the maze of streets. Two turbaned figures strolled past my window. Then came a water-carrier on his way to replenish the empty goat-skin flung over his naked shoulder. My heart was beating violently as I watched these signs of Africa's awakening from a sleep it had hardly begun. They suggested all that lay before me . . . all that was to come out of the passionate East as a result of befriending a dancing girl.

Suddenly, I became aware of a presence in the room. Wheeling swiftly, I beheld Ah-na coming toward me in her bare feet. A tremulous little breeze of dawn had flattened the silk of my white silk pajamas against the curves and straight lines of her form. I felt my cheeks go hot at this

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little revelation of her young body's subtle glory.

"Ah-na, why have you come back?" I demanded in a voice as throbbing as my pulse.

The girl paused a few inches from me, sitting to-day like a flower in the leaves that make her costume a thing of white enchantment. Her dark eyes fluttered to the floor before an answer parted her red lips:

"I came to thank Monsieur again—and to tell you something that worries Ah-na," her hand went slowly over her heart.

"What troubles you, Ah-na?" I asked.

In that moment, I felt intensely the spell that Africa had cast upon me the night before as I had breathed its impassioned perfume, a spell that made me want to forget that I must protect this girl.

"I—I—had hoped Monsieur would—" she flashed the bedroom key at me for a second, then she started to cry.

"Is Ah-na not good enough for Monsieur? Is she now fitly of Monsieur?" she sobbed softly.

The truth came to me then. Ah-na knowing only the way of Eastern men had taught I would care. And she was afraid that I considered her too far below me!

"It is because I wish to believe that you are too good for me, Ah-na," I told her.

These words magically stopped her crying. The girl's eyes looked wistfully up into mine. That little ghost of a smile showed at the corners of her lips. Her bosom rose and fell, and her hands covered mine.

"Thank you, Monsieur, for saying that. Ah-na knows now that there is sweetness in the world," she said. Turning swiftly, she ran from me, disappearing into the hall and the room beyond.

Five steps, and I was in the hall. But, I stopped before the door. There I waited to see if she would close it. She did not. It was the proof of her trust in me. Somehow, then, it seemed much more wonderful to possess Ah-na's confidence than anything else she had to give . . .

I went back to my sitting-room, and threw myself down on the couch. I lay there tossing and turning until the dawning light became stronger, hearing the Muezzin calling the Faithful to the day's first prayer—"Allah il Allah, Mohammed rasul Allah" (God is God and Mohammed his Prophet) resounded the cry. Finally it became a blurred sound, in my ears, and sleep closed my eyes to the rising light.

**D**RAMS invaded my slumber—dreams of Ah-na; of Boardman; of conflict; of eyes that followed me everywhere; of the desert, and of more conflict. Several times I half-awakened as if the figures invading my sleep were real. But a drugged sort of reaction to the blow I received over the head had set in, and I kept drifting back in my dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

African sunlight blinded my eyes the first time I tried to open them after fully awaking. When I did become accustomed to the glare, and made my feet, I was uncomfortably aware of a throbbing sensation in the back of my head. The spot where I had been hit was not swollen, but it was as sore to touch as a boil. Most likely the Arabian headgear I wore on my adventure had saved me from more serious injury.

It was noon according to my wrist watch!—And Ah-na sat in a little heap on the foot of my couch. The pajama jacket was open at the throat and the sleeves rolled up above the elbows. I

covered my embarrassment by kissing her and asking her to wait for me.

I jumped into clothes, anxious to go below into the café and see if Boardman were hanging around. My suspicion of him was now stronger than ever. But, I could not quite understand how he had ever allowed Ah-na to slip through his fingers. This was the only thing that kept me from absolutely convicting him in my mind for the attack made upon me. His only motive could have been to put me out of action while he spirited her away and, yet, he had failed to achieve this purpose.

A close scrutiny of the cigarette marked "Achmed" that I had kept as a clue which might identify Boardman as my watcher of the past night, and I went downstairs. If I caught him smoking "Achmed" cigarettes, I meant to settle with my former countryman in no uncertain way; and after the fashion of one American to another in a strange land.

**B**UT, the café was almost empty, and no tall, sun-burned giant in white was to be seen at any of the tables. I walked swiftly through the patch-work streets, my eyes somewhat dazzled by the glare of the sun striking the mass of white-washed buildings. I sought a glimpse of Boardman in the noisy crowds of workers, loafers, squawkers, and wandering musicians that swarmed by. I even invaded some of the half-dark coffee houses where natives sat smoking and playing impulsively at dominoes and dice. But, in all the confusion of light, shadow, color, scent, bright silks on display, and babbling bazaars, there was no sign of my man.

When I returned to the café after my vain search, I found the place teeming with customers, mostly visitors, tourists and European residents of Tunis. A swift look and I saw that Boardman was there. He was sitting with his wide, white-clothed back to the door.

"Good-morning, Boardman," I said, stopping at his table.

He nodded at me, indicating the empty chair opposite him by a motion of his hand. I sat down, feeling that we would soon be upon our feet. Anyway, I wasn't going to beat around the bush with him.

"When you didn't show up for breakfast, I figured you must have taken a chance on that girl . . . If I wasn't an old timer around these parts, I might have been tempted to do the same thing. Fact is, I decided to beat you to it once, then changed my mind. She was a peach, all right! Even got a rise out of me. But," he laughed crisply, "there are plenty more Ah-nas to be had for less than the trouble of saving them from desert sheiks."

"I overslept," I told him, somewhat taken back.

I hadn't dreamed Boardman would bring up the matter so brazenly, unless it was his idea of destroying any possible suspicion on my part. There certainly wasn't anything about the man to indicate he was secretly guilty of what I thought he was. He had spoken calmly, almost flippantly of the subject, and his eyes reflected only the fact that he was a wanderer. There was a possibility that I might have misjudged him. If not, he was an actor as well as a soldier of fortune!

"I'll take a cigarette, Boardman, if you have one," I suggested, no longer able to keep from testing my clue.

He drew a flat case from out of a side pocket and opened it. I could not calm the agitation of my fingers as I fished out a cigarette and held it up to read the name of the brand. My eyes narrowed over the gilded word, "Achmed."

"What are you doing this afternoon, Boardman?" I asked, trying to sound

natural under the stress of rising anger.

"Thought I would ride into the fringe of the desert," he answered, his glances wandering gypsy-like through the café door.

"I'll go along with you," I said.

The desert would be just the place; out there in those lonely sand-hills, white men could follow the code of desert people and settle accounts between themselves.

"Several times I have felt that I came here to go down into the desert . . . A voice keeps trying to tell me that something will happen to me in the sand," I added, seeking to make an effect upon Boardman.

"Maybe that voice is right, Tandy. According to the Arabs, the desert is a place of destiny for some men. Almost anything can happen out there—anything," he answered in an even voice. But, I caught an underrcurrent of what seemed veiled warning in what he said.

A SILENCE descended upon us after his statement and overshadowed the rest of our meal. I felt sure Boardman was aware something unusual was impending. For it did not seem possible that silence was sufficient to mask my feelings and my thoughts.

"What time are you starting?" I asked later, as we arose.

"At four . . . the sun's not so fierce then. Meet me at the head of the trail to Biskra. Shall I arrange for your mount?"

"Yes, please. In the meantime, I've got a few things to take care of," I said, thinking of the revolver I must purchase in place of the one Boardman had robbed me of as a blind.

When I left him in front of my door, there was no doubt in my mind but that he would be at our appointed rendezvous. Even if he suspected the truth of my purpose, he would not back out. Boardman was not the kind to run from trouble.

"I must awaken Ah-na," I thought, rushing up the stairs two at a time. "She'll have to be on her guard if anything happens to me in the desert . . . and, there's no telling but that some of Ben Bai's men are picking up our trail."

My knock at Ah-na's door brought no response. Nor did the swifter and harder raps that followed the first. I grasped the knob tightly and turned it. But the latch did not slip back. I tried to twirl the knob. It only made a half-turn, then stuck fast.

"She's locked the door, after all," I exclaimed, unexpectedly angered by this discovery. I gave the knob a savage twist . . . wrenched it . . . then pounded against the panels. No sound was forthcoming from the room.

"Ah-na! Ah-na!" I called, trying to suppress the excitement suspicion suddenly invested me with. Still no reply from within. I waited in tense silence for perhaps a minute. Then I put all of my one hundred and ninety pounds into a vicious shove at the door. There was a tearing sound, and I almost fell headlong into the room. My eyes immediately focused upon the great bed which was empty.

It was many seconds before I got over the first shock of Ah-na's disappearance. But, even then I could not decide upon any one explanation of her going. My mind swirled with conflicting ideas. Had Boardman stolen her from under my nose in some unaccountable manner? Had Ah-na left of her own accord? Or had she been trailed to my place by Ben Bai and dragged back to the fate I tried to save her from?

Any one of these three things might have happened. The door leading to the room's street balcony was wide open. She could have taken flight, or been abducted.



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I surveyed the chamber dazedly for some bit of evidence that might establish one of these three plausible theories as the right one. For moments I stared at an envelope addressed to "Monsieur Americain" lying on a table. A note from Ah-na! The words, in French, finally stopped dancing and blurring before my eyes.

"Cher Monsieur," I read almost aloud. "You won't understand, but I have run away to take danger from you. Not because I wanted to leave you. Never again will Ah-na lift her lips up to another man as she did to Monsieur last night. Never will Life be so sweet again. It will be ugly, and bitter, for I must wear a veil for a desert man. But, I will always look through this veil and see Monsieur as one sees a star one cannot have. Ah-na will pray from her tent to Allah, and the Christian God for Monsieur Americain. And, it will lift Ah-na a little above her slavery to do this.

TWICE after you left me, and I fell asleep, Ben Bai stood over me with a dagger in my dreams. Then he came a third time. I awakened. Ben Bai was no dream. His dagger gleamed in the early sunlight. His voice was that of a devil. Ben Bai would have plunged his knife into my breast if I had not agreed to go back with him and be delivered to the desert chief for gold. Ah! Monsieur, Ah-na would have welcomed such death for herself. But, Ben Bai would have killed you too, and in the most ugly way. He had three deadly cobras in a bag. He handled the serpents, for he has the power of a charmer, and threatened to free them in your room if I dared refuse to go.

"Monsieur, the ways of the East are hard and cruel. I knew that since he had tracked me to your place, Ben Bai could have worked any miracle of discovery. The devils are with him. He learned my refuge because the eyes of Africa are always upon the white man. You will remember that your big friend knocked down an Arab that tried to embrace me while I danced. That Arab thought you struck him. He swore revenge, shadowing you. It was that fellow and two others who clubbed you, and robbed you.

"He told Ben Bai of your visit to the alley-way when my flight was noticed in the morning. Ben Bai came here and found me. He has made me swear by Allah that what I write to you now is to the effect that I am leaving of my own wishes. But, Monsieur knows better. Ah-na had dreamed of never leaving him!

"Women are but grains of desert sand here. We are blown about by the breath of men even as the sands are swept here and there by hot winds. Monsieur, I pray you now, please do not try to find me, or to help me. I shall be swallowed up by the desert, before another sunrise. But, I would rather have it that way than to know that Death lurks over you on my account.

"Au revoir, my Americain, and believe that Ah-na will never close her eyes to receive the kisses of any other man in the world; for she shall know only kisses that are pressed upon her by unwanted lips."

The words danced and blurred again before my eyes; a hand jerked at my heart, and I stood like a man in a cruel trance.

A caravan passed out of the city, and headed over the road that ran into the golden mist of southern distances, as I waited for Boardman and the horses. I began to feel the fire of restlessness in my blood as the cries of the camel drivers reached me!

"Oosh— Oosh—" they muttered over and over, until the fiery air echoed with an incoherent, almost mystical quality of sound. In this sound there was a murmur of the sun and desert that was swelled by the snatches of African music drifting from the white-washed city. Suddenly it became a calling voice in my ears . . . in my heart . . . and, in my soul.

The caravan lost itself in the African sun. Fever that was wanderlust became liquid fire in my veins, plaguing me with a consuming craving to follow the dimming procession. For no longer did Life furnish a purpose to hold me in one set place, or upon a charted route. Ah-na had melted into the mystery of a barbaric land. She had curtained her Eastern eyes, and her cameo face, behind the impenetrable veil of the desert! She had done this with a command that I must not seek her. So once more I must keep going, or else feel the fever burning me.

Boardman came at last, bringing two fine Arabian horses, two mules packed for a journey, two natives, and a pair of camels. One look into his eyes and I understood.

"I figured we'd better be pushing on, Tandy," was all he said as we mounted our horses and struck the trail of the caravan now completely lost in the gilded vapors of the South.

The African sun was sinking in the skies of red, conflagration investing the spaces with a peculiar bronze haze of heat, when we made our first stop on the route of caravans. It was then that I handed Ah-na's letter to Boardman. He took it without a word or gesture of surprise over my confession of having kept back the truth of my adventure, and my suspicion of him. Yet, Boardman's fever-haunted eyes did not focus upon the letter. Instead, they drifted off into the sunset like a pair of yearning gypsies.

"TANDY," he drawled in his caressing voice of America's far south, "I made a mistake in judgment last night. I figured I'd convinced you not to meddle in this mess. That's why I only watched you for a few minutes from a doorway across the street after leaving your place . . . But, this morning, when you didn't show up for breakfast I knew you'd fooled me.

"I slipped up to your balcony about nine, and was a secret witness of Ben Bai's ugly little drama. I would have croaked him if he'd struck the girl and started for your room. As it was, he could have stabbed her before I could have gotten a bead on him from my hidden position. The East is for the East, Tandy. I've come damn near merging East and West . . . But, I'm still a white dog of a Christian to these birds, and just for this reason I knew there wasn't any percentage in your getting in any deeper. So I let her go with Ben Bai," he concluded.

"A-ah! A-ah!" shouted our natives to the camels. One of the beasts snarled, and showed an ugly temper. But, the man finally "A-ahed" both of the desert animals to their feet.

"Shall we push on, Tandy?" asked Boardman, still glancing off into space.

"Yes," I returned. Then my thoughts went back a bit. "You said it took about ten years in the East for a white man to forget he's being watched by invisible eyes—"

"I didn't say 'to forget', Tandy," interrupted Boardman. "I said that after ten years here you're too busy watching others to feel aware of being watched."

"I don't know where I'll be ten years from now, Boardman. But, even then, and

[Turn to page 100]

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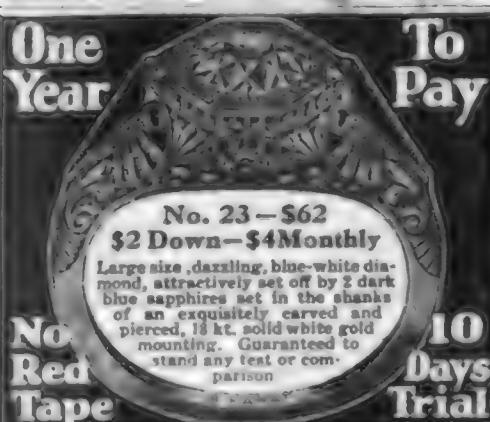
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## Wanderlust

[Continued from page 98]

thereafter I'll still see one pair of eyes  
looking up at me—

"You mean Ah-na's eyes?" he asked  
softly.

"Yes—I'll always see Ah-na's eyes," I  
confessed as we trotted our horses out, and  
headed toward the golden vapors that were  
already beginning to be tinged with purple.  
"I understand, boy . . . A white man  
never really forgets the first girl of the  
last that hits him. I can still see the

one that brought that scar to my arm in  
Burma years ago," answered Boardman,  
his voice drifting into silence.

But the fever that burns in my veins will  
never die until I find as I wander through  
the desert, not her face—for that is veiled  
—but her slender arm with a camel tattooed  
above the elbow. And when I do—who  
knows?

[THE END]

## The Final Show-Down

[Continued from page 28]

reshuffle your cards. His kind never get  
an attack of wedlock, and—

She jumped up, stamping her foot,  
fairly quivering with anger. "I never even  
thought of such a thing. I won't listen."

"Yes, you will, or I'll let Sid know it's  
time to notify the old folks to come for  
you. Now, as you don't know it, I'll tell  
you Ashley is the son of Senator John  
Morgan, one of the most influential politi-  
cians in the country and the owner of  
more dollars than there are dogs in Con-  
stantinople. 'Hard Shell' Morgan, the  
newspapers and his enemies call him. And  
he's all that, and more. If he ever thought  
one of his sons was serious about a chorus  
girl, there'd be a blowoff that would make  
a sixteen-inch gun sound like a toy pistol  
by comparison."

"I'm much obliged," and her lips set  
stubborn. "But I'll be able to take care  
of myself—and choose my friends."

"No, girlie, you mustn't talk like that.  
I'm your real friend. I want to steer you  
straight. I've been in this game so long  
I know the Broadway alphabet from A  
to Z. And I never forgot the advice I  
received from some of the older girls  
when I landed my first stage job. In a  
small package, it was that, while there's  
a lot of gold buried in the white light  
district, you've got to dig deep to get it.  
And the deeper you dig, the more you  
get soiled. I took that advice to heart."

Milly walked to the window and looked  
out, pretending not to hear. But I knew  
better.

"On the level, kid, if I'd wanted to  
make a short cut to Luxury Lane, I could  
have had my own car and a Riverside  
Drive apartment long ago. But I didn't.  
Some day I suppose I'll leave the stage  
and marry a boss carpenter, or a master  
plumber or, maybe, a reporter. However,  
when I do, I'll be able to lay my cards  
all face up on the table and look him  
straight in the eye."

Matters drifted along on an even keel  
for several weeks. The Fun Makers had  
become a fixture, a sell-out at every per-  
formance, with nobody worrying about  
yesterday or tomorrow. It was just when  
I couldn't see a single cloud in the sky  
that I was snapped out of my trance with  
a jolt. The wallop came from one of  
the girls who supported an invalid mother,  
a younger sister and a Bronx flat on her  
chorus salary. Out for a walk with her  
mother in one of those big parks in the  
upper city which we down-towners knew  
of only through the newspapers, she had  
seen Milly and Ashley Morgan riding  
horse-back under the trees of a bridle  
path. They hadn't seen her.

To say I was angry doesn't half tell it.  
My warning, probably, if it hadn't given  
her a laugh, had egged her on to having  
her own way. Of course she had kept  
her riding-habit at the place where she  
got her horse. The more I reasoned out

the situation, the angrier I became. It  
wasn't so much that she'd tricked me. A  
girl in love—or one who thinks she is—  
would deceive her own mother.

Knowing that both Sid and Big Joe  
had put faith in me, I was inclined at  
first to go straight to them for counsel.  
But I just couldn't bring myself to do it.  
I'd learned to love the little girl. I wanted  
to continue friendly; win back her confi-  
dence, if possible. And I knew this could  
not happen, once Sid had been told what  
I knew.

**H**E WAS an unusual combination  
Though ninety-five per cent of his as-  
sets as a show man consisted of the pretty  
girls in his company, he insisted they should  
do nothing to provoke unpleasant notoriety.  
Once a Harris' girl became mixed in a  
scandal, she was immediately shown the  
way out and told not to return. He  
couldn't make all of them behave, but he  
wouldn't stand for anything which re-  
flected upon his shows.

In Milly's case it would mean that her  
father would be summoned and given  
orders to take her home with him.

I really felt sorry for the kid. She  
surely possessed talent, in addition to un-  
usual good looks, and, if she kept her  
head, was certain to win a place in the  
spotlight with Sid within a year or two.

Then, early one morning, my little pal  
and I were summoned by telephone to  
Sid's office. The order was for double-  
speed. In the lower hallway the doorman  
told me to wait, while Milly was sent  
officeward in the elevator. I made an  
outside bluff at being unconcerned as a  
duck caught in a thunder-storm. But  
inside I was churning. I knew the fore-  
cast was for a big storm. And, twenty  
minutes later, when I saw old "Hard Shell"  
himself get out of the elevator and bang  
into the street without looking my way, I  
knew the blowoff had come.

Milly was sitting in a corner, crying.  
when I was shooed through the ante-room.  
She didn't look up. But Sid did. His  
expression was that of a man sitting on  
barbed wire. Questioned, I knew nothing  
other than that I always had been with  
Milly when she went out in the evening.  
Did she go out alone during the day?  
She did. Did I know she was carrying  
on an affair with Ashley Morgan? I  
didn't. But I knew that she had danced  
with him, as with others of our friends,  
when we visited the night clubs or cab-  
arets.

Maybe he believed me.

"Listen to me, Ionic, and get this  
straight. This little fool has gotten away  
from you. She's been playing around with  
young Morgan for months—in the day-  
time. You know what that would have  
spelled for her, sooner or later, if some  
one hadn't put old 'Hard Shell' wise."

"He came here crazy mad. Said Milly

had to quit seeing his boy or he'd find some way to drive her out of town. I'd give him a battle if I didn't know he's in the right. He knows Milly's not much good, and he figures any girl who travels around with him is no better. And he still hopes to tame this youth and take him into business with him. He won't stand for any chorus girl scandal which will reach the newspapers. He talked with Milly. Rough as he was, his advice was good. Now you take her home. And, hereafter, don't let her get out of your sight, morning, noon or night. I've warned her. If she sees Ashley again, it's back home for her on the first train."

A fine assignment—to keep an eighteen-year-old girl from a man she's crazy about.

I DON'T know how Ashley got word to Milly. But he did. Probably by the yellow-back tip route. Following the final curtain, she finished dressing first and said she would meet me near the mail-rack in the lower hallway. I followed in two minutes. She was not there. Mike, on the stage door, said she had run out, jumped into a big car at the curb, and vanished.

It didn't require a Sherlock Holmes to guess the answer. I made Sid's office in less than two flat. He got old Morgan at his club on the phone, and the hunt was on. But the result was a blank. Ashley Morgan and Milly had disappeared as completely as a fog blown out to sea. And the clincher that signified they were not coming back was that Ashley took with him a few thousand of his own and \$50,000 which his father had given him that day under pledge that he would not see Milly again, but would go to South America and forget her.

Of course the newspapers got hold of the story.

ASHLEY MORGAN, WEALTHY PRINCIPAL IN A DOZEN ESCAPADES, ELOPES WITH PRETTIEST OF FUN MAKERS CHORUS GIRLS.

That, and similar screaming headlines, was the delicate way in which the news was broken in print. I hurried to Harris' office, wondering if he would blame and discharge me.

HE DIDN'T, though—good, old Sid. "Try to forget it, Ionic," he said. "We did our best. But I'm sorry for the poor kid. I hope the breaks don't all go against her."

I couldn't stand the big room after that. The little one on the airshaft was better than looking about in the old surroundings and not seeing Milly there. I fell asleep nights thinking of her, and wondering. And I waited, day after day, for a letter, though I really didn't expect one.

But a letter did come, after nearly two months. For a time I was so dazed I just kept turning it over and over, counting the string of foreign stamps, spelling out the name of a town in Switzerland on the postmark. There were only a few lines:

"Dearest Ionic:

Maybe, by this time, you have forgiven me. I think of you so often, am so ashamed of the shabby way I repaid your kindness. I had to write. I am well and quite happy. I can't explain anything, but you will understand. Don't tell anyone but Mr. Harris you have heard from me. I don't know where I shall go from here, so can't ask you to answer. I wish you all the luck in the world, old pal."

Lovingly,

MILLY."

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That was all. But I read a dozen additional pages between the lines. "Not one word about being married. If she had been, she'd have written reams about it. Poor little kid!"

After that I received more letters, at intervals. But never a word about her companion, nothing about wedding bells. And always Milly said she was moving about with no fixed destination: not to write. They came from Paris, from London, from a famous German health-resort. Then, after a long period of silence, I heard from her from Southern California. The next letter was from Utah, one from Arizona, then two from a mountain town in Colorado.

It was the letters written in America which set me to thinking. All were from localities where people went to fight for their lives when disease had gripped their lungs. One or the other was ill. I couldn't, wouldn't believe it was Milly. She had been a robust, healthy child of the prairies. Ashley? Why not? The life he had lived, the late hours, the persistent drinking—and all the rest.

But, when I finally received an answer to my guesses, it fairly stunned me. One of the girls read it from a newspaper one night in our dressing-room: a brief item. Ashley Morgan, oldest son of Senator John Morgan, who for more than a year had been touring the resorts of Europe and America in search of better health, had died in Colorado. Neither his family nor friends had known he was suffering with tuberculosis when he left New York. His body was being sent home. Senator Morgan was touring the Far South on business. Ashley's brother, Bruce, a university senior, was on a brief hunting vacation. The Morgan attorneys were making efforts to reach both. There was not a word concerning Milly.

Ashley Morgan's funeral attracted a throng to the great Fifth Avenue church. I was there. But not to mourn or from curiosity. But hoping, wishing as I never had wished for anything, that somewhere in the crowd I would find Milly. She was not there.

\* \* \* \* \*

More than three years drifted by—long ones. I continued with the Fun Makers, singing, dancing, smiling, filling my little niche. And I still played a lone hand.

One night, when I said, "Howdy," to Mike at the stage door, he pointed toward a letter for me in the rack. The handwriting gave me a real thrill. My fingers trembled so I could scarcely tear off the envelope as I huddled close beneath the light in my dressing-room.

"Dearest Ionic:

I know I have been neglectful so long I deserve no forgiveness. But I shall ask it when I see you, soon. I shall reach New York Monday morning. Please come to the Garden Hotel to see me—Monday if possible. I am returning to my old work. Maybe Mr. Harris will give me another chance. Perhaps some day I will explain what has happened to me since I saw you last. But not now or when we meet. My baby will be with me. He is nearly three now. You will love him. As always, lovingly.

MILLY."

She was coming back. We would be together again, probably working side by side. For Sid was sure to take her back. These thoughts shut out all others for a few moments. Happy? Too short a word to express my feelings. Then I recalled those concluding lines. "My baby will be with me. He is nearly three now."

Nearly three? Ashley's boy.

After the show that night I showed the letter to Sid. His face never twitched a muscle.

"Bring Milly to my office as soon as she arrives."

Milly met me as I left the elevator at the hotel. Of course we cried and laughed and hugged each other. In her room, I don't know which held my attention closest, she or the little fellow who ran to meet us—the deep black eyes and the blonde brown hair of Ashley Morgan. For Milly seemed to have grown taller, surely more splendid in figure. And the years had only added to her beauty. She was glorious. If the lash of experience had left welts, there was nothing to suggest it except, perhaps, her eyes. These had lost their old, happy, care-free sparkle.

Milly went alone to see Sid. She returned radiant. He had praised her appearance. Her voice, he insisted, had improved. And not only had he given her a contract, but he had promised to have a small part written into the show for her. "The salary is much greater than—before," she said. "Now we can take a place uptown, near a park, where I can take Harry to play."

And she waved aside my objection that I could not afford the extravagance. My share would be just the same as when we had the old room together. She was to receive such an increase that she would pay the difference, "and, besides, there are two of us now."

At Sid's prompting, the newspapers were kind, only brief notices telling of Milly's return to the Fun Makers. There was no reference to Ashley Morgan. Within a week we had settled down to a rather hum-drum existence. An elderly woman cared for the boy when we were at the theatre and acted as maid at other times. After the show we made a straight-cut for home nightly. Mornings, we three were in the park.

But though the days slipped into weeks, Milly did not make me her confidant. Only once did she explain a bit of the past. She had been at the home of her parents, very ill, when Ashley Morgan died. Her people and her physician would not permit her to go East to the funeral. Her baby had been born shortly after, but she had remained at home until she believed he was sufficiently old to be brought to New York.

IT WOULD have been wonderful if we could have gone on living that way, indefinitely. But, as usual, Fate was sitting in on the game, and not only was she shuffling, but she was stacking the cards.

Milly, seized with a sudden ambition to win a real place for herself on the stage, worked very hard. Two or three times a week she stole away to take singing and dancing lessons. It was hard grind. And, after a month or two, it began to make such inroads upon her health and vivacity that Sid noted it. Finally, he put his foot down, insisted that Milly must take some recreation, do something besides work. His suggestion was that we visit a cabaret or two weekly, mingle with gay people and take a little laughter tonic.

Naturally, she was a bit backward about making such a plunge, knowing she would meet many who had known her in the old days. But she was greeted with such enthusiasm the first time she and I journeyed into the midnight belt, felt so much better after a few hours of real relaxation and gaiety, that both of us were happy.

Our second excursion into the same territory after the theatre was equally enjoyable. But, our third venture was decidedly not so good. Scarcely had we shed our wraps and moved into the jazz atmosphere of the ballroom, when an old

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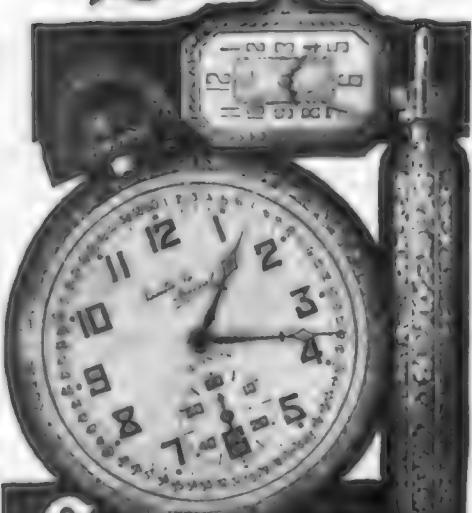
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acquaintance hastened toward us, followed by a good-looking youth in his early twenties, immaculately dressed, but with a decidedly more serious air than usually is associated with a Broadway joy-hunter. I was still trying to make up my mind about him when he was introduced as—Bruce Morgan.

I don't know whether I spoke or not. I was too busy watching Milly. She flushed, then turned white at the name, but otherwise kept her wits. And the youth, surely aware of Milly's identity, of the past in which she had been associated with his brother, carried off the introduction with no thicker of emotion other than a smile. Then he insisted that we join him and his friend, and soon we were seated at a table where, despite Milly's protest, he ordered supper.

My brain seemed to be going around as though I were ten thousand feet up in an airship. Bruce Morgan, according to report, was a studious lad to whom Broadway and its environs constituted unknown terrain; one who was following in his father's business footsteps. Yet, here he was. I finally gave it up and waited for time to write the answer.

Later, when I could slip away briefly, I inquired concerning Bruce Morgan's sudden fondness for night life. None knew. The best explanation I got was that "Hard Shell" Morgan had gone to Europe to attend to important financial matters for the government which would take months and that, immediately following his departure, Bruce had begun to frequent the cabarets and night clubs. But he had been no roisterer, like his brother. Affable, a good mixer, always ready with jest or laughter, and a liberal spender, he had won friends on every side. But he drank very little and played no favorites among the fair sex.

Just the same, my informants raised questioning brows when they spoke of his meeting with Milly, which we all realized must have been deliberately planned. None would have introduced them unless he had requested. In the few hours we remained at the cabaret, Milly played her role gamely—no matter what she thought or guessed—and she laughed and danced as though really enjoying herself. But, when we left, she refused to escort Bruce and his companion, and returned home in a taxicab.

In our rooms Milly positively refused to discuss her meeting with Morgan or the evening's outing. But, after a long period of silent thinking, she announced she was through with after-the-show life in the gay places.

**H**AVE you ever noted the little ball that goes bumping about on a roulette wheel, headed no place in particular and landing where you least expect? Yes. Then you'll understand as I go along.

Two days later, when Milly and I were in the park with Harry, Bruce came along, took his place coolly upon the bench beside us and made friends with the boy. Milly staged the battle of her life to keep up a bold front on that occasion. And, never so much as by the flutter of an eyelash did he betray himself, show anything but polite, good-natured interest in all of us, though he must have realized we knew the meeting was no accident. But the thing which puzzled me most—and probably Milly as well—was whether he knew his relationship to the child.

Again Milly became a sphinx concerning her own feelings after we reached home. And, throughout the remainder of the week, she remained indoors in the daytime, sending Harry to the park with the maid. I, of course, stayed in with her. But the situation was getting on my nerves. So, on Sunday, I made a deter-

mined effort to get her to take a walk with me. She refused. We kept to our room, reading and dozing until—about four. Then, following a clatter of voices, in which I noted Harry's, in upon us walked, first the maid, then Bruce Morgan, the little fellow leading him by the hand.

I just sat stunned. For a minute I couldn't decide whether Milly would fight or run. But, finally, she met the situation with a forced smile. And she even pretended to believe Bruce's declaration that, quite by accident, he had met the child in the park; that the boy had insisted he come home with him.

I'm not much of an expert on psychology, miracles or love. So I'll tell what happened in the fairly immediate future in short sentences. Bruce, once he had gained entree to our little home, refused to remain away. And, realizing this, Milly resumed her outings in the park, sometimes with me along, at others with Harry only. But Bruce always was there, played with the boy and accompanied Milly home.

I couldn't make his game at all. And I didn't question Milly, who sometimes seemed bitterly annoyed, at others amused, then—well, I didn't know. But, after a few weeks, when she talked about giving up her work, leaving New York and remaining away so that she could escape Bruce, but never making a real move, I began to suspect that—fantastical as it might seem—these two were falling in love.

**T**HEN came another long period of pretending and side-stepping by all of us, but with me wondering when and how the farce would end.

However, one night, with a suddenness which fairly jolted me, she blurted the truth. "I'm in trouble. I think you've guessed it. I'm just stumbling along, with no certainty as to the future. But I'm going to see this thing through. I'm not going to leave New York. I've been fighting against myself, and lost. I ran away with Ashley Morgan because I don't know why. It wasn't love. I learned that. Perhaps it was the spirit of adventure, a desire to see life, the infatuation of a country girl for a worldly, fascinating man. But—I'm afraid I'm really in love with Bruce Morgan. Yes, he's been making love to me; though not in so many words."

"But—"

"I know what you would ask. No, we have not said a word about the past. He never has mentioned his brother's name or questioned about the boy, whom he loves dearly. But I won't run away; I'll just stay here—and wait—till he tells me anything he wants to."

After that, for many weeks, things moved along with reasonable smoothness; nothing in particular happening to place more worries upon my already burdened shoulders. Now and then Milly repeated her threat to go to some place where Bruce would not find her. But she didn't. And he, with a persistence worthy of his father, refused to heed her half-hearted requests that he see her only infrequently. He laughed at the idea that gossip was certain to link their names in a way to bring trouble to both.

But I could not put the future out of my mind with a shrug. And one morning, after a tedious rehearsal of a new jazz number, when I was hastening toward the comforts of a kimono and soft slippers, I determined we must reach some definite understanding. Common sense told me we could not continue to go on living as we had been. But my intended talk never took place. For, though little Harry and

his nurse were away to the park, Bruce was there.

So we just sat and chattered, shop-talk and of people, all sidestepping the really important problems on our minds. But the quiet of our rooms was interrupted suddenly by a racket in the hallway. People were talking in angry voices. As they neared our door, I caught a whining protest from the elevator boy. Next, a rumbling, "I tell you I don't want to be announced. I'll find her for myself."

"Father! He wasn't to return from Europe until—" Bruce's exclamation died away in a choking gasp. I suddenly felt weak all over. Milly had gone sickly white. Old "Hard Shell" just outside meant only one thing. The explosion I had feared—

THE buzzer rasped. He had noted Milly's name on the door. I opened my lips to advise against replying. But she cut me short with, "Go into the other room, both of you. Don't come unless I call." Her lids had narrowed to tiny slits, her little mouth had drawn into the stubborn lines I knew too well. If it must be war, she was ready. I tiptoed into the room beyond. Bruce, after an instant's hesitation, followed.

She hurried away toward the outer door. Bruce and I huddled just inside that of the bedroom, which he had closed to a mere crack. His heavy breathing indicated the excitement under which he labored.

A mutter of voices reached us, then approaching steps. As they entered I forgot about Milly in looking at "Hard Shell" Morgan. It was the first time I had glimpsed him at close range. He stood six feet, if an inch; his bulk was that of a bull-wrestler, while his heavy features were set in hard, domineering lines.

"Won't you sit down?" I glanced from the towering, frowning financier, who had tossed his hat viciously upon a table, to the mite who faced him. There was not a quaver in her low, even tone. For a moment he stood glowering, his little gimlet eyes shining wickedly. But if he had counted upon bluffing her that way, he failed.

"All right," he grunted, finally, dropping into a chair opposite the one she had taken and leaning over until his head was within a few feet of hers. "You remember me, of course?"

"You are John Morgan."

"Right. And the father of Bruce Morgan, which is most important just now. I suppose you also know why I came here?"

"No, not exactly. Perhaps it would be better if you explained." Milly's answer was slowly deliberate, but I had a hunch she was trying for more time to set herself.

"Right. Now, Miss Shannon," and his words seemed to snap, "I'm a business man and will not waste words. How much cash will you take to leave this city at once, never return, and sign an agreement never to see or communicate with my son, Bruce, again?"

A smothered gasp over my shoulder told where the shot had hit hardest. I think even Milly was jolted for a second, but—"You have come to the wrong place, Mr. Morgan. I must decline to discuss your son. I neither want nor need your money. And, as New York is my home, where I earn my living, I shall not leave it."

"Yes, you will!" He drove a great fist with a thud against his knee. "Either you go willingly, with the money I'll pay to be rid of you, or I'll see you don't earn a living here. Sid Harris won't dare defy me and the financial pressure I can bring to bear upon him."

"You have said enough, Mr. Morgan."

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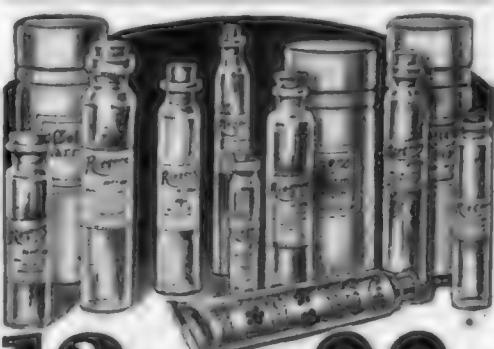
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### Doubt

[Continued from page 71]

man. "I did," I cried. "I have doubted from the beginning, but there have been things Mrs. Reed told me, and others that shook me."

"She talked to you—you see she has gone beyond any chance of turning back. I suppose she feared the papers?"

I nodded.

"She told you things you could not doubt, Harlan? And there were others?"

"I was in the restaurant—I followed—I can't explain it. Even though I doubted you, I felt I had to stand by you."

He had picked up his pipe from the desk. The thing fell apart in his hand and he laid it back again in two parts.

"Symbolic," he said heavily, pushing it from him. "Harlan, I don't blame you—I don't blame her. I have been a damned fool, and I am facing the consequences."

"But," I urged, "can you not trust me enough to tell me how you are involved? I tell you I have believed in you from the beginning; even if my faith was shaken, it is not lost. I am asking you to state your own case as you would a client's in court."

"No," he said, sitting down again in his desk chair and locking his hands between his knees nervously. "No, Harlan, it would not be as I should state a case in court for anyone else. If I were doing that, I should tell only half the truth. If I state my own, it must be the whole truth, the evil and the good. That is why I cannot tell it in court. It would make my shame greater and humiliate Marion more than my silence."

It was a little time before he spoke again, but when he did, he went on until the thing was told and I sat without interrupting him until the end.

"It was two years ago, Harlan, that Sadie Barnett first came into my office. It was she you saw today in the restaurant. She came to me with a case so clearly defined and so patently righteous that I took it without an instant doubt of my being in the right in backing her. I won that case for her, and then she came to me and begged me to handle all her affairs for her. I undertook it because she seemed so helpless and so unhappy—she told me she had been involved in an affair with an unscrupulous man and that he was trying to fleece her out of every penny that she had. She made no pretense of being a virtuous woman, but I believed her sincerity and her anxiety to make good—believed in the simplicity of her helplessness. She did not even know the simplest forms of legal procedure and came to me for every little difficulty. I charged her nothing, because I knew she was poor.

"She was down to a paltry two hundred dollars and one diamond ring which she said was worth about five hundred, and her only other bet was some shares in a milling company which this man I mentioned was trying to get from her through a technical error. I was sorry for her, so sorry for her that I let her sit here and cry in my office time after time, talking her out of it each time as I might a child.

**S**HE came to me last spring—it was early in April—looking frightened and anxious, and told me this man Burns was after her again, hounding her to go back to him. She said she couldn't stay where she was, and they wouldn't let her go until she paid her rent, and that she had drawn her two hundred dollars and given it to Burns in order to free herself of him long enough to move. I told her she was an idiot to do a thing like that—that she ought to have called in the police, but she only got hysterical and asked me if I wanted her to lose her newly established reputation.



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"Well, I sent her away, after cheering her up in the usual way, and I was so sorry for her that I felt there was nothing finer I could do than give the poor woman an even chance. I told her I would engage rooms for her in an uptown apartment where there would be little danger of her being traced, and that if she would live quietly and keep off the streets for a month, I thought the thing would blow over and she would be free. She was grateful, hysterically happy, but remembered in the midst of it that she had no money. I told her to pawn her ring. She took it from her finger and gave it to me.

"YOU will," she begged. "They will give me so little. They will be afraid not to be fair to you. Then you can keep the money here and give it to me as I need it and no one can take it from me. Why not, when you handle all my affairs?"

"Why not!—My God, Harlan, I did it! Can you conceive it? A lawyer—one who had handled dozens of divorce cases—who had read hundreds of sob letters from the demi-monde! I fell for her stuff, and for six months I paid that woman's rent regularly—not by check, but through an under-clerk whom I trusted. He was square and he would have stood by me, but this spring he died. He took to dope, and I'm wondering now why—whether she involved him too in something he could not escape?

"At the end of that six months I stumbled accidentally on Sadie Barnet's back trail, and I knew then just what a consummate idiot I had been. She had worked the same game, not once but twenty times before on men just as honorable, just as gullible, and just as idiotic as myself.

"Harlan, I had all the confidence that an honorable man has until he finds his honor has been stripped. I believed I was equal to the situation—that I could easily outmaneuver that woman's small intriguing mind. I called her into my office: I handed her back all her papers, and her ring, which I had never pawned but held as security, told what I knew of her, and told her to leave town in twenty-four hours.

"She laughed at me, laughed till the tears rolled down her face. She could always manage hysterics, whatever the occasion. She told me I was in too great haste: that she was unable to go, because I had not yet secured her shares of stock, and she was without funds. I told her she was lying, and I told her also that I knew the name of every man in town on whom she had worked her hard luck story, and that I had sent to each one of them a complete record of her operations. That hit her where she lived. She turned into a little fury. She grabbed up her papers and flung open the door of my office, shouting at the top of her voice.

"I'll get you for this, Courtland Reed I'll get you where it will finish you forever. Destroying a poor woman's honor—stripping her because you are tired of her!"

"I don't know who heard her. I was too dammably mad just then to care, and much as I hated her. I hated myself far more for my own infernal idiocy. I went through a month of hell, in which she came to my office only twice, but each time to annoy me, and leaving me always with the dread of her return. I should have arrested her, but I knew she had letters of mine which could be wrongly interpreted, and I didn't dare. I bribed her to give them up, but there was no price she would accept. She had me there.

"Then I heard that she had left town, and I began to breathe again, but a few weeks

later rumors began floating round that I was keeping a woman in another town. Two friends of mine told me of them, and one of them named a man—a low sort of cur who had visited the woman in her apartments and gained her admission that her home was provided by Courtland Reed.

"She was thorough—cleverer far than I had ever dreamed her. She worked like that in the dark, mud-smearing my name until last month. Then she came into the open and approached my wife, with what success you know. Until today I had hoped that there might be some way in which I could meet with Marion and explain myself. She has refused consistently to see me since reading those letters and interviewing Sadie.

"But this morning, through her lawyer, Marion sent me word that she would file suit for divorce on Monday, so I realize I have been deluding myself with vain hope. I do not blame her. From what that devilish little fiend told me of their interview, Marion could have little choice. I would not have believed anything else myself. If anyone ever tells you that an ignorant woman may not be diabolically wise, don't believe it. When the devil gets hold of them, he inspires them to fiendish intelligence. There wasn't a technical error in her yarn. She has me beaten throttled and gagged. She even drew the admission from me just now as she left me. You saw her."

I nodded, my sympathy too full for speech, and we sat for a little in a silence so complete that the rumbling traffic in the street below us seemed to rise up and fill the room. Then I got to my feet and turned toward the window, feeling the necessity for movement. As I swung about, I noticed with an uncomfortable feeling that the door to the reception room hung ajar, and cursed myself for having been careless enough not to make sure of its security when I drew the latch shut.

I crossed now to close it, feeling like a man who locks his barn after the steed is gone; but as I neared it, it swung wide and there before me stood Marion Reed, not looking at me, but looking past me at the bowed, broken figure of the man behind the desk, who had slumped down again with his head resting on his clenched hands.

"Courtland!" she called unevenly. "Courtland!"

**H**E SPRANG to his feet with a sort of choked cry, and stared at her as if he thought her an apparition.

"You," he gasped. "Oh, Marion!"

She crossed the threshold, closing the door behind her and leaning against it as if she felt too weak to stand. She paid no heed to me, and I could not leave the room without obtruding myself too much into the moment. My eyes went to Courtland Reed's face and clung there. It was like a wonderful instrument revealing the thoughts of his mind, and the things I read there told me fully of the agony, of the fear and the hope that welled within him. Not till she spoke again did the hope triumph.

"Courtland, I heard—everything you told Mr. Harlan. I believe you."

"Oh, my God, my God!"

He went to pieces like a broken boy, and it was she who went to him and took him in her arms.

I left the room, blunderingly, blinded, but I never hope to know another moment more exalted than that one, when I drew the door shut behind me and made my way through the deserted offices.

**Can a man close his heart to love? Sometimes he wants to. Read the story on page 56 of the June issue.**

## The Trespasser

[Continued from page 77]

brought the Pennsylvanian into our lives would somehow lift him above the ranks of our sworn enemies.

I suppose it was the fear that something might happen to prevent our seeing each other again that prompted me to tell Richard Drummond about the masked ball my brother Hayne was giving at his home the next night. What else could it have been except the voice of Love pleading for a chance against a fate that might be heartless?

"AND, you—you really would be glad, Miss Ravenard, if I do what you suggest—masquerade and go to the ball?"

"Yes, if you will remember that, like Cinderella, you must be gone by the stroke of twelve. For then we will unmask, and it would never do for you to be—" I suddenly hesitated over finishing my sentence.

The boy glanced at me understandingly, a look in his eyes that I would have loved to kiss away. For it was a look of hurt.

"I know what you're going to say. I—I've sort of caught the feeling down here against me—against Northerners. Even the negroes at the hotel let me know that—that Yankees are not wanted here. I'm wondering, after all, if it would be best for me to dare intrude at your brother's ball."

"I want you to come," I interrupted in spite of the inner voices that were condemning me for my unfaithfulness and treason to Father and the South.

"Then I will, Miss Ravenard," he said, his brown eyes looking wistfully into mine. "And, I—I want to thank you for all of this," he said, making a slow flourish with his arms.

"I do not understand," I murmured, hoping to draw him out.

"It was kind of you to let me come today. Of course—I—know one does not rush into Charleston homes as we do in Pennsylvania. Perhaps my eagerness to see your father may be accepted as an excuse for my presumption." His voice was lower than I expected it could be.

"I came," he went on, "to give back two things that should have been returned long ago. But until now there has been no way—" he arose abruptly, his voice faltering at the same time. Restlessness appeared suddenly to possess him. He bent over the bush of snow-petaled roses that halfhid us from the house. His restlessness became contagious.

"From my window I saw you start to take a rose. Will you wear one if—if I give it to you?"

I found an answer in his brown eyes, and in the half-gesture of his hand toward me.

I twisted the most perfect of all my white roses from its stem. In the giving of it to him, our fingers grazed. It was a touch that seemed the all of everything—and, yet, not half enough.

I swayed ever so little away then toward him. Richard Drummond steadied me gently, and I remember deliberately pressing against him as his fingers touched my arms. For a beautiful moment there was only a gossamer veil of dusk between us, and he was saying something that reached me only incoherently. But that did not matter. It was enough to have his voice echoing deep down in my consciousness; to feel my heart turning tender; to want his hands to remain against my arms.

"Elaine."

The sudden call was like a shattering blow. I hurried toward the lower piazza, followed by Richard Drummond. The door opened.



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Father crossed the threshold; slim shoulders held high; his proud, fine old race, prouder and more finely drawn, in the presence of the enemy. His thoughts were running back through twenty-odd years. He was remembering what he would never forget—a blue-clad army crushing his country, turning his fields; breaking his heart. I turned away from the frozen look in Father's eyes, realizing I had betrayed him.

"I am Major Ravenard. You wished to see me, suh," he demanded.

Richard Drummond did not answer immediately. Most likely Father's hostility had plussed him. Only when the silence became unbearable did he speak. But his voice was not uncertain, as I had expected it would be. Instead, there was a ring in it that thrilled me, a ring which announced his recognition of Father's antagonism, and his own intention to ignore it.

"Yes, sir, I am Richard Drummond from Pennsylvania, and I have come to return some property of yours—"

"Property? I do not understand, suh," cut in Father.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, if I made my explanations to you alone . . ."

I turned at these words and faced the two men. They were standing a few feet apart. Before Father could reply I curtseyed, and swept indoors, immediately retreating to my balcony. The night shadows gathered as I waited for some indication of what was taking place downstairs . . .

Charleston had become a place of quaint shapes silhouetted against a starry sky when Father's voice I heard, strained and hard from the street door:

"Send me the sword and the watch from your hotel tomorrow by messenger, suh. I repeat that I can only accept them as a gentleman accepts returned stolen goods. The sword of an officer and his watch are always personal property. To remove them from a helpless wounded officer as mine were taken at Antietam, was theft, suh—"

THE closing of the door sharply . . . the gasp that broke from Richard Drummond's lips in the street below snapped something inside me. I wanted to rush to the iron railing and call down to him. But chains shackled me to the stone flooring. The hands of invisible Ravenards seemed to throttle my throat, choking all chance of outcry.

Through the deepening night spaces, I saw him turn and face me. He swept off his hat. For one fleeting instant I glimpsed that hurt look in his eyes. Then the night shadows veiled them. My hands yearned to reach out and draw him back. But I only stood there like a statue as he bowed himself into the enshrouding dark.

Father sat through dinner like a stone man, save for the uncontrollable twitching of his drawn lips and the white fire blazing in his eyes. This was the worst of signs with him, and so I waited fearfully for the storm to break.

It broke as Uncle Jacob served the dessert. Father suddenly got up from the table, wavering in the flickering candle glow, an old man in the grip of a conquering rage. His lips moved, contorting his face. He tore at his formal clothes as if they were caging the fury burning inside of him.

"Damn it!—the very dastard's son . . . And you, Elaine," he cried, the white anger of his eyes blazing at me, "to sit and talk with the offspring of such a battlefield ghoul—"

"Father!" I begged, throwing my arms around him in alarm. "What do you mean?"

My words had some magic effect on him, or else it was the reaction of his

burst, because he suddenly became calm. Indicating my chair, he bade me be seated again.

"Elaine," he began, his voice still a trifle shrill and high, "you know the story of the wound that nearly finished me at Antietam. You know how I met that Yankee captain outside the Yankee trench?"

"Yes, Father," I murmured, grasping his gesturing hands. I did not want him to enact that terrible scene all over again.

"This fellow, Richard Drummond, is that same Yankee captain's son. Mind you, girl. I never held it against him for almost shooting me to death. Killing men was our business then. It was what followed that damned him more than any other Yankee in my heart; it was his ugly act that made me never want to know his kind except as enemies—that made me never forgive and forget. That Yankee, Drummond, fought over me with one of his common soldiers, for my sword, and my watch that held a picture of your mother, and a lock of her golden hair. I lost consciousness just as the Captain claimed those things as spoils. Today, twenty years later, his Yankee son offers to return them, stung by a conscience that haunts men who desecrate the field of honor."

"But, Father, isn't it something in the son's favor that he came to give them back?" I asked, hoping against hope. "Didn't he offer some excuse for having kept them so long? Didn't he apologize?"

"Excuse! Apologize! My God, Elaine! What are excuses and apologies on the tongue of such a man's son? I didn't ask for any such things from him. I showed him the door, telling him he could return them by messenger in the morning—telling him that I would accept them only as a gentleman accepts his returned, stolen property—"

"Oh, Father!" I cried.

"You—you dare to side with him?" he demanded, roughly grasping me with his hands for the first time in his life.

My answer was to lean against him and cry into his agitated shoulder—the one that had taken a Yankee bullet from Richard Drummond's father. In that heart-breaking moment, all that had seemed so beautiful in the garden a short time ago became something ugly and repulsive. The promise of an enchanted moment died in my heart, leaving only bitter despair there.

"OF COURSE not, Father," I answered, lifting my eyes to meet his. No longer was there any tenderness in my heart for the Yankee. I was my father's daughter, and because for a moment I had chosen to forget this in the garden, I now sided with Father more vindictively than ever before. Richard Drummond was the enemy to whom no Ravenard could show quarter!.

It was a long time before Father calmed down sufficiently to retire to his room. When I was sure that he was asleep, I went into the library and wrote Richard Drummond not to come, under any circumstances, to my brother's masquerade party. Long after dispatching Aleck, one of the house boys, with the note, I sat on my balcony and watched the mystery of summer night glamorize the moonlit waters of Charleston Harbor, and the proud old houses that gleamed like alabaster in the flood of silver.

\* \* \*

All the glamor of a long-ago that we Southerners spoke of as the Great Period invested the gay scenes at my brother's masque ball the next night. For the fairest of our fair, and the most gallant of our country round were gathered in the



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costumes of a romantic past. There were ladies from the Colonies; gentlemen in powdered wigs; not a few visiting lords and ladies; a sparse number of young gallants in the picturesque trapings of medieval knighthood; and, many men and women who, like myself, wore the dress of Carolina's own chivalric era that flowered before the bugle call of '61.

It was while waltzing to the dreamy strain of a minuet that my heart stood still at the touch of a tall, silver-masked man in the blue and gold of an English knight. His fingers, lying lightly against my bare arm, and the inescapable brush of his silken shoulder against mine made me know that he was Richard Drummond. Even in the anger of my discovery, I knew no other man's touch could have had such an effect upon me.

"Meet me on the balcony after this dance," I whispered icily, curtseying to a new waltz partner. The masked dancers seemed to whirl and spin around me as Richard Drummond's graceful figure glided through the crowd of merry-makers. Through the peep-holes of my mask, I followed his every movement with eyes that one moment blazed with anger, and the next burned with a yearning I could not master. But, in my heart, there was nothing but a stark decision. He must go at once, and never dare cross a Ravenard door again!

I WAS waiting for him on the moon-whitened balcony when the bells began chiming in Saint Michael's where Charles-tonian aristocracy had worshipped long before America thrilled to the tattoo of inspired sticks against Revolutionary drums. As their silver pealing drifted through the evening a tremor of pride swept over me, lending me strength for the ordeal at hand.

It was as if I heard something gloriously brave; something solemnly proud; an undertone of immortality in those bells that were ringing out the hour of eleven; something that made me know they were the unchanging voice of a city that had been finished long ago—a city I understood and loved, and would never again betray.

The spell that Saint Michael's bells cast did not die as the knight joined me and we strolled through my brother's garden. But, as we gazed at the shimmering Harbor, where old Sumpter seemed mysteriously silhouetted against the shadows, drifting in like purple sails from the open sea, he took my hands, and then I seemed to hear a beautiful song instead of the chiming bells.

We faced each other in a transient shadow. Perhaps you will not understand why I let his lips claim mine for a second that I wished might have been Eternity. My only answer is that sometimes a woman does what she wants to do, even though it be forbidden!

But, my reaction was swift and storm-like; I drew back as if I had suddenly touched poison. My hand flashed through the night and struck Richard Drummond full across his masked face.

"You—you—Yankee cad! To dare come here after my note, and to dare insult me this way . . ." I grated, my frenzy making me forget that I had deliberately allowed him to kiss me.

He stood like a frozen person in the moonlight, except for the fact that his wide shoulders drooped suddenly, and his refined lips began to twitch. It was a sure sign that I had hurt him . . . cut him. A gloating sensation surged through me as I turned upon him again:

"Now, go—and never come near me again," I flung at him.

For just one bare moment I thought he was going to answer me. His lips



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made an inaudible sound, then he strode away toward the brilliantly lighted mansion from which issued the strains of dance music.

I followed, gripped by nervous hysteria. Just as I reached the steps, I drew back hurriedly into the shadow of a piazza pillar. My father and brother were standing on the threshold of the wide doors, awaiting the approach of Richard Drummond in his blue and gold knight's masquerade. A sense of something impending gripped me, and pulled me back into the shadows like hands. I struggled against this force long enough to see my brother make a jerking gesture at the Yankee's mask. Then, with a muffled cry breaking from my own lips, I turned and fled through the garden toward a back gate, pursued by the unmistakable echo of commotion in my brother's house.

Once in my own room, I undressed, and put out the lights to wait for whatever drama the next hour would enfold. I was certain that the discovery of the Yankee would bring the ball to a swift and unpleasant denouement, and that Father would soon be home. I had decided to explain my departure by saying I saw the beginning of the trouble, and left to avoid the unpleasantness which was bound to follow.

About a half hour after my arrival, I heard Father, Hayne, and other men in the street. They came directly into the house; they talked in very high and excited voices. Father talked loudest of all, and occasionally he banged a table or the wall with his fist. It was not long before I learned what was on foot.

Hayne and Richard Drummond were going to fight a duel in the morning at six o'clock in Betterman's Field; Hayne had demanded it after finding Drummond in his home—a trespasser!

I shuddered with fear at the idea—not because there was much danger of Hayne's being injured in the affair. He was one of the best pistol shots in Carolina. My fear sprang from the knowledge that Hayne had come very near to grief from the Yankee authorities as a result of his last duel with a man from Massachusetts. Duelling had come to be a serious offense in our state since the war, and I knew if Hayne were implicated in another affair it might go hard with him.

The men drank whiskey and talked until a late hour. It was Hayne who broke up the crowd, saying with a slight laugh that he must snatch a little sleep or his aim might be poor.

"YOU can't miss him, boy," cried Father, his voice reaching me. "Remember, it was his Yankee father that shot me down at Antietam, then robbed me like a ghoul."

"Don't worry, Major," replied Anthony Sylvester, an old family friend. "Hayne'll shoot that fellow down, blindfolded."

It was excitement I suppose that made Father forget to knock at my door and say "good-night." However, I was rather relieved in not having to face him in my condition. My nerves had gone back on me for the first time in my life.

Later, when I tried to sleep, I realized that sometimes it is Love's way to give woman one moment more exalted than all of Life put together, and then to smash this moment into unpieceable fragments. Mine, I told myself, had been given in an amber dusk that had lifted me almost above and beyond earth, making my body yearn with sweet pain, investing my soul with a deathless dream. It would never come again except in my memories, which would always be most poignant—as Father's were—in the dusk.

"Dear God," I prayed, "although I must hate him, tell me how to keep Hayne

from shadowing us with our enemy's blood. I could never forgive myself, or forget him, if he comes to harm from Hayne now—"

And it seemed that God from his blue courtyards above old Charleston answered that I must go to Betterman's Field in the morning, and prevent my brother from committing what the law would look upon as murder—because Hayne Ravenard shot to kill!

THE grey wraith of departing night appeared to be lingering along the road over which I galloped my horse to Betterman's Field, as if loath to retreat before the rising sun. This was in my favor, because the duel would have to wait on clear daylight, and inasmuch as I had had to wait for Father and the others to leave, there was danger of my arriving too late.

As the greyness gave way to golden sunshine, I spurred Sargeant to his pace. He was foam-flecked when I swung into a fringe of woods that screened Betterman's from the public road. Tying Sargeant to a tree limb, I made my way through the bramble, my heart thumping at the sound of voices in the clearing. Suddenly silence descended upon the woods and fields. Then with my breath sticking in my throat, I heard a man counting.

Almost as the word "three" sounded through the air, I came to the clearing, a wail sounding hoarsely from my working lips. But—it was too late. Hayne and the Yankee had turned at fifty paces, and were facing each other for the first fire.

Strangely enough, my eyes focused without a second's hesitation upon Richard Drummond. I saw him whisk his weapon upward, and fire high above his head. Then, just as the smoke from his pistol thickened like white steam in the morning air, he plunged headlong into the damp grass.

An exclamation went up from the throats of men. Somehow, their voices freed my limbs and tongue. With a cry, I ran forward toward the ring that had gathered around the stricken Yankee. Father turned and saw me, his face white and drawn, his eyes flashing.

"Elaine!" he ejaculated.

I would have brushed past him, but he caught me in a grip of strength I did not believe until then he possessed. "Hayne's fixed the Yankee. Come, we'll be going home." Then—"How'd you know about this?" he demanded.

"Father, is he—is he badly wounded?" I asked, ignoring his question, for once more my heart was true to itself, and the Yankee did not seem an enemy. How could he, after I'd seen him refuse to shoot at my brother?

"He got it just where his father got me—in the shoulder. And the ball's ploughed deep—"

"I'm going to him—"

"Elaine," shouted Father, holding me as Hayne came up.

"He didn't even try to hit you, Hayne," I began, but he cut me short.

"I know, but I found it out too late. Sis. I'm going to see that he gets a doctor, quick."

"Come home with me, Elaine," commanded Father, tugging at me, while a strange light played in his eyes. If it had not been for that light I would have refused and gone to Richard Drummond in his suffering. But, something told me that the light in his eyes meant danger. I was afraid he might have lost his reason if I dared cross him.

About noon of that day, two officers came to our house looking for Hayne. They charged him with having planned



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and fought a duel, and placed him under arrest.

"You can't prove such a charge," he flung in their faces.

"Yes, we can," answered one of the officers. "We'll get the man you shot as a witness. He'll prove all we need to prove."

Hayne turned white. Father's hands began to tremble helplessly.

"Come along with us, Ravenard," they commanded, flanking my brother. I saw him march out of the door between them.

"They've got my boy this time. That damned Yankee'll convict him, sure as hell," said Father, his eyes glancing past me to my mother's portrait.

But, they couldn't prove the allegations against Hayne, because they could not find Richard Drummond, the Yankee. Wounded as he was, he mysteriously disappeared from Charleston that very day, and my brother was freed. He came to us in the dusk of that same evening as Father and I stood upon the balcony in the silence of our own dreams—Father's, of the Past that was so dear to him; mine, of a Future that I feared would always be filled with yearning for what might have been.

Almost a year of amber dusks had come and gone in old Charleston. And yet, they had all seemed as one long vigil—one endless hour of vain yearning. For I had never ceased to know the heartbreak of my hopeless love; had never ceased trying to re-live the one exalted moment of my life in the gloaming of each new day that made my want of Richard Drummond more poignant.

I had seen my father fade in the passing of all this barren time; had seen the lustre fade from my eyes. These were truly the only signs that marked the flight of days for me. The pain in my breast was unending. It could not tell me of passing hours.

And, now, another summer dusk!

Again the bells of Saint Michael were like silver voices ringing through the golden air. Again I was standing on my balcony, visioning a man in our garden—a man who once upon a time had made me believe forever in a dream. Always in my visions, he would walk to the rosebush, pause, and lift his brown eyes up to my balcony.

OF THIS hour about which I now write I can only say it seemed eternities before I realized that my vision was a reality; before I knew that Richard Drummond was really gazing up at me from my garden.

Perhaps you will understand better if I say that in all the years that have passed, I have never lost the exquisite glory of that moment, when between kisses he told why he had come back to claim me in the amber dusk.

I hid, and then got away when I learned they wanted me to testify against Hayne. It was your brother who located me at last. His wish and—your father's was that I come back. We are friends, now. Elaine, with no shadows of the Past between us. They know about my own father—that he was only trying to stop that soldier from robbing the Major; that he, too, was dangerously wounded while both sword and watch were in his possession; that there was no way to return them until we had traced their ownership through long years—

"Richard, lift me up that I may kiss you as I've longed to do through all the days since you first came into our garden—"

I must tell you first that I never got your note about the ball until too late, Elai—"

"Please, lift me up, Richard," I begged on tiptoes.

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# Full Speed Ahead!

[Continued from page 51]

the *Queen Charlotte* from engine room to hurricane deck. Every time Paul's dark eyes met mine, every time he touched my arm, I felt my heart answer with an expectant throb. I remember that we were standing in the bow, lazily watching the white banks of foam curl away from the ship's sides, when the steward came through calling luncheon. Paul turned away from the rail and, with a questioning glance which included us all, asked:

"How about a little appetizer before lunch?"

"An—appetizer?" I asked stupidly. "Yes," he smiled. "I have a bit of the stuff that cheers in my cabin. Won't you all join me? Drinking alone is such solitary business."

Jean and I exchanged glances. Her face was puzzled; she was evidently waiting for me to decide. My first instinct was to refuse. Adventure was all very well, but I had not counted on drinking in a strange man's cabin. And then suddenly across my mind flashed my last words to Dick . . . "I'm going to answer every challenge Fate flings my way!" I looked again at Paul; he was smiling easily. How could I confess to this man of the world that I had never taken a drink in my life?

"Let's go!" I cried, slipping my hand into his.

And that's the way it began. Outwardly, our life for the next two days was as placid as the calm waters over which we sailed. During the day we lounged about the ship, sat at bridge in the observation room, played shuffle-board on the upper deck, smoked in Gregory's wireless cabin (oh yes, smoking had been added to my accomplishments!) or drank tea with other ships' passengers with whom we had formed a casual acquaintance.

Drinking before each meal had become a habit by now, and we even added a "night-cap" for good measure. It became a sort of game with us to see "who could carry the most." I admit that I liked it. I liked the flush it gave my cheeks and the sparkle in my eyes. Our meetings in Paul's cabin were often hilarious and if, occasionally, Paul's stories were shaded with insinuations which might be interpreted as evil, they passed without comment in the general talk and laughter. So easy it is to slip into ways that are strange!

DURING our first evening alone, Paul treated me with the utmost consideration and respect. How well he understood women! With every look, every gesture, every tone of his soft voice he made love to me—love restrained and controlled. Not until he said good-night did he so much as touch my hand. Then he lifted it in both his hands, turning it, laid his lips slowly, gently, on the throbbing pulse at my wrist, never taking his eyes from mine. I could not have dragged my eyes away from his if I had tried; in their depths burned a strange light which was at once a source of wonder and terror.

My emotions were in a tumult in which only one fact seemed to stand out clearly: I was in love—terribly, completely in love. And the next night Paul took me in his arms. It was long after midnight, half an hour before we had risen from the table at the officers' midnight lunch and strolled up on deck. Jean and Gregory had disappeared forward when Paul drew me into the shadow of an awning. And now that the moment I had longed for had come, I was afraid—with a blind,

unreasoning fear. The fierce hunger of his kisses, the terrible intimacy of his caresses stirred vague and unknown alarms. Even in moments of ecstasy there was a faint voice—an echo—of warning in my heart.

"Shall we go down?" he whispered at length. "Down for our 'night-cap'?"

"Where are the others?" I asked uneasily.

"Why wait for them?" he begged. "Let us go together—you and I—and make a sweet ceremony of it—a pledge of our love?" He drew me close, kissing my lips again and again. Slowly I yielded to him, allowing him to draw me along with him toward the steps leading down to his cabin.

AND there, on one of the lounges in the corridor, we ran into Jean and Gregory. They sat perfectly still, neither of them speaking a word; but Gregory held one of her little hands in both his as if he would never let it go, and there was no mistaking the look on their faces. It startled me suddenly out of the daze in which I had been moving; it brought me back to realities. And when Gregory suggested that Jean and I go to our own stateroom, as he feared Jean was tired, I consented meekly enough. At the time, I attached little significance to it, but I remember distinctly now that Gregory did not accompany Paul to his cabin; instead, he turned without a word and walked back up the stairs to his own room.

The next day was the last of the trip for many passengers who were to dock at Prince Rupert the following morning. All on board tried to make it a gala day for those who were not going on with us to Alaska. In the general excitement and turmoil, I saw very little of Paul. I realize now that this was due partly to the clever maneuvering of Jean and Gregory; but at the time I was vaguely uneasy and a little resentful that he was not more attentive.

The spark of my resentment was kindled to a flame early in the evening when we docked for an hour at Swanson Bay. One of the passengers, a Captain Goff, who owned some salmon canneries there, had invited a party of us to visit his plant. We were all eager to go, and I was surprised and angry when Paul refused to accompany us.

"Forgive me," he begged. "These places I have seen so many times in the last few years."

"But you might at least come along with us . . . with me," I protested.

"I shall be waiting for you . . . right here. Please do not be gone long. Betty—please!"

But I had turned angrily away and followed the others down the gang-plank. I hope I may never be called on to make a report on the canning of salmon. Paul's behavior had so disturbed me that I was scarcely conscious of the passage of time until we were back on the boat.

Two new passengers had been added to our list, I noticed. There was nothing extraordinary in this, as we had been taking on or letting off passengers at many of the little ports along our way. These two—men of middle age, I should judge—were leaning against the rail on the deck above the gang-plank, smoking and talking together in low tones as they watched the others come aboard. There was nothing in their appearance to attract attention, unless it was the fact that they scrutinized us all with more than usual curiosity. Almost immediately I forgot their very existence.

Dancing began at nine and continued until midnight. By the time that hour struck, I had again fallen completely under the spell of Paul's influence. How easy it was, swaying in his arms to the lure of the music, to look up into his dark eyes and whisper "yes" when he asked me to forgive him! Time and the world no longer existed for me; only the music—Paul—our love.

Jean tried to persuade me to leave, protesting that she was tired. But I refused steadily.

"Do come, Betty dear," she begged, adding in a low voice; "I want to talk with you. Please, dear . . . right now."

"Later," I answered laughingly. "There's only one tonight!" And I turned to smile up at Paul as Jean with an anxious little frown turned away and disappeared with Gregory.

An hour later, in the shadows astern on the shade deck, Paul was again telling me that he loved me. The possessive passion in his kisses, his caresses that had frightened me the night before, held me now in a sort of languorous stupor in which I realized only that I was yielding myself to him utterly and that I was glad.

AND yet, when he again suggested that we go down to his cabin, some hidden instinct of what source I was not aware, made me refuse.

"Very well, darling," he whispered soothingly; "if you'd rather not come down for it, I'll bring the good-night drink up to you."

While he was gone I sat where he had left me; sat motionless—a prey to the strangest emotions I had ever known. When Paul was with me I fell completely under the sway of his influence; it was as if he exercised some powerful charm that held me in its spell. I told myself that I loved him; that he loved me. Then why this strange, unreasoning fear that crept into my heart when he left me? What new instincts were these that he had awakened? I shuddered and drew the folds of my cape more closely about my shoulders; yet I was conscious of no cold.

The next instant Paul was beside me again. I protested at the size of the drink he had poured out, but he urged it upon me and, as always, I seemed unable to resist him. Together we drank—drank to the night—to the moon—to our love. When we had emptied our glasses, Paul sat down on one of the deck chairs and drew me into his arms. At length I tried to draw away from him. It was useless; his arms tightened about me; I could feel the dull, thick beating of his heart against my breast.

Slowly a strange numbness began to creep over my body—into my brain. With a last desperate effort, pushing against him with both hands, I managed to draw back, to look up at him. At the same moment, still holding me, he rose and started slowly walking toward the stairway which lead to his cabin.

"Where are you taking me?" I whispered, my lips stiff with terror and this numbness against which I was fighting in vain.

"With me," was his answer.

At that moment we passed the little night light which glowed at the top of the stairway, and I saw . . . I saw his face! For an instant—one terrible instant—my brain cleared. I saw with startling distinctness. His features were almost unrecognizable, so changed they were—so distorted. He no longer looked at me; his eyes were staring straight ahead, but in their depths burned a light, a smouldering glow of red.

I tried to struggle—to scream. But my limbs were chained as in a nightmare. Paul's arms tightened about me. For one

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moment his eyes burned into mine . . . a moment in which I knew terror and despair. The next instant the numbness which had been steadily growing claimed me. Dark settled down over me. Oblivion.

The pale, grey light of a new morning was filtering in through a stateroom window when I opened my eyes. The dress which I had worn the night before hung limply from a hook at the foot of the berth; my other clothes lay across a chair. But I saw everything through a blur of pain; I was conscious of a dull throbbing in my head and a great weakness in my body. Voices in the corner of the room behind my head seemed to come from a great distance. Slowly I raised my eyes. Jean, Gregory, and another man in uniform whom I recognized as the ship's doctor were talking in low voices at the head of the berth.

"She's awake!" Jean whispered.

SUDDENLY I remembered! And as the events of the previous night came back, a great wave of grief, humiliation, dread, swept down upon me.

"Betty!" Jean was stooping over me. "Don't!" I moaned, covering my face with shaking hands. "Don't touch me! You mustn't!"

The doctor and Gregory had stopped talking. Jean turned to them now and asked them to leave us alone for a few moments. Then she sat down on the edge of my berth and, putting her little hands gently over mine, drew them away from my eyes.

"Hush, dear," she whispered. "Don't cry. It's all right."

And the quiet, grave look of assurance in her eyes, more than her words, told me that I had nothing to fear.

"Where did you find me? What happened?" I begged.

And Jean told me the story from her end. Two nights before, she said, Gregory had made her promise that she would not go to Paul's cabin again. She had thought it was because of stories Paul had told; in reality it was that Gregory recognized Paul as a notorious character—the French Canadian, Réné LeBlanc—who was wanted by the authorities for liquor smuggling between British Columbia and various mining towns of Alaska. Gregory had sent ahead a wireless message to Swanson Bay and the two men I had seen get on there were detectives who had come for Paul. Gregory had not told either Jean or me for fear of rousing Paul's suspicions; but he had done his best to keep us both away from him.

When Paul had carried me to his cabin and opened the door, he had found the two men waiting for him. After placing him under arrest, they had put me in charge of the ship's doctor. He had taken me immediately to my own stateroom where Jean was anxiously waiting.

With Jean's help I languidly rose and dressed, for we had decided to leave the boat at Prince Rupert, my one idea being to get home as quickly and quietly as possible. Perhaps back East, with my

own family, I should be able to forget.

During the night and day on the train, when we followed the second side of the Triangle across British Columbia, I sat quietly in my seat in a sort of stupor, or slept fitfully. I looked out indifferently at the beautiful country through which we were passing; the world had suddenly become a hateful place and life a dreary thing. Across my blurred vision drifted continually Dick's serious face; I heard the faint echo of his voice:

"Happiness is a roadside flower that grows along the path of duty. If you ever decide that you agree with that, will you let me know?"

How could I let him know? How could I ever face him again?

At noon of the second day, we took a siding at Jasper Park. After Jean's urging, I consented to go up to the Lodge, though, if I could have had my way I should have stayed on the car; I felt that I wanted to hide away from the world. I noted Jean's little air of excited happiness with resentment. How could she feel happy—gay even—when life had suddenly turned to a house of cards tumbling about my ears?

And then, as we mounted the steps to the wide veranda of the Lodge, I understood . . .

A tall figure rose from one of the porch chairs and came toward us. A figure utterly familiar—infinitely dear.

"Dick—Dick," I sobbed, with my hands close and safe in his big, steady ones.

"It's all right, dear. Don't cry," he whispered. "Come—let's get away from here." And gently he led me down the little pathway toward the borders of the lake.

Sitting close together on a lichen-covered ledge overlooking the clear, transparent waters of Lac Beauvert, I told him my story. Everything. He still held one of my hands with a clasp that tightened fiercely now and then; but he did not look at me. His eyes were far away where the snowy crest of Mt. Edith Cavell juts into the sky, the dazzling wing of its ghost glacier hanging just above the treetops and reflected with them in the waters at our feet.

When I came to tell him of that last night on the boat, he dropped my hand suddenly; his face went white; the muscles of his jaw stood out sharply beneath the drawn skin. I was afraid. But when at last he turned to me his eyes were dim with tears. The next moment I was in his arms, his cheek against my hair. Neither of us spoke a word; there was no need for words between us.

At last I drew away.

"We must go and tell Jean," I murmured.

"Jean is many miles away from here by now, darling," Dick answered. "She was to take the train back to Vancouver. Gregory and I have been in frequent communication by wireless these last two days. He left the *Queen Charlotte* at Prince Rupert and is going back on the *Queen Anne*. By the time you see Jean again, she'll be Mrs. Nelson Gregory."

## Glorious Youth

[Continued from page 57]

fairy-land of drifts, and white-covered fences. As soon as I heard the sleigh-bells on the clear night air, I knew it was Roddy, and ran out to the gate and down the lane to meet them. Joe's welcome shone in his eager eyes. He tucked me beneath the big fur robes while Roddy, his eyes twinkling mischievously, found a place on the floor for my "box".

"Maybe I won't have enough to bid it

in!" he teased. "Too much competition!"

"No fair, Roddy! You saw it. Don't you *dare* buy it!"

"Humph! Leave it for Joe, I suppose? Not on your life! He wouldn't appreciate it; anyway."

"Wait and see!" Joe warned quietly.

We slid off down the road with a dash and a jingle of sleigh-bells. It was so cold the air cut like a knife, and the snow



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creched and crunched as we raced along in the narrow beaten track.

I joined heartily in the fun that night at the school-house. I know my eyes shone with suppressed excitement. I had Joe again! Joe with all his college slang, his easy, careless grace, his fascinating, disturbing manner.

After the "Program" was over, the boxes were auctioned to the highest bidder. It was always lots of fun—the excitement, the suspense, the surprise. I could see Joe was enjoying it immensely because it was all new to him. When my box was put up, Roddy winked slyly at me and bid first. Joe raised it. The bidding continued. In the end, Joe had the box but Roddy had given him a run for his money.

When we drove up our lane that night, it was Joe who jumped out first, lifted me lightly in his arms, and carried me to the porch. There he set me down; then quite suddenly he lifted my face and kissed my cold, trembling lips until they ached with warmth. I felt a little thrill as he caught me to him and held me close. Impulsively I slipped two arms around his neck and clasped them tightly. Roddy had driven up to the barnyard, turned around, and was back waiting for Joe.

"Come on, old timer! You'll miss your beauty sleep!"

That was the beginning of two heavenly weeks—happy, gay weeks. There wasn't a day passed that I didn't see Joe, afternoon or evening, sometimes both. I dashed through my work like a young cyclone, sang or laughed from sheer joy. Everything to the rhythm of "I love you, Joe!" I liked his easy, carefree way. I responded to his moods, whether happy and gay, sad or pensive.

On his last day in the country we drove in to town to a show. We lunched at the New Inn, danced, laughed and played the hours away. Joe was especially gay, light-hearted and entertaining. It never occurred to me until long afterwards that he had probably indulged in a few drinks. Across the little table, he took my hands suddenly in his and leaned toward me. His eyes burned with an odd light, a strange fever.

"Let's celebrate and make it a day!" he said, and laughed a little jerkily.

"How?" I asked thoughtlessly. "It's been grand and glorious already!"

"Let's get married!"

His eyes were dangerously bright and dark, a light I had never seen there before. My fingers fluttered restlessly in his. I couldn't answer. I looked up and met his eyes. His cheeks were unnaturally flushed, but I didn't think much of it at the time, only that it was probably due to the long drive in the cold wind. He urged me, persuaded me in coaxing tones.

**S**WEETNESS, I'm crazy about you! Won't you make me happy? It's our last day together for ages and ages!"

It didn't take a great deal of persuasion. I had liked him immensely from the moment I first looked into his nice eyes, so full of eager enthusiasm, glorious youth. Without a thought for the future, without a plan, without a promise, I recklessly crowded all into that one, mad hour,—and trusted implicitly in him. Trusted with all my heart and soul, trusted blindly, because I imagined that Joe loved me as I loved him.

And so we were married.

My very first disillusionment came when Joe persuaded me that it must be kept secret for the present. No one must know. He didn't dare risk having his father hear of it, because it would mean that he would not be permitted to finish college; it would mean ruin to all his hopes and dreams of a brilliant "career". Everything would go to



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smash, to use his own expression. How easily I believed: how entire was my trust. Because I loved enough to give all! And then to be told I must keep it a secret, when I was so happy I wanted to tell the whole wide world!

It was snowing hard when we left town and I started home. The wind whistled shrilly and blew the snow in great drifts across the road. The horse floundered about helplessly from one drift to another. The snow froze to our faces. I was nearly perished. Finally we reached home, drove into the barn, and together we stumbled through the drifts to the house. Inside, I brushed the white flakes from my coat and looked up at Joe a little breathlessly. Gently he slipped off my coat, my hat, and pulled my gloves from my stiff, aching fingers. Before I could protest, he carried me to a big davenport in front of the open fireplace. He knelt and unbuckled the big "arties" I wore. We called them that in the country and wore them for comfort and necessity. Now in the city we call them "goloshes" and wear them more as a tad.

JOE poked up the fire, then with a nervous laugh, he dropped down beside me and caught me fiercely and held me so tightly I nearly smothered against him.

"Mine, at last!" he whispered. "All mine now!"

I felt all reason slipping away. It seemed so good to be warm again. A little frightened, I gasped and looked into his face. He laughed at the fear he read in my eyes.

"Sweetness, I want you! Tell me you're mine! I had to come! I couldn't stay away from you!"

Hours later he kissed me one last time, called me his wife, and slipped out into the night. Out into the night, and out of my life! I had stumbled ahead foolishly, recklessly: stopped to think when it was too late.

Back at school, Joe had begun to regret his rash step, and frankly said as much in his first letter. A little "dizzy" he said he had been that last night—a few drinks too many. After that letter I couldn't even pretend to be gay. With aching heart and a numb feeling, I crept upstairs to my room and cried my heart out alone.

Then, there came a time when I knew I would have to tell my secret. I wrote to Joe. Implored him! I received no reply. I wrote again. Then in desperation I decided to go and see him. I tried to find a thousand little excuses for him. Perhaps he had never received my letter. Surely there was some mistake somewhere. It would all be all right again if I could see him.

And so I wired him to meet me at the station. He wasn't there. Still I tried to keep up a brave front. I tried to excuse him in numerous little ways. I telephoned his room, but there was no answer. Almost frantically I walked up the main street, but met no one who recognized me. I thought of my visit in the college town such a few months before. Could it be the same place? And could I be that same gay, young person? No! Something had changed.

I stopped in a little restaurant and ordered mechanically. Not the restaurant where Roddy had taken me—I didn't particularly want to be recognized. I paid my check and was going out when I all but bumped into Joe and a little blonde of a girl, her arm tucked snugly in his, smiling coyly up into his face.

"Joe." I stopped still.

He saw me then, spoke indifferently, but showed no inclination to stop. I struggled for something to say, to detain him; wondered desperately what to do. But he was gone! He had cut me—purposely, intentionally. I couldn't believe it; couldn't force my mind to grasp it.

I stood stunned, half leaning against the doorway, when someone grasped my arm firmly, and I heard a dear, familiar voice in my ear.

"Patsy, dear, what is wrong?"

There was such a world of love and sympathy in his voice, such a wistful, understanding look in his eyes. I almost collapsed in his arms. With an effort, I gained control of myself and tried to smile. It must have been only a queer little twist of the lips.

"Nothing, Roddy."

"Oh, Pats! You wonderful little liar! Come in here and tell me all about it," he insisted.

He led me back into the restaurant, ordered for both of us, and leaning across the table looked straight into my eyes.

"Now, Pats, tell me."

"Oh, Roddy, you're—you're a dear. But it's nothing. I felt hurt, just hurt, because Joe cut me so coldly, on the street. I couldn't believe it, that's all." I played nervously with a glass of water. Roddy covered my hand with his and scanned my face intently. I was waiting for him to ask why I had come over in the first place. But he did not ask.

"That's not all!" he said quietly. "Joe has always been a pretty good scout. I thought he was crazy about you, Pats. I was glad to see you so happy, dear!"

"Roddy!" I cried miserably.

"I have always loved you, Pats. Ever since those good old days at the little brick school. As a shy little kid, I adored you. Later I worshipped you silently, because I knew I would never mean a thing in your life—not a thing!"

I tried to speak, but my throat was dry. My fingers were numb in his clasp.

"I thought, perhaps, some day you might learn to care, but when I saw the light that flashed to your eyes—for Joe—I knew, —Patsy dear, I knew!"

"Roddy! Please!" I managed to whisper. "I never dreamed you cared—that way!"

"Don't worry, dear. I only want to help. Won't you tell me?"

"Roddy, you're wonderful! But there's not a thing you can do. Thanks a lot."

His face was white and drawn, his lips colorless, his eyes flashing with an angry light I had never seen in them before. He didn't question me further, but I knew he was puzzled. I knew he would go to Joe and demand an explanation. Still, I couldn't bring myself to tell him.

I TOOK the next train home and spent the following days in trying to get enough courage to break the news to my mother. Then came Roddy's letter. I was expecting it. He had gone to Joe, and after a scene that I could only imagine, Joe had told him the truth, even to the reason for my visit. Roddy's letter was the dearest, sweetest letter I have ever read in my life. It helped me immensely. It was full of hope and sunshine. It helped me in the decision I finally made. I knew he was trying to make me believe that Joe was truly sorry, and really sincere in the offer he made. Among other things, Roddy wrote that Joe was ready and willing to make any plans or arrangements that would be satisfactory to me. The letter was carefully worded, but with a dull, heavy ache in my heart, I saw through the whole situation. The very fact that Joe did not write himself, was enough to convince me that my interpretation was correct. Joe was only ready and willing, in so far as Roddy was forcing him to be. Dear old Roddy! He was trying to help me. I was thankful because it made me to see clearly.

I sent my answer to Roddy. I tried to convince him that I was grateful for the interest he had shown, for the help he had

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given. But neither for love nor money, I wrote, would I spoil Joe's "career." Nothing could persuade me to come between him and his golden opportunity, a brilliant future, a life full of hope and success. If, by acknowledging me as his wife, it would mean that he would have to give it all up, then I would never say the word. I knew, in writing what I did, that I was giving up my one small chance of ever having Joe again.

A strange calmness had come to me. I marveled at the change in my attitude. It wasn't that I no longer loved Joe. I did. I shall always love him with a love I can never quite feel for anyone else. But he hurt me so much that nothing seemed to matter. I didn't want him back unless it was in the old way. And somehow I realized, even then, that it would never be in that way. Joe's love rested lightly on his shoulders. He drew it about him as he chose,—and dropped it like a cloak.

Of course, I had a pretty hard time convincing Mother that my way was best. She was all for Roddy's plan—all for forcing Joe to acknowledge me, take me, care for me, fulfill the vows he so thoughtlessly made, one cold winter night. There was a great deal of talk: there naturally would be, in the kind of a community we lived in.

RODDY graduated in June and came home for two weeks before leaving for Philadelphia where he had accepted a position in a chemical laboratory. Of course I refused to see him. I felt very sensitive.

After my baby was born, I applied for my divorce. It was then that I first learned that Joe was "going to the devil" about as fast as any healthy, normal young man could. His "career" then must have gone to smash without any aid from me. I was sorry and disappointed. He was brilliant. He could have achieved so much. He might have been such a man!

Then Christmas came again, white and cold. I had just turned the lamp low and finished in the kitchen one evening when I heard sleigh-bells, the crunch of snow in the lane, and a loud, impatient knocking at the door. I opened it and was almost smothered in Roddy's great fur coat.

"Pats!" he cried gayly.

It was so good to see him again. The whole terrible year just past seemed blotted out completely. In the dim lamp light we talked for a long time. Then, quite suddenly, he asked to see Buddy. I put the tiny bundle into his outstretched arms. When I saw the soft, glorious light that shone from his eyes, I turned away to hide the tears in mine.

He bent over the bundle of blankets in his arms. All at once I recalled vividly the many, many times, in childhood days, that Roddy had reached out a helping hand, gathered me up from a bank of snow, or wagged the little fingers that ached with cold. I watched him and the tears welled quickly. Then I took Buddy back to the little bed-room. When I returned again, Roddy was stirring up the fire. He looked up, straight into my eyes, misty with tears. He dropped the poker with a bang.

"Pats!" he cried, encouraged by something he read in my eyes. "I know I can't begin to take Joe's place in your heart." He hesitated and turned back to the fire, again playing with the poker. For one long, endless moment there was such an utter silence! I thought he would never say the words I wanted most to hear.

"But I wish you'd let me try!" he finished softly.

Just to try! What a splendid love!

In that moment I realized what love can be. I didn't need to tell him my secret: It was there, shining out in my eyes. It was there, on my lips, trembling and warm against him!

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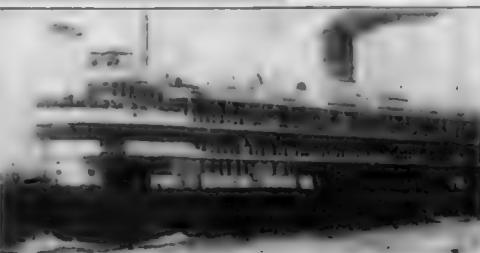
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## The Eyes of Elton

[Continued from page 60]

I was in the third grade when the children began to tease me for always being so prim and proper and clean. I lacked the initiative to jump into their games with the whole-hearted spirit they all displayed. I stood around the edge and watched until someone shoved me into things.

One day I went home crying, and unburdened my youthful sorrow in Mother's ears. Her thin lips drew tight, and after a moment she took my hand and said, "Come on, Genevieve. I'll go back with you and put a stop to that foolishness!"

"Oh, Mother," I begged, "please don't! They'll only tease me worse and call me a 'fraud' and 'cry-baby'!"

"Nonsense!" and she half yanked me out the front door.

She stopped it, too, when she walked into my classroom and, with all the room listening, told the teacher. Then, half addressing the children, she told her some more—and then some more.

After that they treated me with a sort of awed respect, and because I was just a child I began to lord it over the rest of them, ordering them about and bestowing my favors with the disdain that only a spoiled child can affect.

When I was sixteen, Mother began to weed out the boys who took me to parties and driving in their automobiles. Mother always told me that I was the prettiest girl in Elton. Well, anyway, it wasn't hard for me to have all the boys around I wanted—and in spite of the snippy, conceited manner in which I treated them.

The only trouble was that the one boy within ten miles of Elton that she wanted me to pay the most attention to, wouldn't pay any attention to me. Oh, he would take me driving once in awhile, or to one of the county fairs, but then I wouldn't see or hear from him again for weeks. And I really tried to be nice to him, because Mother told me to.

His father was old Andrew Miller, and everyone said that he had more money than the wealthiest person in Elton. He owned a two-thousand acre farm about eight miles out of town, and from all reports he had money hidden in every corner of his farmhouse. He bred Holstein cows and grew hundreds of acres of wheat and rye that he shipped out of Elton by the carload every harvest time. People said that if he ever drew his money out of the town bank, there wouldn't be any bank left, and everyone in town would starve to death—one of those silly, exaggerated tales that always seems to fasten itself to a person who minds his own business.

Franklin, his son, left the farm to go to a medical college, and the whole town gasped in astonishment.

"What on earth does he want to become a doctor for, with that great big farm waiting there for him?" everyone asked.

But he didn't bother to answer them. He just kept on at school, coming home every summer to work on the farm and mind his own business. The only grain of salt I ever got so far as he was concerned was that he didn't bother with any of the rest of the girls in Elton. The few times he came to town each summer he usually took me riding or came up to sit on the porch for a little while and just talk.

My, how sweet my mother was to him! She always rushed around to bring us out some nice cold lemonade or some of her spiced cookies. Then she would sit down and tell him what a wonderful daughter she had! And when he began to agree just a little bit she would take advantage of it and begin to ask him ques-

tions about his father's business and his own business. His feet would begin to shuffle nervously and his fingers didn't seem to be able to stay still and then in a moment he would be on his feet saying good-by.

If I had even dared to tell Mother why he had gone, she would have taken my head off, so I kept silent and hoped he wouldn't come again, although I knew that she would be asking me in a couple of days why he hadn't come back!

The one thing that Mother never could accomplish was to force me into the summer crowd who had cottages at the lake up on the hill above town. Most of them came from the city, and had their own little crowd who came out over the weekends. And of course, Elton put them all down as being first cousins to millionaires, because they "went away for the summer".

Old Ernie White had eight or ten knock-kneed, worn-out driving-horses he bought cheap and broke to the saddle. He rented them to the summer people for a dollar an hour—an unheard of price in Elton. When Mother saw them riding along the dirt roads around Elton, she insisted that I learn to ride. It wasn't much of a feat to learn to ride those horses, but I was constantly afraid they might just give up and lie down in the middle of the road with me underneath!

But it was really through one of Ernie's horses that Franklin Miller and I became engaged.

I WAS riding up the lake road one afternoon, trying to urge my horse into something beside an uneven trot. Just as I swung around a turn in the road, Franklin came shooting down the hill from the other direction. The surprise was too much for my horse, and he bolted straight up the road with me hanging on for dear life. I was too frightened to scream or even try to stop him. I just clung to the horn of the saddle while he raced up the hill in a cloud of dust. I didn't know what to do, and wouldn't have been able to do it if I had. I could see myself being carried into our front parlor with both my arms and legs all dangling and broken.

Then something came swirling by me, leaving a cloud of dust that nearly choked me. I heard the brakes of a car screech in front of me. Suddenly I saw Franklin looming up in the center of the road, his arms held wide. My horse half halted, swung to one side, and I went pitching off into the bushes alongside the road. I didn't know whether to scream or just lie there. I remember that I wondered why nothing hurt, and then I felt Franklin's arms gather me up and carry me to a grassy bank.

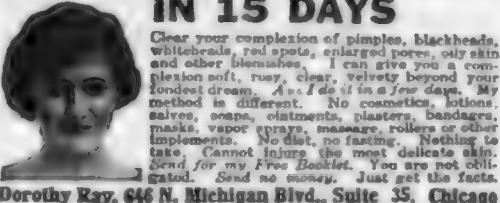
It was just like a story book. He put me on the grass, holding my head on his knee. His face was drawn with worry and concern and his lips moved as though he were trying to speak.

I managed a smile, and his eyes grew eager and full of gladness. The trees began to settle back and reshape themselves, and the sky didn't seem to be swinging back and forth above me. I moved a little to see how badly I was hurt, and when there wasn't any pain I smiled.

Franklin was looking into my eyes, devouring my face and hair.

Suddenly it came to me that this was my opportunity! I knew that if Mother had been there she would have shouted, "Faint! Faint!" So I closed my eyes with a little moan and moved my face over so that it lay against his hand. I

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could feel his hand tremble, and then I opened my eyes and let my lids flicker for an instant.

"Genevieve! Dear!"

I smiled up into his eyes again and made a move as though to sit up. But Franklin's arms were about me so that when I sat upright my lips were within six inches of his. I felt his head bend toward me. I smiled into his eyes again, and then his lips touched mine, fiercely and eagerly. My arm slipped up around his shoulder and he drew me to him so that the breath was nearly crushed from my body. There wasn't any acting about it then, either, because I could feel a little tremor of happiness run through my whole body as I relaxed in his arms.

He lifted his head and said, "Oh, dearest, if you had been hurt!" and an expression of pain came into his eyes.

"Maybe I am," I said a little weakly.

"Do you—do you hurt any place?" he asked.

I had to laugh then. What a question for a doctor to ask! He grew red in the face and laughed with me and crushed my lips again.

Boys had kissed me before, but they weren't kisses like that! I wanted to take his face between my hands and run my hands through his ruffled brownish hair. Then we heard a car coming down the road and he helped me to my feet.

"We'd better look for your horse," Franklin said.

"Leave him where he is!" I said, and I stepped a little gingerly because of a bruise on my hip. Franklin put his arm about my waist and we went shuffling through the dust toward his car. He got the horse, and we drove back to town, leading it with a long rope extending over the back seat to the horse.

Mother happened to be sitting on the porch when we arrived home, and when she saw Franklin jump out of the car and take my arm as though I were a walking doll that might upset and break, her eyes flew wide in astonishment. Then she was all over the place trying to make things nice for both of us.

But in a few moments she nearly spoiled it all by trying to nail Franklin down to something concrete. I could see him shy away, and I managed to scowl at Mother so fiercely that she went into the house, hanging the screen door after her. Franklin's eyes followed her in amazement, and I said, "You mustn't mind her. She is just worried because something might have happened to me!"

HE GRINNED and said, "Something has happened to you, hasn't it?" Then he touched my hand like a child touches a piece of china that is denied him. I could feel the blood quicken in my veins, and my breath seemed to choke up into my throat. It seemed too wonderful to be true then, because I was sincere and really in love.

The next day all Elton knew that Franklin and I were in love. And, according to the story, we were going to be married the very day he finished as an interne at the hospital in the city.

Mother even went to call on old Andrew Miller within a few days. She came away acting a little uncertain. Elton laughed over that just as they laughed over Grandfather Shaulding's blindness!

But the rest of Franklin's vacation was paradise to me. My nose went a little higher in the air and Mother's courage seemed to double. You could fairly hear her saying, "See! I guess you'll all step around now, with my daughter marrying the wealthiest boy in the county!"

The first of August, Franklin went back to the city and Elton became unbearable

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to me. Once a week I went into the city and we went to movies and to dinner. When he put me on the train for home, I was so happy that it seemed I would float away on my dreams. I don't think any girl has ever been happier than I was in the first two or three weeks. Every afternoon I would take a book of love poems and walk up in the woods above town. Under the largest spreading maple I could find, I would sit down and read and dream of Franklin until I could feel his lips touching mine and hear his voice whispering in my ear.

When Franklin finished his training, I hoped that we could be married and that he would start a practice some place beside Elton, because I knew that if we stayed there, Mother would be constantly trying to tell us what to do and how to do it and when to do it. And Franklin was too sweet and sincere to be made unhappy in that way.

I think it was the third week after Franklin went back, on a Wednesday afternoon, that I was sitting on the front porch sewing away at a center-piece. A car drew up in front of the house, a great slim car with bright nickel trimmings. And up in the front seat, beside the man who drove it, sat Father.

I heard Dad ask him to come in for a moment, and he shook his head, glancing toward the house. Then he saw me. Our eyes met for an instant, and the next thing I knew they were standing on the porch before me.

"Mr. Cranston," I heard Dad saying. I'll never forget the way Raymond Cranston bent over my hand, his blue eyes never leaving mine. I felt a crimson flush cover my face at his gaze. But somehow I liked the suave, smooth way in which he talked and moved and looked into my eyes as though that was the one thing he had been waiting to do for all of his life.

It seemed he was there for only a few minutes, but in that length of time he conveyed the idea that he was wealthier than Croesus. He spoke of the expensive car in front of the house as a "cheap motor" and almost sneered when he referred to his cottage at the lake—"a shack" he called it!

I could see Mother's eyes opening wide, and then she kept watching him every time he looked at me. All the time I was trying to be nice to him, but he didn't interest me any more than Bill Baldwin the Elton grocer. I was in love, and there wasn't anyone in the world so wonderful as my Franklin.

Before he left he asked if he couldn't take me up to meet some of the people at his cottage the next day, and when I saw the expression in Mother's eyes I didn't dare refuse.

I CAN hardly remember the way things happened after that. It seemed that the next few days were just a whirlwind, with Raymond Cranston in the center desperately holding to my hand to keep me there, and Mother pushing a little from the outside.

We went whizzing around town and out through the open country in his big car while the whole town gaped and talked. "A nice way for her to be acting when she's just become engaged to Franklin," they said.

Mother sat in the back seat of Raymond's car like a queen in her royal carriage. And Raymond, seeing that Mother held the reins to everything at our house, played on her sentiment by telling her wonderful stories of his cleverness and talking about his money, money, money until I thought I would go mad. After Mother and he decided what we would do

each day, they would ask me what I thought, and then do it, whatever I might think.

I could see what was coming, and I lay awake long, dreary nights, burying my head in my pillow, so that Mother wouldn't hear me sobbing.

Then, almost before I realized it, Raymond had gone to the city and come back with a two-carat diamond set in platinum. And before I could say yes or no, or even have time to adjust things in my mind, it was on my finger and I was in his arms trying to return his kisses.

It all sounds as though I was a perfect imbecile, but what could I do? When any girl has had her mother's apron strings tied around her as long as I had, it wasn't possible to cast them aside in a day. I was young and impressionable, and hadn't been taught to think for myself in even the simplest things. This was too big a problem for me to try to fight. So I just let Mother lead me as she had always done, faintly protesting and begging Dad to help me. But he had no more chance than I of changing Mother's ideas.

**S**HE made me write Franklin a note telling him that I couldn't marry him; that someone else had come along that I really loved. In three weeks! If it hadn't been so tragic for me, I could have gone into gales of laughter!

It was three days later that we drove down by Andrew Miller's farm just as Franklin came out of the gateway in his little car. I didn't even know that he was home, and when I saw him I wanted to jump down into the tonneau of the car and hide.

But of course Raymond had never heard of Franklin, so it didn't make any difference to him when we went shooting by, leaving Franklin a cloud of dry dust to remember me by. I couldn't help looking back after we had passed. He sat there in his little car by the front gate, staring after us, and I could feel the anger that surged through him and the disgust he had in his heart for me.

A week later, Raymond and I were married. I think Mother realized that if we had a big wedding in the church that about half of the people we wanted to come would stay home. So she insisted that we have just a quiet little ceremony at home with just my family and two or three of Raymond's friends.

I felt like a lamb being led to slaughter that afternoon. I admired Raymond, because he was always kind and sweet and considerate, but somehow I felt that after he had got me, things wouldn't be the same. I could tell by the way he had treated the people in the stores in Elton, and the way he hogged the road with his car, and the way he talked about himself.

I cried until there weren't any more tears, the night before we were married. Then I stood there dry-eyed and white, trembling from my head to my feet, while our minister married us. It was all like a dreadful nightmare, and I kept praying all the time that something would happen to stop it. But nothing did.

I could hear all of Elton saying, "Well, I hope her mother is satisfied now. She's tried hard enough to make Genevieve marry money! But no good will come of it, you mark my words; she'll get her just deserts for treating Franklin Miller the way she did!"

And somehow in my heart I felt the same way about it. My heart bled for Franklin, because I had known that he really loved me.

Too, I knew that I had loved him with all of my heart and soul. I felt like a

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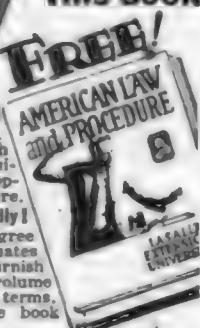
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traitor to both Raymond and Franklin.

During the winter, Raymond and I lived at one of the best hotels in the city. He bought me a fur coat that simply took me to a heaven of delight. When I went home with it, Mother carted it around to all the neighbors, sticking it under their noses, exulting over it. I began to wonder how long it would be before she tried to get some things from Raymond. I knew that it wasn't going to be so easy as she thought, either, now that we were safely married.

At first, Raymond was as sweet as anyone in the world could have been. We lived far beyond anything I had ever dreamed of, and yet he always seemed to have a little difficulty in straightening out his bills as they came due. He would laugh and say that his money was tied up pretty tightly, and having heard Mother's stories for all of my life, I never thought anything about it—until he began staying away from our room in the hotel and instructing me what to tell the hundred-and-one collectors who came to get money. Some of them were nice, but others got surly and nasty, and said things that left me flushed and a little afraid.

Then Raymond began disappearing for two or three days at a time, telling me that he was called out of town on business and never leaving me even enough money to tip the servants in the hotel.

When Mother came to see me, I tried to cover it up; I didn't want her to know the way things really were. I knew that she would take Raymond to task and then she would find out that he wasn't all the gentleman that she supposed him to be.

**O**H, THOSE nights! Long, terrible nights when I lay there with my nerves taut, a little sickening feeling coming into my stomach every time a footstep passed my door, afraid of something I could feel hovering over me!

Raymond would come in looking haggard and worn. I thought it was from business worries, and tried to get him to tell me about his troubles; I urged that we move to a cheaper place until he had things straightened out. But he laughed shortly, and finally confided to me that we couldn't move; that if we so much as made a move the hotel people would be demanding all of their money.

Even that didn't frighten me so much as it would have if I hadn't heard people at our own front door for all of my life, demanding payment on this or that bill.

Then late one afternoon Raymond came rushing into the room, his eyes wide with worry and fright. Hardly speaking to me, he began throwing things into a handbag. I tried to help him, but he only snarled at me and told me to get out of his way.

So I sat down on the bed and tried to keep the tears out of my eyes. Dumb!—just plain dumb, that was what I was!

In a few minutes he was going out the door without even stopping to kiss me. I cried out to him as he started to close it, and he hesitated, back and forth for an instant, then came in beside me. Almost roughly, he took my face between his hands and said, "I'm sorry, Genevieve. I tell you what you'd better do. Just pack up a bag and go down to see your mother for a couple of days. Stay there until I come back. I'll let you know what day I'm coming, and you can meet me." Then he kissed me on the lips and went flying out of the room.

I put on my nicest dress after I had dried my tears, packed a little bag, and got the afternoon train to Elton.

People didn't seem to be quite as glad to see me as they might have been, and



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the whispers behind my back cut like a knife. Some of the people couldn't keep the disgust out of their eyes when Mother began boasting about my husband, his money, and the way we lived.

Girls I had known all of my life passed by me on the street with just a little nod, and the boys said sneering, laughing things under their breath when I passed.

I wanted to go back to the city and hide away, but I didn't dare. Something warned me that I had better stay home until I heard from Raymond.

A week passed and he didn't even write to me. I became so worried that I couldn't sleep or eat, and Mother stormed at me for having such a husband!

ONE day—I'll never forget the way those footsteps sounded on the front porch—I was helping Mother clean up, and had on an old dress. I hesitated about going to the door when the bell rang, until Mother called to me. Then I just opened it a tiny bit and asked the man what he wanted. He looked at me for a moment and then gave the door a little push so that it bumped my nose. Anger flared in my heart when I saw that his foot was in the crack of the door and he was pushing it slowly open, advancing into the room. After a moment he said:

"You're Mrs. Cranston, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said weakly.

"Where's your husband?"

"He's away."

"Away where?"

"I don't know—he—he didn't say where he was going."

"Humph!" He reached in his pocket and brought out a paper. I could feel my knees sagging beneath me, and I sat down rather quickly so he wouldn't see my fright.

"I'm from R. B. Kaufmann and Company and I want your fur coat," he growled.

"You want what?" I gasped.

"Your fur coat, lady. It ain't paid for."

Mother came into the room then, and she went across the room, her eyes spitting fire. "You get out of here!" she said.

The man looked from Mother's head to her feet and shook his head. "Lady, I ain't goin' out of here until I have the coat or four hundred and sixty-eight dollars. Or your daughter goes with me."

That set Mother back a little, and she asked, "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"I'm a detective, lady, with R. B. Kaufmann. The fur coat your daughter has ain't paid for. There is four instalments due on it now, and it goes back if you don't pay up."

For once in her life Mother was beaten. She just stood looking at him, unable to reply. I got up and stole up the stairs. I took the coat from a hanger and brought it back down and put it in his arms. Anything to get him out of the house! Mother made a motion as though to stop me, and then she just sat down in a chair, staring at the door after the man went out.

I began to cry, and Mother told me to keep still. Then she walked out into the kitchen and closed the door. When Dad got home a little bit later, Mother told him and then said he ought to have known better than to bring Raymond Cranston to the house in the first place!

But my troubles had just begun. They came the next day for my engagement ring; and the day after that the hotel people sent a man down to find out about Raymond. They threatened to arrest me for evading my bill, but Mother drove them out of the house.

I could almost see Mother growing older before my eyes during that week.

And when a Mr. Benton came down from the city in a big foreign car and told us that Raymond had been his secretary and had stolen and sold most of the things in his house while he was in Europe, it was the last straw.

Mother collapsed that day, and it was I who had to bear the brunt of the sneers and laughs of all Elton. She stayed at home, in bed, and Dad and I had to face the town. But it wasn't so terrible then, because all my senses were dulled and nothing made any difference. I tried to make her understand that I didn't care, but her spirit had been broken and she just moaned and turned away from me, saying that she hoped they would catch Raymond and put him in jail for the rest of his life.

Women refused even to speak to me, and I begged Dad to give up his position and move to the city. But for once in his life, he was firm, refusing to budge an inch. He stood his ground too, even before Mother.

While Mother lay in bed, the flu epidemic broke forth in Elton. Almost overnight old Doctor Reynolds visited half the houses in town, and sent to the city for nurses. But there were no nurses to be had any place. The few available around Elton were working night and day, rushing from patient to patient, with barely enough time to eat and sleep.

It was while the town was desperately calling for aid that Franklin came back and began helping Doctor Reynolds. And the first time I saw him he proved to me that he was the man I had thought him to be, because he came up to me with real sorrow in his eyes and told me that he was sorry. I couldn't stand and talk to him, because tears blinded me. I just smiled and thanked him and ran away.

After that he was distant and barely bowed when we passed on the street, but I knew how much that effort had cost him and I respected and loved him for it.

TWO of the recruited nurses fell ill with the flu and died because of their rundown condition.

Then Doctor Reynolds became ill and died within three days, leaving the burden of caring for the whole town on Franklin. Every time I would see him rushing about in his car, he would look a little thinner and drawn. But he never stopped for a moment, doing the work of a dozen men.

Finally he called for volunteers to equip the townhall as a hospital so that he could centralize all the patients. In a half-day there were forty people moved from their own homes to the little single cots, and just one nurse to care for them.

The town held a meeting to ask for volunteer nurses. I heard about it, and when Franklin got to his feet and begged the women to aid, I was the first one down the aisle. It wasn't heroism on my part, but just a desire to help Franklin and ease a little of the bitterness I had put in his heart.

When he saw me coming down the aisle, his face broke into a smile and he walked forward to meet me like the minister in our church. I could feel the eyes of the whole town upon me. And then someone in the back began to applaud. Then in another minute it seemed that the whole place would just cave in, the way they cheered. I blushed and wanted to hide my face in the front of Franklin's coat. He held to my hand while he waited for others to answer his call. But there wasn't anyone left who didn't have one of their own family to care for.

My, how proud I was in those few weeks, fighting side by side with Franklin, sleeping for a few minutes on a cot

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in the town hall, grabbing my meals from a tray in snatches! And all the time he was so kind and gentle with me! Even at the start, when I made silly, stupid mistakes, he only smiled into my eyes and patiently corrected me.

For three weeks we waged our battle and saved most of our patients. There wasn't a family in Elton that wasn't touched, and there were deaths in nearly half of them.

I'll never forget that day that we decided to move the few remaining patients back home. After it was all completed, Franklin and I went back to get our personal things.

We were too tired and weary even to talk except in little monosyllables. Franklin sank down in a chair on the platform and buried his face in his hands. I heard a little moan escape his lips, and I went up beside him and put my hand on his hair, just lightly. He stirred and took my hand between both of his and then held it against his cheek.

"I'm so tired," he said.

"I know,—dear!" It just slipped out, and then he was looking up into my eyes, smiling so sweetly and tenderly.

He pulled me over beside him and rested his face against my breast. After a moment he said, like a tired little boy:

"Will you divorce him and marry me, Genevieve?"

For a moment I stood there, my heart beating so fast it left me even weaker.

"Yes, Franklin," was all I could say—all I wanted to say.

"We've earned some happiness now, Gen," he said.

And so the chapter ended—but I wonder if I might not have avoided the humiliation and degradation that was mine, if Mother had not kept me tied to her apron strings.



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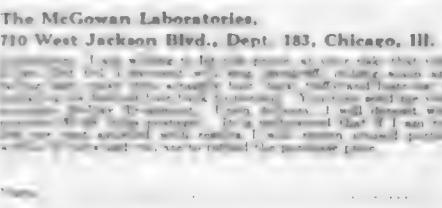
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McGOWAN LABORATORIES  
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## Apple Cores

[Continued from page 39]

night, and before the warm fire of her young interest. I told her snatches of my life, an episode in the Argentine, a storm at Cape Horn, a knife fight at Sonora, the wolf chorus of the barren lawls, and so on. Things I had seen, done, or heard of. Until one night I became aware of a strange restlessness in her.

There was another fellow who was also calling on her, a steady, handsome Irishman named McGuire, who owned a small trucking business. He had been calling on her before I knew her, and looked on me with hard eyes.

"For who is he?" he would ask her mother and father. "A man from nowhere, and with no trade?" and they were of that way of thinking, and told me so, plainly.

So when I found Kitty was restless when with me, there came on me, once more, that old, baneful conviction that for me there would never be any but the apple cores of life. If it had not been for the Code that Tom had pounded into me, I would have quit, and wandered away, but I remembered, "Hit hard and fight fair," so I shut my teeth and continued to call on Kitty.

BUT I couldn't talk much now. I had little to talk about but the places I had been and the things I had seen, and to talk of that would keep before her eyes the fact that I was a homeless wanderer. Yet my own thoughts were often on these far places where I had been. And sometimes I wished I could have both Kitty and my wanderings, but I did not think that I could do that, for the far places are not for most women.

I was often silent and glum, while she teased me, and made fun of my silence, and ended by being angry at me.

Then one night I saw McGuire with a girl—a girl I had seen on the streets night after night—and a queer fury swept me, and was gone, but left me with a feeling of exultation. For now I knew that for all my faults I was the better man.

I could have spoken to Kitty, and McGuire would have been refused admission the next time it pleased him to call on her, but—"Hit hard and fight fair!" So I held my tongue, and grew grim about it.

But things were drawing to a climax between McGuire and me. Our rivalry became sharper and more savage, until one evening we met in the parlor of the house of Kitty's parents, and he rose and stared at me.

"Kitty, it's one of us, or neither," he said. "Which of us do you want? This ne'er-do-well, or me, with my neat little trucking business and a good name. Wait! I must tell you that this man is a bad man, and I have seen him going with one of the 'round-the-corner' girls—if you know what—"

"You lie!" I roared, crazy with rage.

"The word of a guilty man!" sneered McGuire, and we started for each other with murder in our hearts. But Kitty cried out, "Wait!" and we hesitated for a minute.

"Wait!" she said, and her face was strange and white. "It is you I want, Danny McGuire, but I must tell you that

I am not what I seem. I am a good girl—but I do not know who my people may be! Dad and Mother found me, as a baby, in the street, and they had no children—and they were lonely—and so—"

Then there came a great quiet on the room, but I could remember only what she had said, "It is you I want—" with her hands out to McGuire, and I thought, bitterly, again of the apple I never had. I turned slowly away, and McGuire laughed!

There is honest laughter, and polite laughter, and there is another kind of laughter, and it was the third kind that McGuire used. I turned and stared. He was looking at her, the mask off his face and his hands reaching for her, while his eyes—ugh!

"Danny!" she gasped, backing from him. "Don't! Don't look at me that way! I am an honest woman—I am! I tell you! I am!" she cried, furiously.

Again McGuire's sneering, mocking laugh rang out, and then—

I knocked him clear across the room, and closed with him as he got up. There were red lights dancing and flickering in front of me, and the lust for his blood was in my heart; but it was his words, not his fists, that stopped me.

"Cut it out!" he snarled. "Hell, man—you can have her when I am through!"

In my mind, there came the memory of a boy who told me, tauntingly, "You can have it!" and hurled his apple into the gutter. And the fury I felt then was born again in my blood, but a million times worse.

I hit at the face before me, I strangled him, I hit again and again, and stamped on his body—cursed him in a strangled, choking voice until I became aware of soft, straining arms around my neck and a light body that wrenched and flung from side-to-side as she clung to me, crying over and over: "Don't! Jimmy, Jimmy! Don't! Don't! It is murder!"

Grief and blinding tears and sickening revulsion of the thing on the floor weakened me. I sat down and cried.

The girl was kneeling by McGuire, feeling his heart for sign of life, and now she arose, white-faced, shaking.

"Dead!" she choked. "Jimmy—we must go!"

"WHAT'S the use? I asked, wearily. "I'd rather be hanged near you than free away from you, Kitty!"

"But I am going with you!" she cried, and her big, dark eyes met mine. "Jimmy—I've been a fool! What they said of you lies! They must have been lies, Jimmy! But—hurry, hurry!"

At the door, I looked back, and McGuire's hand moved. He was not dead.

"I don't mind!" Kitty was babbling as she hustled me down the stairs. "Honest, Jimmy! I—I always wanted to see those places—to go, and go—and then all at once you wouldn't even tell me of them any more—"

We had reached the street. I stopped and stared up at the stars.

"It's a fine night!" I murmured, and turned to her. "Let's go to China!"

"Let's!" she whispered.

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## My House in Order

[Continued from page 23]

There was just a bunch of kids there, dancing. I was a man—twenty-two! Out of college and going to war any day. Of course, if they wanted to come up and speak to me and ask me questions with their mouths hanging open, that was all right; but I had to keep my dignity!

Everything went along fine, too, until young Harry Ayers came dancing by. Somehow I forgot to flick my cigarette with that careless air, and even let some animation come into my tired, bored eyes. I straightened my tie and rubbed a little shine on my shoes on the back of my trouser leg. And waited.

The next time he danced by, she looked straight into my eyes. Flop! I felt my heart turn over and cram up into my throat until I nearly choked. Brown eyes that snapped and twinkled with funny little lights, and a nose that crinkled up when she laughed!

I went over and joined some of the kids, then, and carelessly asked who she was. They told me her name was Beatrice Duchess. Imagine! Duchess she was, if there ever was one!

Let any person who ever lived tell me that they know the real joys of life and that they have never been in love. I didn't know at that minute why I wanted to sing and shout and laugh all at once.

But I knew that all the people around me stifled me, and I wanted to go out and be alone, hearing the rustle of the leaves in the trees, gazing into the splendor of the night.

Something had happened to me, but I didn't know what until I had Beatrice in my arms and she was dancing with me, her hand so soft and warm clasped tight in mine. No other girl I had ever danced with made my arms tremble and my heart beat until it seemed to drown out the drums.

"Do you live in Sharon?" I asked, afraid of her answer.

"Yes."

"Funny, I've never known you before. But of course I've been away at college for the past four years." Importantly,

"That's prob'ly the reason. We've only lived here for a few months."

Then I said something that has never been said before! "It's funny, but I feel as though I had known you all of my life—since I was just a kid."

"That's the way I feel toward you, too. Funny, isn't it?" she answered.

"Awful funny," I replied.

THAT was all. We didn't have to talk. I didn't want to talk. I just wanted to keep on dancing forever and ever with my duchess in my arms!

We walked in the moonlight, too, and I told her that I was waiting to report for active duty in the air service. Her hand came over quickly and touched my arm, and she just said, "Oh!" Just that, and nothing more. But in a few minutes she said:

"I'll be sorry when you go."

"Really sorry?" I asked.

"Very."

And we walked back to the club, because

she had to get home. I asked her if I could call her on the telephone, and she told me she would be glad if I did—"any time".

It was a long time before I went to sleep that night. And when I did, I dreamed of queens and courts and duchesses.

How those next few days passed! Every minute away from her was torture, and every minute with her a new-found heaven such as no one had ever known before. She was only twenty, but somehow she seemed to be so much older than I, and so full of understanding!

When Ted came back, he made fun of



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I've got to wait until you're gone before I'll know. And then perhaps—" That was as far as she got. Her little face was buried, sobbing—wrenching my heart. I put my arms about her and held her close to me, and I could feel her heart fluttering like the beating of a butterfly's wings.

That trip down the hill to Beatrice's house! Like a military funeral with a thousand pieces playing a moaning, chanting dirge!

I pulled into the driveway, and Beatrice got out to come around and stand beside me while I sat in the car. We looked into each other's eyes for a long, terrible moment, and then she took my face between her hands and touched her lips to mine—bitter-sweet!

"Oh, Allen, Allen—" she cried, and raced up the steps.

I swallowed a thousand sobs and went tearing out the driveway onto the road.

And as I came out, Ted's car came speeding up the hill and swung into the driveway. I looked at my watch.

It was nine o'clock! Home with her mother!

For a moment a mad desire came over me—a desire to rush back and face them both; to make her decide now and then. But what was the use? If her love wasn't worth more than that, it wasn't worth anything. I swung around a corner on two wheels and pushed my foot down on the gas. The fierce whipping of the wind beating at my face gave me a savage delight. A black, sharp turn loomed ahead of me and for an instant I thought of keeping straight ahead, letting them find me all crumpled and twisted and broken. That would be an end of it!

I was a fool! Another man would just go away and never go back. Let her beat her head against a stone wall of her own making. That was what I wanted to do. But I couldn't. I knew in my heart that I would always go on loving her, no matter whom she chose.

Hadn't I seen little glances pass among people when I mentioned her name? And sometimes they sneered a little—before I began to tell everyone how wonderful I thought she was. I had pretended not to notice those sneers. I wouldn't even let myself think of them. Now I began to wonder what people really knew about Beatrice. Then I gritted my teeth and said aloud. "The dirty tongue-waggers!"

She couldn't be anything but good and fine.

Then the vision of her looking into my eyes and telling me that she had promised her mother she would be home at nine o'clock—and Ted driving in as I drove out!

And Ted—poor, old Ted! Somehow I knew that she was sparing Ted, not hurting him as she was hurting me. Maybe that meant—I shook my head to drive the terrible, tumbling thoughts out of my mind, and headed for home.

Auntie and Pop would be waiting there to spend the last evening with me, and I had to be brave for their sake. Pop met me at the door and put his arm around my shoulders. We all sat down in the living-room. It seemed that all we could say were short, jerky sentences, trying to keep our mind off the morrow.

"It's all going to be over pretty quick," Pop said. "Look at the way the Germans are falling back all along the line."

"Sure, sure," I answered. "Prob'ly be over before I ever get on a boat."

Pop drove me down to the station the next morning. Auntie rode in the back seat, her eyes wet with tears, a handkerchief continually dabbing at her eyes. Ted and all his family were there waiting in the grey dawn. We all shuffled our feet and said silly little things for a few moments. The

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crier opened the door and rolled the stations off his tongue. A booming swish and the train came roaring in. Kisses . . . quick, dry, little pecks . . . eyes wet, and hands clasped.

Ted and I were on the train, leaning out the window, waving until everything was lost to sight in the morning fog. An instant of silence.

"Well," Ted's voice came to my ears, "that's that!"

We sank slowly into our seat, not daring to look at each other. The street lights flew past like lightning-bugs dipped in steam. The train whistled for the crossing below town, long, full-throated and dismal.

"Oh, my God!" came whispering from Ted's lips. I looked at him and his eyes were brimming with tears.

War . . .

For four long, hot, sticky, flea-bitten months Ted and I dragged protesting bodies and souls through the routine of becoming officers and flyers. We both chose pursuit or combat flying in preference to the slower and less exciting bombardment work.

During those months we both got letters from Beatrice, regularly. I would see Ted leaning over a letter and I would know that it was from Beatrice, and if I didn't get one in the same mail I would nearly go mad with worry. But we never talked about it to each other. If we only had, things would have been so much better. But we had no sense of humor where Beatrice was concerned. It was a far more deadly thing in our minds than this business of war and flying.

I very few days a cadet flyer would come crashing to ground, and they would carry him away, a twisted, broken mass. I didn't want to die that way: it seemed so useless. A German bullet while I was trying to fight didn't seem so bad, but dying in Texas with the war five thousand miles away didn't appeal to me as being very heroic.

We didn't get home before we went overseas, and I was just as glad, only I would like to have paraded around in my uniform a bit, out at the country club with everyone making a fuss over us and maybe having to make a speech at a Rotary Club luncheon. But that could wait. It never occurred to me then that maybe I would never get back. Of course, a lot of other fellows wouldn't come back, loads of them, but I would be among those present when the war was over—five years, every one figured it would last then.

When we landed in France we were sent to a combat school first, where they taught us how to fight singly and in squadron formation; also how to get out of tight positions, according to the French method. Then they put us through another course in stunt flying—looping the loop, going into a wing slide, corkscrews, tail slides, Immelmann turns, and reversionals. We used the fast little single-seated Spads and Nieuports.

WHEN we were through with our training in the French school, we got a leave of absence for a week before we were assigned to a French squadron.

That week in Paris! One party after another, meeting Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians, Americans who had been fighting in the French service, Englishmen—all brothers under the skin. Men of the Princess Pats, the Black Watch, the Foreign Legion, and a few from England's first "Contemptibles", that brave hundred thousand who stemmed the German army in Belgium. All come to help put out the fire that threatened the world!

It was late one afternoon that Ted and I were strolling by the *Café de la Paix* with its hundred little tables bulging out onto the sidewalk. A voice hailed us from a little group around one of the tables, a half-dozen other voices joined the cry, and

in a moment we were sitting with them laughing over the fun of the night before when Ted had gone up on the stage at the *Follies Bergere* to accept the challenge of a Russian wrestler. We had planned the whole thing before. When they grappled all of us were to rush on the stage, make a flying tackle at the Russian, and smother him under an avalanche of bodies. Everything had worked beautifully up to the point that we had flared the Russian. Cheers, cat-calls, and shrieks came from all parts of the theatre. Then the gendarmes had come swarming in, and it took us the rest of the night to get two of our crowd out of jail! Children at recess from the grim tragedies of war!

After awhile we all rushed to the curb and hailed a taxicab. Piling in, we asked to be taken to the *Follies Bergere*. It was while we were milling about near the little bar in the promenade that I saw a little French girl come up behind Ted and slip her hand into his.

"You promenade with me?" she asked, her head a little on one side, coaxing.

Ted swung about, and his eyes opened wide in amazement. A little whistle escaped his lips.

"Oh, boy! Look what Santa Claus has sent me!" he cried and they moved off to a little table behind us. I could see the sparkle of too much wine shining in Ted's eyes, and it worried me a little.

IN A few moments I went over and sat down with them. Ted looked up a little annoyed, and in a moment I spoke.

"Looks a little like Beatrice, doesn't she?" I heard Ted draw a quick breath as I got up from the table, and in a few more minutes he was back at the bar ordering a champagne cocktail, alone.

When Ted and I went back to report for duty, they nearly broke our hearts. We were sent to different squadrons! At first we couldn't believe it. Then we stormed and cursed, but there was nothing more we could do about it. To obey without question was our duty, and we had to accept it.

It was weeks before I heard from Ted, and then his letter was full of laments and complaints:

"When I got up here they took me out of 'pursuit work' and put me on day bombardment. They told me it would give me a broader scope, and would be more interesting, and believe me, they said a mouth full! Have to go over the lines in an ice-wagon loaded to the ears with bombs. They seem to click our gang off pretty regularly; we lost more men in the last attack than during the whole time I was on pursuit work with the scouts.

"Our machine is most effective around five thousand meters, but during the last attack I couldn't get my bus above fifteen hundred. We bombed a bunch of reserve forces and a supply base, and coming back we swooped down and turned our machine-guns on the hooch in the trenches.

"They had just got their 'archies' turned on us so that we had to climb back to the clouds when twice our number of Huns came diving on us to join the party.

"Whew! For a moment I could see them putting a gold star on my service flag.

"Those little German Fokkers are speedy as the very devil—but probably you know it only too well by this time. And I'll take my hat off to their pilots, too; they can fly. Dirty, with explosive bullets sometimes, but they certainly have the knack of bringing home their buses.

"One of our machines was seen 'peaking too steep' into German territory. The rest of us got back, but with three observers wounded—mine among them. He got three bullets through the right arm and two through his left hand, taking off a finger. I don't know how I escaped getting one in the 'bean'!"

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"I'll have a few days leave in a couple of weeks. See if you can't arrange it, and we'll meet in Paris on the 25th. There's a battle that's worth fighting!"

"Wish to hell we could get in the same outfit. Get your C.O. 'tight' some night and see if you can't talk him into sending you up here."

"Good luck, Al. take care of yourself. God, what I wouldn't give for a look at the park in the middle of Sharon! What do you hear from Beatrice? Have only had one letter since I got up here. Probably the rest, if there are any 'rest', are traveling around in Armenia or South Africa."

"Cheerio, old boy." And that was about all.

Only one letter from Beatrice! I had received a half-dozen since Ted and I parted. There was a singing in my heart and my soul for awhile after I had Ted's letter. But when I began to think it over, probably he just hadn't received all of his. And probably she wrote the same terms of endearment to Ted that she did to me.

FOR days and days I tortured myself, wondering, even praying in the moments when I was alone.

The winter turned into spring and the spring into early summer, and during all that time I was up on the line or back at some little town getting a rest, waiting to go in again. My squadron was transferred so many times that I lost all track of Ted for awhile.

And then one morning at dawn I took the air in a two-seated plane. My observer was a young fellow from a small town in Iowa, a fine boy whose eyes would show his displeasure whenever I thought it better judgment to turn tail for home if we ran into more than our share of Germans. But we had orders to "bring our buses home" those days, and a plane was worth as much as a man.

We cruised along for a bit, and then began circling and climbing to get above the clouds. After we had reached our "ceiling" there was only the blue sky above and a billowing sea of white below. We maneuvered until we found a hole. By dropping, climbing, and circling we managed to stay above the hole until we were over the trenches. Below us we could see a great brown mass of murdered nature. Trees, houses, even roads, had been blasted completely away by shell fire. My heart ached for the poor devils crouched in the slime and mud in the irregular network of trenches.

We finally found ourselves pretty deep in enemy territory. A speck appeared in the sky to the east. I began to climb to get above him and when he was almost underneath I dived. My gunner was over his machine-gun leveling his eyes along the sights. I heard the staccato bark of his gun and saw a tracer bullet come within an ace of striking the Boche. He swooped about and dove rapidly back farther behind his own lines. I followed, and as I came through the clouds two other Boches who had been waiting to trap me dived from two sides. I went into a 'falling leaf' to escape, and they plunged after me, forcing me lower. Below me was a German aviation field. I was only eighteen hundred feet above the ground and far into their territory.

I saw the field suddenly become alive with men rushing out to hold me thinking I was going to land. The Boche planes had stopped shooting. I swooped downward and at the last minute pulled on full power and turned my nose toward my own lines. The Germans dropped on me again and opened fire. They were on all sides of



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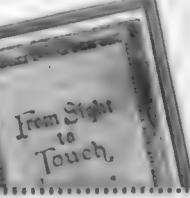
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My machine-gun had jammed and my gunner fell forward on my shoulders, dead, his body weighing me down.

I could see the trenches a little way ahead and was slanting downward to gain speed. As I went over the German line I received a ground fire that made a sieve of my plane. I felt two bullets tear through my life combination, while another grazed my arm. Then there was a horrible sickening blow that struck me in the left shoulder. I felt sick and dizzy as though I had been struck over the head with a piece of lead. For a moment my plane wavered uncertainly in the air. Then I regained control and shot over the heads of my own trenches at a bare three hundred feet. The German planes had given up the chase. I turned tail and landed on a field indented with shell holes, my wings so full of holes that it was a miracle how they ever supported my machine.

There were a thousand noises singing in my ears when men came running to lift me out of my tangled plane. Somehow I managed to keep enough presence of mind to give them orders how to extricate me. I felt myself carried over what seemed miles and miles of waving, rolling ground. Then I was in an ambulance and beside me was a French officer who kept calling me "my little one", and through the mist that gathered about me I could see Beatrice, her eyes torn with anguish and grief, telling me that she loved me and begging me to make a brave fight for her.

I reached up my hands and she smiled down into my eyes, and the little Frenchman began to sing while we bumped along . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

IT WAS months later when I got off the train in Sharon. I had been discharged the day before from a government hospital in the East. My shoulder ached and pained from the fourteen-hour ride, and I cursed the fools who ever thought of war. Let them ever try and get me again! Then I grinned to myself, because I knew that if the armistice hadn't been signed I would be trying to get back in again.

I drew my overcoat up about my ears as the train came to a creaking stop at the station. The winter air was chilly, and I was used to warm hospital rooms. Almost rudely I pushed by people who waited to gather their baggage off the train platform. I searched from the steps for a familiar face in the dim lights of the station. A gust of snow came swirling into my face as I stepped down, my left arm held stiffly at my side. Then a hysterical cry came to my ears.

"There he is!" Something came flying through the people grouped around the steps. A woman, nearly pushed off her feet, gasped and said, "My gracious!" but the little form kept right on. Then Beatrice's arms were round my neck, her face against my coat, sobbing, hopping up and down in her tracks, saying over and over, "Allen, Allen, Allen!"

Then there was Pop and Auntie and a lot of fellows and girls that I had known all my life—and the mayor with a smile wider than all outdoors. They took my bag away from me, and I felt hands trying to pull me both ways. Beatrice was looking up into my eyes with all the love in all the world twinkling in her eyes. And her nose crinkled up, trying to smile.

I pushed them all away from me and took her in my arms and held her close to me, while they all laughed and cried and cheered. But I didn't want to be a hero. I just wanted Beatrice, my duchess, near me for always, forever and ever.

Beatrice told me that night when we were sitting before a crackly little fire in her living-room that she loved me—"more love than there is in all the world, Allen boy,"

she said, her voice caressingly sweet.

"I knew the morning, the very day you were shot down, Allen," she said. "I woke up in the early morning, the clock in the hall began to toll and Allen, oh Allen, I knew, I knew—I did! I phoned your father after breakfast and he said he hadn't heard from you for several weeks. Then a few days later he had a wire from the war department.

"Oh, Allen, how I suffered, so afraid that I could never tell you of the love that was in my heart for you and tell you how sorry and cheap I felt because of the way I treated you and Ted before you went away. I—I, sometimes I—

"What does it all matter now, Beatrice? Nothing matters, nothing in all the world, but our love. Even poor, old Ted will be glad when he knows, Beatrice. Sad and heartbroken for awhile, but time will heal his wound as it has mine."

Those were glorious days with Beatrice always with me, dragging me around town, boasting about me like a little child, trying to make me talk about how wonderful I was!

And Pop was so proud and so thankful that I had got back alive that he gave me an interest in his business; made me go to work when I had just begun to like being a hero and had decided to live on the interest from my glory!

I had a wire from Ted.

"IF I COULDN'T HAVE HER I'M GLAD YOU CAN. GOOD LUCK TO YOU OLD BOY. YOU HAVE EARNED IT."

He was stationed at a flying field in the East, waiting his discharge.

I don't know just what he wrote to Beatrice, but she came to me one day with her eyes all shining and said, "Ted's the best friend you will ever have, Allen." As though I didn't know it!

In the springtime Beatrice and I were married, and Ted was my best man, his eyes a little misty—but able to take my hand and say he was glad, and I knew that he meant it.

The wonder of that Beatrice! I never knew that life could hold such sweetness and joy. Pop helped me build a little cottage up on the hill near his house, and he gave me a car with an extension on the emergency brake so that I could work it all right with my stiff arm. And Beatrice gave me a heaven on earth.

Beautiful dream days that seemed to melt from one into another! People began to say that we were too happy; that something terrible would happen to anyone who was so endlessly happy. And after a year, when we had gone on in the same way, they began to shake their heads. There must be something wrong. Nobody could be married a year and be as happy as we were!

IT WAS while Dad and I were handling a contract on a new hotel in town that I caught a bad cold, and a week later it went into pneumonia.

For every minute of that time, Beatrice was beside my bed, fighting for my life with the nurse and doctor. When the crisis was over and I was weak and spent, the doctor said to me that only her courage and will had made me live—right before her, too. And she looked into my eyes and said, "I was fighting for my own life, too, doctor."

After I got up and about, I couldn't seem to get my strength back again. My cheeks were sunken and hollow, and there seemed to be an everlasting burning pain in my left shoulder, near where I had been wounded. I couldn't stay at the office for more than half a day at a time, and when I was home I just dragged myself about.

I became irritable—terrible to live with—and it all brought tears brimming to Beatrice's eyes. But she was always patient and sweet, never speaking back when I said

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things that hurt her—hurt her badly.

I was sitting at home one day when Pop came in, his face white and drawn. Beatrice had begun going for long walks in the afternoon when I was about the house, to keep herself fit to live with a bear, she told me.

Pop drew up a chair beside me and put his hand on my shoulder. There was something in the stillness of the room and the way the clock beat on and on with its steady tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, that got on my nerves. I shook his hand off and asked him how things were going. He said, "Fine, Allen, fine. But it's you I want to talk about—you and Beatrice."

My eyes flew open in amazement, and I asked him what he meant. He looked into my eyes for a moment and then he looked away from me, out the window. Suddenly his whole body stiffened, and he turned back to me.

"That's what I mean, Al," he said, and he pointed down the street. I looked around him, and there, walking along, his hand holding to her arm, came Beatrice and Ted.

I looked at them for a moment and back at Dad. He shook his head slowly and got to his feet. Then something struck me like that day in France, and I felt all sick and weak and dizzy. I buried my face in my hands. Oh, God! It couldn't be so! Ted, my best friend, and my wife!

When I heard their footsteps on the porch, I got to my feet and staggered up the stairs to our room and flung myself on the bed. I was crying now, for this pain was greater than the one I had known in France; that was nothing compared to this, in my heart.

I heard Beatrice's voice call me, but I didn't answer. Their voices sounded again and after a while I slipped noiselessly downstairs and out the back door.

It was twilight now and there were dreary shadows creeping out from every direction. I shuffled along with my head down, not speaking to anyone, not seeing anyone.

Then my shoulder began to pain and I cursed at it. That was it; Beatrice couldn't stand the way I growled and swore about things. It wasn't her fault. Damn the war!

I passed Doctor Shields house, and a searing pain in my left side made me swing in between the hedge that bordered his sidewalk. He let me into his office, and I sank down in a chair. He came over beside me and put his hand on my arm.

"Bothering you today, Allen?"

"LIKE hell, Doc," I said. Then I burst out, frantically swearing at my pain.

"Look here, Doc. I'm no baby. I've faced a lot of things so far in life, and I can face anything you tell me—face it grinning, too. What the hell is wrong with me? Why don't I get well—why can't you do something about it?"

He looked at me for a long moment and then said, "It's your heart and lung, Allen. They are—"

"Yes, yes," I said.

"They are pretty bad."

"Oh, Doc! Tell me, won't you? Tell me! I can face it; I'm not afraid. If—if I'm going to die, I want to put my house in order!"

He repeated that several times, and over and over, and then his hand came down on the arm of his chair with a bang.

"All right, Al; that's any man's right—to put his house in order. You've got six months, Al; six months to do it."

A cry almost escaped my lips. But I clenched my teeth down on them tightly.

"You mean, Doc. I—I—"

He nodded his head and put his arm about my shoulders as I whispered to myself, "Six months to put my house in order!" [To Be Continued in the June Issue]



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## In Case She Marries

[Continued from page 35]

in mourning, I guess, Judge Morgan." I hesitated. It seemed to me that I couldn't go on. "But you see, mourning isn't appropriate for a girl who's going to be married!" I said with a rush.

"Married!" exclaimed Judge Morgan. "You don't mean—" He stopped and remembered his manners. "Of course, we supposed from your uncle's will—" he added, hastily.

He hadn't supposed anything of the kind, the old darling, but it was nice of him to pretend.

"I WOULDN'T tell you just yet, only—" I said, blushing.

"Only it was your duty to tell me, so that I can carry out the terms of your uncle's will," he helped me. Then he gave me a scare. "There aren't many married men who have attained the age of maturity in Worden," he mused. "The only bachelor I can think of at the moment of—er—about your own age, is Jimmy Holmes."

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, my cheeks crimson. "The man I'm going to marry doesn't live in Worden. His name is Lewis Brown, and he lives in Tarryville!"

There, it was done!

"Brown? I think I've heard the name," joked old Judge Morgan, mildly. "Will you be married soon, my dear?"

"Very soon," I said. I swallowed hard. "We're going to be married there. It's hard for him to get away."

"Business comes first," assented Judge Morgan, approvingly. "By the way, Priscilla, what is his business, if I may ask?" I gulped.

"He's an undertaker."

It was oddly the only occupation that I could think of at the moment.

"Ah!" said the judge, a little startled. "Well, my dear, as one of the executors of your Uncle's will, I shall take great pleasure in placing the sum he left for that purpose to your credit in the bank. It'll come in handy for frills, eh? May I take the privilege of an old friend, and wish you happiness, my dear?"

Happiness! I could never expect to have that, of course, but anyhow I would get even with Uncle Peter. I knew I was a thief, as I walked home through the peaceful streets, but somehow I didn't care. I had earned that two thousand dollars—oh, I had earned it by all those years shut in with a sneering, old cripple! And, though I lost my immortal soul, I was going to steal a honeymoon! I'd get the money, I'd have a month of gaiety, I'd cheat Uncle Peter out of the good time I've never had, and then I'd come back and tell them all what I had done. What did I care what they did to me?

The first thing I had to do was to write myself some love-letters. I blushed and laughed as I began on the first one, though it isn't really very amusing to write love-letters to one's self. When I had enough finished for the month, I'd take them to Tarryville, where Delia Rogers, an old school chum who taught school there, would mail them back to me, at the rate of one a day.

I sat up nearly all night long writing love-letters to myself, and the next day I took them to Tarryville. Delia Rogers teased me a little, but she wasn't inquisitive, and she readily promised to do as I asked. Delia is a dear.

"That's right,—make him jealous, Priscilla!" she said. I didn't tell her that no man in the world would be jealous no matter how many love-letters I got. I couldn't.

I got some new clothes in Tarryville—

a silver evening gown, and a French blue crêpe de chine with a big black hat lined with the same color, and a pink linen, for afternoons. I told myself that they would do for the beginning of my trousseau. Every old maid ought to have a trousseau, I thought. They need them ever so much more than the brides.

But I couldn't wait for my honeymoon. That afternoon I put on the pink linen. It was becoming, if I do say it myself. Then I took Mullins under my arm, and went out into my neglected garden. I wondered who would take care of it while I was away. Everything would die if there wasn't someone to water it. Of course, there was Jimmy Holmes right next door, but he'd be sure to forget.

"No, Jimmy Holmes wouldn't do," I said, aloud.

"And why wouldn't he, then?" asked Jimmy, himself, suddenly rising to an upright position, on the other side of the fence. He looked at me as if he couldn't take his eyes off me.

"I don't blame that young man over in Tarryville," he said, brandishing a copy of the *Worden Weekly*.

"You don't mean it's in the paper!" I gasped.

Heavens! It had never occurred to me that it would be printed right out there, for everyone to read! It seemed a much greater lie, somehow, set down in print. And just suppose there should be an undertaker named Brown in Tarryville—stranger things have happened—and he should deny that he was engaged to me? I couldn't even remember what I had said was the first name of my fiancée. I must look in the paper and see!

"I think I've been blind," said Jimmy Holmes, slowly. "Blind or a fool! Well, it's too late, now, I suppose. I'm just going fishing, Priscilla; be an angel and come along. You may talk about him if you must—the lucky guy! I wish him no harm. I hope he chokes, that's all!"

"Don't be an idiot!" I laughed.

"Too late," said Jimmy, gloomily. "I'm already it—else I wouldn't let a Tarryville undertaker get ahead of me. Come on, Priscilla."

"Wait till I get some sugar cookies," I said.

I HAD the most heavenly time during the next few weeks that I had ever had in all my life. Jimmy Holmes was always taking me places, and the rest of the time I put in buying my trousseau. I got all the things I'd ever longed for hopelessly,—every one. When I was eight, I'd longed for a crimson coat, like Nellie Newton's down the street, and Uncle Peter had mocked at me, but I got it now, a trim little sports affair. When I was fifteen, I was heartbroken because Uncle Peter wouldn't let me get a baby-blue organdie to wear to my first high school dance, so I got it now.

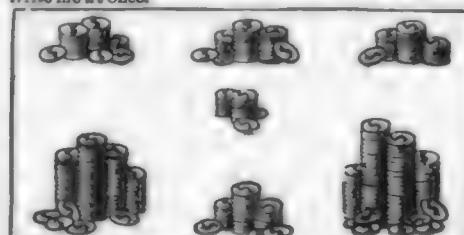
"Aren't you flattered?" I said to Jimmy Holmes, one evening when he dropped in. "This is a part of my trousseau." It was the baby-blue frock. "I put it on just for you."

"It's bad luck to wear trousseau things ahead of time," said Jimmy. "I hope the bad luck arrives in the form of a broken neck for the Tarryville undertaker, or, anyhow, a broken engagement! That would be bad luck, would it not? Yes, it would not!"

All at once, after being entirely overlooked for years, I found myself almost the belle of the town! Everybody asked me to dinner. Girls who had treated me like a grandmother talked to me about

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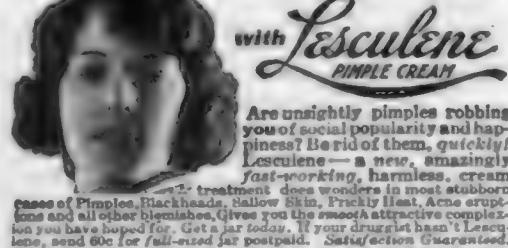
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clothes, and made confidence which began: "And then he said—" Men who hadn't seemed to see me before, clustered around to talk to me. I couldn't help wondering what they would all think when they knew, but I wasn't sorry.

I got a funny little second-hand car, and Jimmy taught me to run it. We called it the Grasshopper, and poked all kinds of fun at it, but secretly I thought it was perfection. I felt dashing, and youthful, and gay, when I drove down the street.

One day, as I was driving it down Main Street, I was halted by a hearty greeting, called out by a tall, good-looking stranger.

"Priscilla Deering! Aren't you even going to speak to me?"

For one awful moment I thought it must be Lewis Brown, the Tarryville undertaker, come in the flesh to repudiate me. Then I knew him. It was Dean Wallis, after all these years!

"You won't find it so easy to get rid of me this time!" he warned. "I'm told you're engaged! Well, what of that? An engagement's as easy to break as a dinner date, when you know how. I stayed single for your sake all these years, Priscilla. Pretend it was for my sake that you did the same, won't you? If that toy go-cart will hold two, let me get in, and let's run out to the Inn for some lunch and a gab."

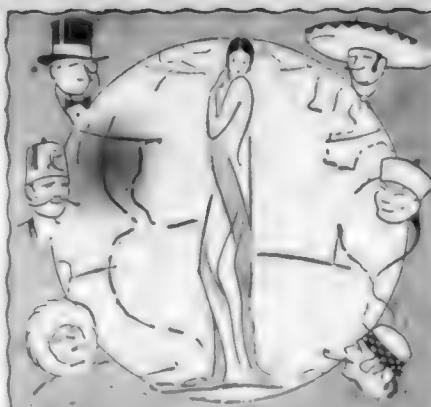
I let him do most of the talking. How his voice brought everything back to me; his shy, awkward, boy's way of making love, and the smell of the lilacs in the garden, and the very look of the faded little blue lawn dress I had worn the day he asked me to marry him! I thought of these things while I listened to the Iliad of his wanderings. He had been in Alaska, South America and Mexico; had served in the army in the Great War; and had toured the Orient since then. Knocked around aplenty, Dean Wallis said, and now he was tired of that, and he wanted to settle down, and take root in a home garden. His eyes rested on me with a question in their depths as he said it.

It was good to have Dean Wallis back, good, if the truth must be told, to have him making love to me again. But I could just see Uncle Peter smiling his crooked smile at my expense. Dean Wallis wanted to marry me—and by making up a lie, I'd shut myself away from marriage! If I told him the truth, he wouldn't want to marry me, I knew. No man would understand why I'd done such a thing. In trying to get even with Uncle Peter, I'd simply sentenced myself to spinsterhood forever!

I GOT more and more frightened as the days went by. It was almost the date that I had set for my marriage. Finally, the day came that was to be my last in Woden. In the early morning I was to set forth in my little rattletrap of a car, with my trousseau in a steamer trunk on the back. I meant to spend the month in driving about the country, staying at lively hotels along the way, decked in my pretty clothes. It would be fun. Only, somehow, now it didn't seem as much fun as I had thought it would be. And when it was over I'd have to come back, and tell the truth, and take my medicine. How everyone would laugh at me! Well, anyhow, I'd be even with Uncle Peter!

I packed my clothes that afternoon with small, loving pats for each pretty garment. When Jimmy Holmes came home from the office that afternoon, I asked him to carry the trunk down for me, and put it in the back of the car. He didn't do it very graciously. Jimmy had been sulky the last few days since Dean Wallis had come back to town.

"How in the world do you think you can drive to Tarryville all alone!" he growled. "About all you know how to do yet is to



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step on the starter! There are a lot of sharp curves between here and Tarryville. I'll have you know! Suppose a tire goes bad on you? Suppose these old brakes—I told you they needed re-lining—you're a little fool! I think I'll drive you over to Tarryville, myself!"

My heart stopped beating at the very idea.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" I said, decidedly. "Who ever heard of taking a third person along on a honeymoon! You aren't wanted!"

But the very thought of how much I did want him along on my honeymoon made me, the moment he was gone, throw myself down on the old, worn, leather couch, and sob into its pillows. I was still there, my head buried, ostrich-wise, when I heard Dean Wallis come upon the veranda, ring the bell urgently, and finally go away. When he was gone I got up and bathed my eyes.

The girls came in and gave me a kitchen-shower that evening—a kitchen-shower for me! Double-boilers, percolators, egg-beaters, even a marvelous electric batter mixer, all so bright and shining! I felt as if I had stolen the pretty, brilliant things. They served ice-cream and cake, kissed me, wished me happiness—happiness!—and went away calling back farewell messages.

"Give our love to Mr. Brown. Never mind yours!"

"The weather reports say light showers of rain tomorrow!"

When they were all gone, I clasped the electric batter-mixer to my heart and burst into tears. I couldn't help it. It broke my heart that all their love and kindness, all these pretty, shining things, weren't really mine.

"I'll use them once, anyhow!" I thought, wiping away my tears. "I'll use them now!"

I went into the kitchen and kindled a fire in the range. Excitedly, I sifted flour with my new sifter, beat eggs with my new beater, and put the marvelous, new mixer into waffle-batter. Then I started the coffee in the new percolator. What difference did it make? I wouldn't sleep, anyhow.

"What in the world are you doing up at this ungodly hour?" Jimmy Holmes suddenly put a worried face in at my door. "I thought maybe it was burglar's!" he said. "Do you know it's nearly two?"

"Come in and have some waffles and coffee!" I recklessly invited. Worden would be shocked, of course, but Worden would soon be so shocked, anyhow, that this wouldn't matter.

We laughed and talked and ate any number of waffles, and drank innumerable cups of coffee. I thought to myself it was the last really happy hour that I would ever have. At last Jimmy got up to go.

"Good luck, Priscilla!" He gripped my hand hard. "You tell Mr. Brown that he'll be good to you if he knows what's good for him," he said in a low voice. "Well, good-by, dear."

"Be careful!" I exclaimed.

I SPOKE too late. Jimmy, as he went toward the door, had banged against the old letter-holder tacked to the wall, just where it had stood in Uncle Peter's life time. Now he stood bewildered with letter's all about him—on the table, on the floor, on the old cupboard by the wall. One had even fallen into the empty batter-bowl, and another teetered uncertainly on Jimmy's shoulder. My love-letters—that I had written to myself!

"Priscilla! How's this?" exclaimed Jimmy.

He had picked up one of the letters, and was staring at it intently. He picked up another, and stared intently at that. The letters were all in the same handwriting,

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they bore the postmark of Tarryville, and not a letter of them all had ever been opened!

"You told me when you got them that you wanted to be alone to read them!" said Jimmy Holmes, in a dazed voice. "Why didn't you read them, Priscilla?"

I couldn't think of anything to tell him. It was easy to see that he wouldn't go away till I told him something. Well, he had to know some day.

"I didn't need to read them, Jimmy," I said. "I wrote them. There isn't any Mr. Brown in Tarryville, Jimmy, so far as I know. If there is, he isn't engaged to me. Nobody is. I was stealing a honeymoon! Oh, I know what you'll think of me—"

But did I? I seemed to have made a mistake. Jimmy's arms were about me, and he was kissing my eyes, my hair, my mouth. Presently he pushed me away from him.

"But what for?" I was bewildered. Hadn't Jimmy meant the kisses? Was he going to make me leave him now?

"We're leaving," he explained. "We're starting on our honeymoon. When we get to Tarryville we'll be married. But I'm not going to waste a minute longer than necessary, so we're starting now!"



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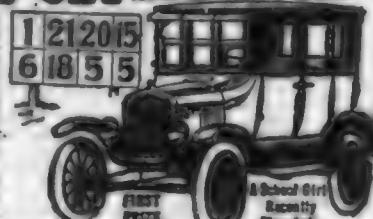
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the table. What was the use of trying to be feminine, and mysterious, and dainty, with a family around?

"No, but I'd like to," I said, and they both laughed at me.

I can't remember the next hour. I danced with him and felt like an infant being carried about in the arms of a mighty giant. I saw a girl I knew on the floor and shoved Mr. Ralston around until I was sure she had seen us and I could nod to her, carelessly and nonchalantly, as though I always danced with men who looked like gods! I saw her eyes open wide, and I knew that tomorrow she would be calling me on the phone to know who was the Apollo.

WHEN we left him at his hotel, he promised Uncle Dick that he would come up over the next week-end. All the way home I laid back in Uncle Dick's roadster, gazing at the stars and sometimes I sighed until he turned and asked, "Who is the lucky boy?"

Boy! As though I would ever have anything to do with boys again, with their silly, boresome talk about college, and gin parties, and necking! I had raced leagues ahead of them in one little night. Wait until Ann Morse called me up in the morning. Maybe I wouldn't give her an earful about who he was!

Why, it was just like a girl in a novel meeting a distinguished, romantic figure.

"Here you are, Team!" I heard Uncle Dick saying in my ear.

I started and looked about me. I was home.

"Asleep?" he asked.

I pretended to yawn and said, "Yes."

"Pretty late for little girls," he laughed, and I hopped out, but not before I gave him a hug and a kiss that must have surprised him. I loved Uncle Dick even more for even knowing him!

I spent most of my time in my room for the rest of that week, avoiding everyone, wanting to be alone with my thoughts and dreams of Philip Ralston. I heard Dad ask Mother: "What the devil's wrong with that kid, anyway? Every time I speak to her, she looks at me as though she had never seen me before!"

"Heaven knows." Mother answered. "She's been that way all week. She went to sleep out on the porch the other afternoon. I thought Len would tear out the driveway when he left in a huff. May the Lord have pity on the man—" then the door closed.

A half-dozen of the kids in my crowd phoned me during the rest of the week, wanting to take me to this place or that, but I refused all their invitations. I yawned in Len's face until he was ready to kill me in cold blood. And on Friday afternoon I told him that I would have to break the engagement I had with him for Saturday night. It was the first time in months that Len and I were not to go some place to dance on Saturday night, and he almost slipped off his chair when I told him.

Little fires sparked in his eyes for a moment, and I was glad, because it was always easier when he was angry with me. When he acted as though he had lost his last friend, and sat staring straight ahead of him as though he contemplated jumping into the river, I just couldn't be unkind to him. He was such a boy and so dear in so many ways!

"Well, it will be the last time you'll ever break a date with me," he said.

"Maybe it'll be the last one I'll ever make with you, smarty!"

"Huh! You'll be calling me up Monday, asking me to take you to some darned place or other."

"Oh, is that so! Well, maybe I won't



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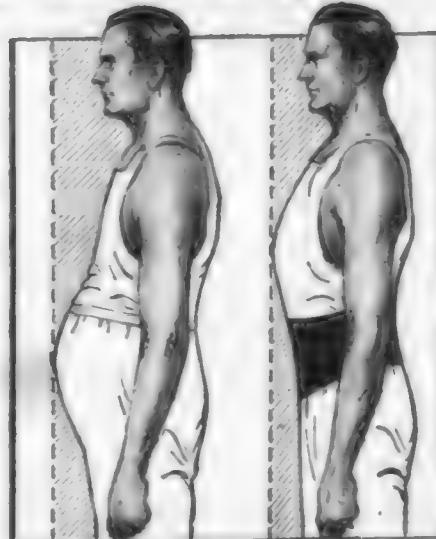
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Hadn't he held my hand just a little longer than any other man had held it—except Len? There was something that made me like him—love him, yes. I did love him. I couldn't help it—no one could help it.

Tears came pouring down my cheeks and I had to turn off alongside the road because I couldn't see to drive. How long I sobbed there, I don't know—all huddled down in the seat, crying like a baby. If I had only known he was married then I wouldn't have let myself—but in my heart I knew that even that wouldn't have made any difference; I would have adored him just the same.

The next morning I called up Len and asked him where we were going to dance that night. At first he tried to be angry, but he was so glad that he couldn't stay angry—and we had a marvelous night. I tried to keep the thought of Philip Ralston out of my mind, and only a few times he came flashing in for a moment or two. Then Len would look at me and say, "What the devil is on your mind, anyway?"

"Nothing, Len."

"Well, why weren't you going to come with me tonight?"

I fumbled in my mind for a moment to find an excuse. Isn't it funny that girls never tell a man the real reason when they want to break a date or even break their engagement—they always tell everything but the truth.

The music began, and I got to my feet and we didn't mention it again.

The next Tuesday night at dinner, Uncle Dick said, "I had a letter from Phil today, Team, and he said, 'Tell Team how much I enjoyed my dances with her and to keep her engagements open so that we can repeat them when I come up.' You want to watch out for him. Team: he's a heart-breaker."

Didn't I know it! I could feel the color rush to my face. And then I asked as casually as I could when he was coming

"He says he'll drive out as soon as he gets back to New York."

On Thursday afternoon I went for a walk with my pups trailing along behind me. And, try as I might, I could not keep Philip Ralston's blue eyes and blonde hair from floating before my eyes at every turn. I talked to my dogs and tried to tell them all about it. They sat on their haunches with their heads cocked to one side, trying to appreciate the story. But just where they were supposed to cry, they both saw a chipmunk at the same time and made one grand leap, leaving me to finish my talk with myself.

When I got back to the house, there was a big, shiny roadster drawn up before the door. I started to slip around and go in the back so that I would miss anyone who had come to see me. But just then the door opened and Uncle Dick called me. I started up the steps and as he came out the door Philip Ralston followed him!

I COULD feel my knees sag a little, and I giggled like a silly idiot. Then my hands got all tangled up trying to shake hands with him.

He shook my hand and looked longingly at me, just as though they were the two things he wished to do most in all the world, and I thrilled from my head to my toes.

They took me to dinner with them, and then he let me drive his big roadster home. The next morning they came for me and drove me to New York, where we all had luncheon at the Biltmore. Then they took me to a matinee, and for dinner to a little Russian place way down on the East Side. Things like that had never happened to me before, and I just bubbled over with animation and joy. Uncle Dick laughed and Philip Ralston laughed—having the

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time of their lives, like two overgrown schoolboys. And they treated me like one of them, never failing to explain anything that caused them to go into roars of laughter.

The next time Phil came up, Uncle Dick had a lot of work to do. Phil said he would much rather have me entertain him away. So we drove over the hills near town and had tea and luncheon in little inns in the lower Catskills. He never mentioned his wife, and I just began to take it for granted that she was one of those cold, superior types who didn't understand his boyishness. Probably she made his whole life miserable.

I began going into New York to have tea or luncheon with him. My, what fun I had! How tender and sweet he was to me. He took me to strange places I had never before heard of, and he was always so considerate about getting me home on time.

IT WAS then that I began to lie to Mother. I don't know why I did it, but I suppose it was because I knew that I loved Philip. She didn't know it, didn't even suspect it then, and I'm sure she wouldn't have thought a thing about my taking luncheon or tea with him. He was a friend of Uncle Dick's, and Mother thought that Uncle Dick was the most wonderful thing that ever lived.

But my friends saw me and they began to talk. I pretended that I didn't even know what they were talking about, tried to act mysterious, and that made it all the worse.

Then, one week-end when Philip came up to see Uncle Dick, it happened! He didn't act like all the boys I had ever known when he tried to kiss me. He just waited until there was an opportune time and then it seemed the most natural thing in the world. He just touched me with his lips, smiling into my eyes until my lids went shut, and I clung to him. I couldn't help it!

In a moment I was standing there before him, my lips parted, my eyes afraid. Something terrible had happened to me. I didn't know what. But the beauty of the night seemed to blaze forth like a trumpet from heaven, and there was a singing in my ears and in my heart, a singing like the far-away caroling of choir boys, sweet and clear.

I put out my hands and he pressed me close to him, and then we were walking up the path into the house. He gave me a little pat on the shoulder before we went in and then acted as though nothing had happened. As though my heart and brain weren't nearly bursting!

The next week he and Uncle Dick left for an expedition into the heart of the Congo. Africa seemed so far off: almost another world! They expected to be gone for three months, and during all that time I laughed at the rumors about my running with a married man!

Poor Iren! He raged and stormed and finally refused even to speak to me when we met on the street. That hurt me, but nothing could dull the happiness in my heart, for every few weeks I had wonderful letters from Phil, affectionate, sweet letters that I used to read until they were tattered and frayed.

Sometimes I went out with other boys, just enough so that Mother wouldn't notice and remark about it. Lots of them would have been serious; only too glad to love and marry me if I had given them half a chance, but I froze them all out before they even got started.

The three months stretched to six and the six to twelve, but I didn't mind, because I knew that when Phil came back he would do something about making me his wife. It would mean another year while we waited for his divorce, but what was a year to the tens and tens we would have together

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for all our lives? I must forget that. Some of my girl friends were married while Phil was away. How I loved to go to their weddings, closing my eyes, imagining the time when he and I would be standing there together. My, but wouldn't I be proud when that day came!

I wondered why Phil and his wife had never got a divorce before. Anyone could see that they didn't love each other, when they were always separated and he had to go out of his own home for love and affection and appreciation. Well, I would make it up to him, and I would love his children, too. There wouldn't be anything petty and mean about my love.

It was winter time when they landed in New York. Mother wouldn't let me go down to meet their steamer, so I had to wait until Uncle Dick came home before I could even hear anything about Phil. Probably Phil had told Uncle Dick by this time and we would have the secret between us, I thought.

I MET Uncle Dick at the train and flew into his arms, and he looked into my eyes and patted my cheek as though he understood. He did know! I asked him about Phil in a voice that trembled with feeling. Uncle Dick looked at me queerly and said:

"He took the first train to Philadelphia to see his wife and children!"

At first a terrible feeling of jealousy swept over me. But when I got home and had time to think the thing over, it was only natural that he would go to his children first. He couldn't come rushing up to my house. But I did think that he might have telephoned me, or even written me a little note.

All my fears and heartache were swept away the next day, though. He wrote me a sweet little note on the way to Philadelphia, saying he was going to see me just as soon as he could get away.

I answered it with a short note saying that I had to see him soon. It was the closest I ever came to writing him a real love letter.

I walked down town to mail the letter, and on the way back I met Len. He pulled up alongside the curb and asked me if I wanted to go for a ride. I climbed in and we went up over Parson's Hill, the wind whipping in our faces until I wanted to shriek with joy. Len put his hand over mine for a minute.

"Gee, Mary," he said, "I'd give anything in the world if I could only stop loving you!"

What was there for me to say? I laughed and tried to make him talk about something else, but he sat there staring into my eyes so tenderly and so pitifully. Then he gave a little laugh and we drove back home. Dear Len! How much older he seemed now. I figured his age quickly, two years older than—think of it! Twenty-five! How the time had flown since I had first known Phil—sweet, precious years! In another year I would be twenty-two. Let me see! If a girl wasn't married when she was twenty-five, they called her an old maid. Imagine! But the years did fly along so swiftly.

I thought about it all the way home. Phil ought to be fair about it. He ought to start right now to get his divorce. The first thing we knew he would be forty and I would be thirty—not that the difference in our ages made any difference, but we were wasting precious years.

The next morning Ann Morse phoned and asked me to go into New York with her, shopping. I did want to go, but I was afraid that Phil might telephone and then I would miss him. Then I thought, well, let him! It would teach him a lesson!

So we took the noon train, had luncheon at Schrafft's, and shopped until at four

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o'clock we were both barely dragging our feet. We decided to go into the Biltmore for some tea. All day long I had searched for Phil, looking into men's eyes until they turned about and stared after me. Maybe I wouldn't even know him if I saw him! Two years was a long time!

We went into the tea-room and ordered some toast and pastry. Ann was rambling along about a dress she had seen in a shop on Fifty-seventh Street when I heard a bellboy paging "Mrs. Philip Ralston—Mrs. Ralston—Mrs. Philip Ralston." I choked on a piece of toast in order to gain my composure, so that Ann wouldn't know why I suddenly went white and crimson, burning like fire, trembling with a chill—all faint and dizzy and funny feeling.

Then, I don't know where the idea came from, I decided I would go to see her, tell her that she was holding Philip from me, from happiness and real love. Oh, it was all desperately idiotic, but I was so serious about it—and I did love him, adore him.

I asked Ann if she would mind waiting while I phoned. She nodded, and I was across the room almost walking in a trance. This would be the time to settle it. They could come to some arrangement about the children. Anything would be satisfactory to me.

I went to the information desk and got her room number. I asked for Mrs. Philip Ralston and wondered at the time where Philip could be—probably in Philadelphia, or even on his way up to my house!

A soft, sweet voice answered the phone. I told her I was Mary Evers, Richard Matthews' niece. She said, "Oh, my dear, come up at once."

I WAS hot and cold all over, and a little breathless when she opened the door. She smiled the most radiant smile and put out her hand to greet me. I gasped at her beauty and charm. That was the first shock. Then I heard her saying, "I've heard so much about you from Phil and your Uncle Dick—"

"They told you?" I gasped. I was all tangled up and hardly able to speak.

"So many nice things," she answered. "We'll have some tea."

I shook my head and told her there was a girl waiting down-stairs for me. Then I took a quick breath and plunged—where anyone but a fool would have feared to tread.

"I've—I've come to ask you to let Philip go!"

She looked into my eyes, a puzzled expression on her face, and sank into a chair. Oh, did I have to make it any plainer. If he had told her, did I have to humiliate myself? Then I began again:

"He loves me, and I love him. It isn't fair of you to hold him, to keep him when he wants to be free."

She came over beside me and led me to a chair in the corner of the sitting-room. I saw her glance toward a closed door that I imagined led into her bedroom. She put a hand on my arm and sat looking into my eyes for what seemed ages. There were lines in her face now, lines that hadn't been there when she opened the door to me. She shook her head a little sadly and asked:

"Has he told you that he wants to be free from me?"

I shook my head, and she continued. "Has he told you that he loves you?" I racked my brain. Had he? I couldn't think.

Then she went on quietly and so patiently. "Why do you think he loves you?"

"Because he has come to see me and written to me for three years, and—and, oh, how does any girl know that a man loves her? Didn't you know when he first loved you?"

"Yes, my dear, I did. And I know that

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he still loves me more than anything in the world; that all of his goodness and fineness is given to me and to no one else. He has other friends beside you, my dear. He always will have them. You see, he is a man, and in spite of general belief to the contrary, a man hates to grow old even more than a woman. His young friends keep him young. He likes their admiration and the light that comes in their eyes when he tells them about his expeditions.

"Philip told me about you a hundred times, even talked about you before he knew you—"

I was losing control of myself as she talked on so quietly and so evenly. Her very confidence in him maddened me and I wanted to scream that he was mine; that she lied; that she was just tricking me to hold him.

I heard myself talking, my voice rising higher and higher. I got to my feet and stood before her. I don't know what I said, only that I loved him, and he was mine, and I would have him.

Then I saw her gaze go over my shoulder, and her eyes were filled with uncertainty and a little afraid. I stopped talking and swung about to follow her gaze. There, in a dressing-robe, a cigarette between his lips, stood Philip! How long I looked into his angry eyes I don't know, but in a moment I heard his voice saying:

"My wife is right, Team. I do love her, adore her. You had no reason to come here with such a demand. I have given you no reason even to believe that I cared for you except as a friend. My wife has known that we had luncheons and tea together, even that I wrote you. Why, Team, I wouldn't hurt her for anything—"

That was as far as he got. As far as I would let him. Something snapped in my head and I burst into a torrent of accusations:

"BUT you would hurt me! Let me go on thinking you cared for me, even loved me, never saying anything about your wife, leading me to believe that she was just the opposite of what she is—too good to live in the same house with you!"

"You play a cunning game, more cunning than even a deceitful wife could play. You have your cake and you eat it, too. What about me? I gave up all of my friends, even the boy to whom I was engaged, to be true to you. Two years—wasted years—the best years of my life you've taken and held in the palm of your hand and played with them. You didn't even have the courage to suggest anything wrong to me—just went along flattering your own vanity."

"What do I have to show for the worship I've given you—years of wasted dreams!" My voice was rising until it became almost a scream. I wanted to tear at his calm, tantalizing face with my hands. I felt a hand on my arm, and I turned to look into his wife's distressed eyes. She led me toward the door, gently and firmly, and in a moment I found myself out in the hall, sobbing as though my heart would break.

I didn't go back to look for Ann. I couldn't see anyone. I walked and walked until it was dark, and then I took a train home, sitting in the last seat in the last car.

Some way I got up in my room without Mother knowing, and when she came in a little later I was in bed. I pretended to be asleep, and she didn't try to awaken me.

The trouble is, it doesn't stop with me. There is Len, too. What of the years I have wasted for him—years that we might have had together. I know he loves me and always will. I know that a phone call would bring him tomorrow. But is that fair to him? But I love him. I'm sure of it, and I'm sure I've been nothing but a silly girl. So perhaps I'll phone him!



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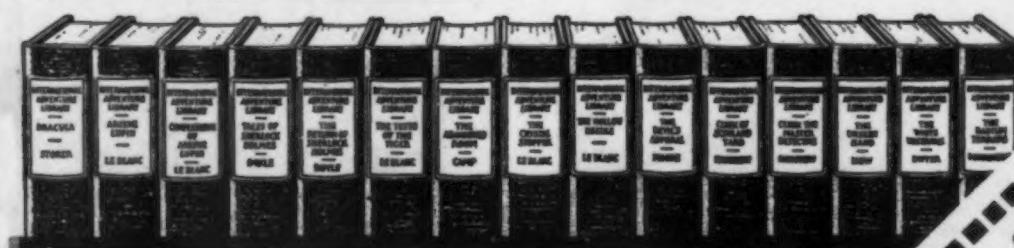
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Listerine would care to make. So if you are troubled with dandruff, you'll be glad to know that regular applications of Listerine, doused on clean and massaged in will actually do the trick.

It's really wonderful how it invigorates, cleanses and refreshes the scalp. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like. Try it yourself and see.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

# DANDRUFF

*and Listerine simply do not get along together*